EDWARD BOLTWOOD
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Hyd 3
201

EDWARD BOLTWOOD
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS OWN LIFE,

BY

TATE WILKINSON,

PATENTEE OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, YORK & HULL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

——IF I HAD HELD MY PEN BUT HALF AS WELL AS I HAVE HELD MY BOTTLE——WHAT A CHARMING HAND I SHOULD HAVE WROTE BY THIS TIME!

VOL. III.

YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By WILSON, SPENCE, and MAWMAN;
And sold by G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row;
And T. and J. EGERTON, Whitehall, London.

Anno 1790.

R.S.

RS
927.9242
W65 (v.3)
69842
Gift
Col. U.C.

MEMOIRS

OF

TATE WILKINSON.

THE preſent to Mr. Rich procured me an invitation to dine with him, which favour I did not accept, but paid my devoirs to him at his morning levees.——My old maſter, Rich, one day ſaid to me, "*Muſter Williamſkin*, you are much improved ſince I firſt began to *larn* you; I think I muſt engage you.—Name your terms." I then propoſed (on that hint) a plan for ſuch a number of nights rather than for the ſeaſon:—He inſtantly agreed, and Mr. Foote's Minor was fixed on for immediate preparation; nay, he deigned to deſire me to caſt the parts, I was in ſuch ſudden favour; as he ſaid, with truth, he knew nothing of *Muſter Footy's* farce. Mrs. Rich was a Methodiſt,—not that I mention it as a recommendation, or that ſhe was a better Chriſtian for bowing at the ſhrine

of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſy.—Mr. Foote's laſh on Methodiſm at that time was ſeverely felt by that ſect; their compoſition is gloom, melancholy, envy, and ſpleen; cheerfulneſs is ſeldom obſerved to dawn on their countenances. Notwithſtanding their boaſted inſpirations, if Methodiſt preachers had a little reflection, what muſt they think of daring to pronounce every theatre the devil's houſe, and all the players the devil's children! I hope they are joking:—and though it may be joking, I am ſorry to ſay it is wicked. To make a complete actor requires more requiſites to univerſally excel than almoſt any other profeſſion whatever.

The amazing powers diſplayed by a Garrick, a Barry, a Mrs. Cibber, and a Siddons, and many others, is evidently the hand of God:—He alone could give the finiſh to ſuch intrinſic merit. And that the Almighty has intended them for that very work is evident; which, if not ſo produced, the world would have loſt ſeeing the higheſt pitch of admiration the human frame can aſpire to. To mention Shakſpeare only, proves more than all the before-mentioned perſons, as he is a hoſt, and ſtands unequalled, as a moral writer, in many points, as well the wonder of the world, as an univerſal genius.

I do not wish to insinuate that *every Method-* is an hypocrite, but I mean that I think the greatest part are really so:—So of the preachers, I believe, there are some in earnest, though I fear the number might be easily told. When persons get to the height of a Whitfield and a Wesley's fame for acting, there is a pride as well as a duty in behaving well; and they both laboured hard: but I dare say neither of those gentlemen ever refused a golden ticket for their separate benefits any more than I ever did?—O yes, *I* actually did *once refuse five guineas* at York! but I was *modest* and rejected it; I expected it to be offered a second time—It was not; what then? Why then I was *disappointed*, and never will be so foolish again, if opportunity offers.——Let one of the tabernacle boast the fame—they know better—and that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. But, O ye saints of your own creating! I will preach to you—Mark! *Judge not of plays and players, lest* you *be judged.*

Those who are the most censorious on the infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater failings themselves; and sanctified Methodistical slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel, and is so easily distinguished, unless by the elect, that it is not worth while dwelling any longer upon it.

In the comedy of the Hypocrite the Colonel ſays, he ſuppoſes they go to the play for the benefit of the brethren :—Cantwell anſwers, " The charity covereth the ſin :"—which was actually the caſe ; for in the year 1757, as Shuter was bountiful to the tabernacle, Mr. Whitfield not only permitted, but adviſed his hearers to attend Shuter's benefit ; but *(a-la-mode theatre)* for that night only.

A preacher at Hull was once in diſtreſs and impriſoned ; I actually ſent him a leg of mutton and turneps : previous to that I had been an attendant at his tabernacle ; he entertained great hopes of my converſion, and I certainly confeſs to the being wicked enough to have been deemed a tolerable Methodiſt. I had then quitted the old playhouſe in Lowgate for a new one in Finkle-ſtreet. That the principal performers of conventicles love to follow the ſmell of a theatre is evident, by their particularly conſecrating thoſe unhallowed ſhops, and thinking them enviable ſituations to practiſe their own love-feaſts in——" Put out the light, and then——" So this Rev. Mr. Rutherford, formerly a London coachman, erected his pulpit on the ſpot where Brutus had been in *his* pulpit alſo :—the pit he converted into pews, and the ſtage and ſide boxes were appropriated for the beaus and belles.——Here follows

(moſt truly copied) his letter to me, cauſed partly by the braſs rims not being come from York to Hull; for he told me over a bottle, to which he had no averſion, that he wanted a collection to purchaſe candleſticks, and I having left off uſing thoſe braſs rims, (when Mr. Garrick changed the mode of lighting the ſtage with ſix branches that uſed formerly to be let down at the end of every act, which required a nimble-fingered candle-ſnuffer) I promiſed my reverend father the Methodiſt I would light his tabernacle, aye, and performed it too.

To TATE WILKINSON, *Eſq.*

"DEAR SIR,

"AS your engagements in public and mine run "counter, I did not know when to wait on you as "to a proper ſeaſon; and therefore as you were ſo "good and ſympathiſing to act from ſuch a noble "ſpirit of humanity to the diſtreſſed as propoſing "to take a pew in my chapel in Lowgate, I "ſhall leave theſe four beſt pews to the generoſity "of the perſons that engage; ſo whoever leads "the way will be a pattern for the others. I ve-"rily think, without the leaſt flattery, that your "encouragement of ſuch things will be ſuch an "honour to the ſtage, and beſpeak the fame to "the comedians, as will perpetuate your name

" more than Alexander the Great's. I ſhall be " glad to know what place you fix on, and when I " ſhall wait on you, and whether the *candleſticks* " *are come*. May Heaven load you with all kind " of bleſſings for time and an unſeen world.

" From your humble and
" Much obliged ſervant,
Hull, Jan. 10, " ROB. RUTHERFORD,"
1771.

At times I have heard good diſcourſes from Mr. Whitfield, delivered with energy, feeling, and pathos, but then he had been really and truly an actor on the ſtage in the early part of his life; and as he liked tragedy, and found that a pair of ſquinting eyes (as may be ſeen by his print) did not move the young ladies' tender hearts, but produced laughter inſtead of tears, he d——d the ſtage, and ever after ſtuck to that text; but he often melted and ſqueezed to ſome purpoſe many a rich dowager, who felt the power of his feelings from their mutual ſympathy. The low ſtuff of the preachers in general is not worth repeating; but to ſhew I have not often attended without ſometimes being a good boy, I will begin with the ſecond beſt performer in that line I ever ſaw, and give his harangue verbatim; and tho' but frothy ſtuff, it is much better, and more like reaſon than the damnation ſo terribly thundered out,

too often in ſtage invective; ſo much ſo, that were they not hardened by the familiarity of their fire, brimſtone, and pitchforks, if it thundered I ſhould fear leſs if in a playhouſe than in the tabernacle, particularly if near the preacher.

Mr. Weſley about four years ago, in the fields at Leeds, for want of room for his congregation in his tabernacle, gave an account of himſelf by informing us, That when he was at college he was particularly fond of the devil's pops (or cards); and ſaid, that every Saturday he was one of a conſtant party at Whiſt, not only for the afternoon, but alſo for the evening; he then mentioned the names of ſeveral reſpectable gentlemen who were with him at college.—"But," continued he, "the latter part of my time there I became acquainted with the Lord, I uſed to hold communication with him. On my firſt acquaintance," ſaid Weſley, "I uſed to talk with the Lord once a week, then every day, from that to twice a day, till at laſt the intimacy ſo increaſed, that He appointed a meeting once in every four hours." He recollected, he ſaid, the laſt Saturday he ever played at cards, that the rubber at Whiſt was longer than he expected; and on obſerving the tedioufneſs of the game, he pulled out his watch, when to his ſhame he found it was ſome minutes paſt eight, which was beyond the time he had appointed to meet the Lord:—He

thought the devil had certainly tempted him to ſtay beyond his hour, he therefore ſuddenly gave his cards to a gentleman near him to finiſh the game, and went to the place appointed, beſeeching forgiveneſs for his crime, and reſolved never to play with the devil's pops again. That reſolution he had never broken; and what was more extraordinary, that his brother and ſiſter, though diſtant from Cambridge, experienced ſigns of grace on that ſame day, on that ſame hour, in the month of October. After the eaſy acquaintance he had made, the idea of which I think too ſolemn to declare and mention in the familiar manner thoſe ſelf-elected people do. What muſt have become of all the tribes before us for the laſt ſeventeen hundred years but damnation? How unfortunate that Methodiſm did not ſtart up through a trap-door many centuries ago! What a hypocritical led-by-the-noſe world it would then have been!

Mr. Weſley, after expatiating on the devil's pops, ſaid, "Now, my dear friends! if you think there is no harm follows from playing at cards, why play at cards:—If you think, my dear brethren, there is no harm in hunting a poor little hare and depriving it of life, why you may go a-hunting without being guilty of ſin:—I do not ſay you will be d——d for that, provided in your

conſcience you do not think you are doing wrong. —If you think there is no harm in playing with the devil's books, or going to an aſſembly, where you ſhall ſtay till two or three o'clock in the morning, and where they dance belly to belly and back to back, and put themſelves in the moſt unſeemly poſtures—why, if you think there is no harm in going to that aſſembly, you may go. I am told," continued Weſley, "you have a wicked playhouſe in Leeds—I do not ſay you will be d——d for going to ſee a play, if you think there is no harm in ſeeing a play. But now, my dear brethren, let me call you to a recollection of theſe trifling matters: Though you have heard me repeat that I do not pronounce damnation on my hearers for playing with the devil's pops, or for killing a harmleſs hare and depriving it of life—though I have not ſaid the devil is with ſpreading arms expecting to receive you, but that you may go to an aſſembly, or even to the devil's houſe, without damnation; yet, my dear brethren, if inſtead of the devil's pops, the going a-hunting, or to the dancing aſſembly, or to ſee a play, you can, like me, get acquainted and enter into converſation and intimacy with the Lord, who will talk, who will hold converſe with you here on earth—how can you prefer ſuch vanities of this fooliſh world to

real blifs in this and the world to come?"——Here ends Mr. Weſley.

The Rev. Mr. Whitfied (the firſt actor in the Methodiſt walk) was of a contrary caſt entirely, and not without humour here and there. His dialect was very particular—*Lurd* inſtead of Lord, *Gud* inſtead of God—as, *O Lurd Gud!*

I remember a text of his was—*May we all work the harder.*—"There was a poor woman, and ſhe was a long time before ſhe was converted: ſhe was three-ſcore years and ten—yes ſhe was;—ſhe was three-ſcore years and ten:—" Sir, (ſays ſhe to the good man that converted her) Sir, (ſays ſhe) I am three-ſcore years and ten, I have been a long time about it: but Sir, (ſays ſhe) I will work the harder;—yes, Sir, (ſays ſhe) I will work the harder!" And O! may you all like that dear good woman work the harder." Then followed a groan of applauſe; for he had, like Mr. Bayes, a ſelected number in his pit that underſtood their cues, and were ſure to applaud, and the reſt of the houſe followed of courſe. Then Whitfield, looking round the rails of his little deſk below—"What, you young ones! why you are ſome of you twelve, ſome fourteen, and ſome ſixteen years of age, yet you do not think of going to hell? What!" exclaimed Whitfield; "twelve and fourteen years of age, and not thinking of going to hell! O ye little

brats you!"—and at that inſtant the old women groaned, and, like fell Charybdis, murmured hoarſe applauſe; and Whitfield ſhook his head, and growled in his white wig, exactly like my performance of Squintum, as I actually practiſed it from the ſerious comical diſcourſe I am now relating. Whitfield then proceeded thus--"You go to plays! and what do you ſee there? Why, if you will not tell me, I will tell you what you ſee there!—When you ſee the players on the ſtage, you ſee the devil's children grinning at you; and when you go to the playhouſe, I ſuppoſe you go in ruffles—I wonder whether St. Paul wore ruffles? No; there were no ruffles in thoſe days. I am told," continued he archly, "that people ſay I bawl—well I allow it, I do bawl, and I will bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher, I will not ſpeak the word of *Gud* in a ſleepy manner, like your church preachers——I'll tell you a ſtory.

"The Archbiſhop of Canterbury in the year 1675, was acquainted with Mr. Betterton the player. One day the Archbiſhop of Canterbury ſaid to Betterton the player, "Pray inform me Mr. Betterton, what is the reaſon you actors on the ſtage can affect your congregations with ſpeaking of things imaginary, as if they were real, while we in the church ſpeak of things real, which our congregations only receive as if they were ima-

ginary?" "Why, my Lord, (ſays Betterton the player) the reaſon is very plain—we actors on the ſtage, ſpeak of things imaginary, as if they were real, and you in the pulpit ſpeak of things real, as if they were imaginary." Therefore," added Whitfield, "I will bawl, I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher."

I leave the reader to judge on the good reaſoning of Methodiſm. I cannot help noticing for the honour of the ſtage, that Mr. Whitfield could not have betrayed himſelf into a better ſtory for its credit—(his pointing out an intimacy between the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury and Mr. Betterton): And for the actor, he could not have given a more ſubſtantial and revered authority. And what a joke for Mr. Whitfield to pronounce damnation on players, when he certainly avowed in his own opinion, that Mr. Betterton was, what all the world ever acknowledged him to be, a ſcholar and gentleman of honour; and Mr. Whitfield gave the players reaſoning and exemplification, for his own mode of preaching. But hypocriſy, like the cloven foot, will ſometimes be eſpied.

Some of the wild preachers of this kind, often remind me of Antonio in the Merchant of Venice——

Mark you this Baſſanio!
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe;
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
O! what a goodly outſide falſehood hath!

Bell's edition bears this note on theſe lines. A moſt excellent remark this; for daily experience proves, that ſome of the worſt characters breathing, ſeek ſhelter under ſcriptural texts; by the miſ-application or miſconſtruction of which, alſo, oppoſite ſects uncharitably conſign each other to eternal puniſhment.

As a ſtriking inſtance of good-will, charity, and mildneſs, being prevalent in the minds of Methodiſts, I inſert the following paragraph from Mr. Bowling's Leeds paper——

"At York Aſſizes, William Richards, for rob-
"bing the Theatre-Royal, was ordered to be
"tranſported for ſeven years; and on the Weſtern
"Circuit, a man was convicted of robbing a
"Methodiſt Chapel, and ſentenced to one year's
"impriſonment. Thus, in the eye of the law, a
"*Houſe of Prayer* is juſt one ſeventh the value
"of a *Den of Thieves*.

LEEDS MERCURY, 1790.

But now for my tabernacle at Covent-Garden, where myſelf and Mr. Rich were lately caſting the

comedy of the Minor, and which was the occaſion of my preaching. Mr. Rich and I were on ſuch ſudden terms of violent friendſhip, that he inſiſted I ſhould caſt the parts. I put down the Minor, Mr. Dyer;—Richard Wealthy, Mr. Sparks, &c. &c. &c.

The morning after, a note came from Mr. Sparks for Mr. Rich, to the following purport: "Mr. Sparks's compliments to Mr. Rich, he is concerned at being obliged to return the part of Richard Wealthy; but as he is given to underſtand Mr. Wilkinſon is engaged, and is to ſuſtain the principal characters in the comedy, Mr. Sparks cannot conſent by any means to perform or aſſiſt in any piece, for the advantage of a villain, who unprovoked has endeavoured to hurt him in his peace of mind, and injure his reputation, as an actor, with the public."—When Mr. Rich gave me the note to read, it perplexed me much; but I immediately adverted to my very diſagreeable ſituation when at Drury-Lane, and that I had given up every idea of offending the actors of Covent-Garden: that by the artifice of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote I was forced on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, in 1758, againſt my own conſent: and requeſted Mr. Rich further to obſerve, that when my own benefits happened at Drury-Lane, in 1758 and 1759, not any actor whatever had been offended by any imitations or

mimicry from me; that my ſole aim was levelled at Mr. Foote, for the ill-treatment I had received from him: and as a ſtronger proof, I referred to my conduct in Dublin the winter before, where I had not created a ſingle enemy by ſuch behaviour; nor at my benefit the ſpring before at Drury-Lane, or offered any entertainment of the kind, either from the deſire of my friends, the public, or even to aſſiſt my own emolument on my late benefits in London, which it certainly muſt be acknowledged it would have done, and much to my advantage; but I readily leſſened my own profits rather than incur enmity: I had in conſequence of that conſideration hoped, that I had cleared myſelf from all intentional injury to Mr. Sparks or other gentlemen. This fully proved to my own mind, for once in my life, the good policy of having laid by imitative talents, (Mr. Foote excepted) all that time: for had I kept publicly practiſing thoſe ſhining qualities, as I judged them, and though I was then certainly in great eſtimation (while under the trammels of Mr. Foote and Mr. Garrick); yet had I at the latter part of my time with him made too free with my brethren of the theatres, very likely I ſhould not have ſtood any chance of riſing again in London haſtily, or have been ever received at Covent-Garden theatre. Indeed I might have ſubſiſted on Mr.

Garrick's flaps of the ſhoulders of mutton, but, like poor Jerry Sneak, not have got a bit of the brown. My reaſons to Mr. Rich worked as palliatives in my behalf, and had much weight with him. He ſent for Sparks, and in his manner related to him what *Mr. Williamſkin* had ſaid: Sparks in a ſhort time was cool and pacified, and ſaid, On the whole it appeared perfectly clear that the young man was not ſo much to blame as he had ſuppoſed: that it was apparent Wilkinſon had not received any reward or gratuity for what he had done, from either of his maſters Foote or Garrick; but on the contrary they had been guilty of meanneſs and ingratitude: And Sparks concluded with not only his declared acceptance of the part, but offered every aſſiſtance to the rehearſals to aid and bring the Minor forward: for its being levelled as a ſtroke at Foote, tickled Sparks, as gratifying his ancient grudge. Though Mr. Foote's acquaintance was univerſal, yet as all knew he ſpared neither friend nor foe, there could not be the leaſt reaſon to apprehend a ſhadow of reſentment from the audience by any attack of mimicry played on Mr. Foote himſelf from any opponent, as Mr. Foote attacked every body, and, like Drawcanſir, might have ſaid to his friends—

> I huff, I bluff, I ſtrut, look big, and ſtare,
> And this I do becauſe—I dare, I dare!

A moſt intimate friend of Mr. Foote's wrote to me the following lines, on my being diſpleaſed, and is a ſtrong likeneſs.—

"Mr. Wilkinſon you ſhould have known him better long before this time of day; then you would have looked upon him as a peculiar man, with ſuch gifts of originality relative to men, manners, and places—whether he is in general right or wrong, I will not pretend to ſay; but I will give you this as my own opinion, that if he is wrong, it is difficult to diſpute with him; and when he is right, it is impoſſible to anſwer him."

Peace being ſettled, and myſelf one of the Covent-Garden company, Foote ſoon got intelligence from ſpies in our royal camp, of what was going forward: he was much enraged, and not having forgiven my freedoms with him at Dublin the winter before, he thought I purſued him like his evil ſpirit. And one morning when I was ſitting at the grand levee at Mr. Rich's, with my new friend Sparks in council of war, we were alarmed with a thundering rat-tat and ringing of the bell alſo, when a ſervant announced Mr. Foote was come to wait on Mr. Rich; and inſtead of being uſhered into the grand ſaloon, he had been ſhewn into the parlour.

Mr. Rich went down to Mr. *Footeye*, as he called him, but the viſit was not accompanied by

a calm, for it was moſt violent, bluſtering, and boiſterous. Mr. Foote furiouſly exclaimed—"Damn it, you old hound! if you dare let Wilkinſon, that pug noſed ſon of a b——h, take any liberty with me as to mimicry, I will bring you yourſelf, Rich, on the ſtage! If you want to engage that pug, black his face, and let him hand the tea-kettle in a pantomime; for damn the fellow he is as ignorant as a whore's maid! And if he dares to appear in my characters, in the Minor, I will," ſaid Foote, "inſtantly produce your old ſtupid ridiculous ſelf, with your three cats, and your hound of a mimic altogether, next week at Drury-Lane, for the general diverſion of the pit, boxes, and galleries; and that will be paying you, you ſquinting old Hecate, too great a compliment!" And after a few ſarcaſms Foote haſtily departed, denouncing vengeance on him and his cats, and immediately Mr. Rich appeared with a moſt woeful countenance, and ſaid, why *Muſter Sparkiſh*, *Muſter Footſeye* has been here, and he ſays if I let *Muſter Williamſkin* act his parts on the ſtage, *Muſter Sparkiſh*, he will write parts for me, my cats, and *Muſter Williamſkin*, and bring us all upon the ſtage; ſo we muſt not act what we intended." "Why ſurely, Sir," ſaid Sparks, "you cannot be ſo weak as to let Mr. Foote's vapouring viſit frighten you from your purpoſe, or intimidate you from having a piece acted that may be

of ſervice to your theatre, and to the young gentleman. Is it not truly ſtrange and laughable, that Mr. Foote, of all people, ſhould confeſs himſelf galled, and exert his wit againſt mimicry—he who has been for years an univerſal torturer and ſpoiler of private peace, from the licentious liberties he has taken? Now, Mr. Rich," added Sparks, "let me intereſt myſelf in this matter, I augur ſucceſs; therefore let us of Covent-Garden-theatre, immediately rally our forces, take the field, let ſlip the dogs of war, and act the Minor in defiance of his own guards at Drury-Lane." Rich agreed, ſeemed pleaſed—but he was ſtill frightened of Foote, and I believe, dreaded an affront on his favourite cat more than on himſelf; all was ſettled to have the performance brought forward as ſoon as poſſible: for, as Sparks obſerved,—"advantage *fed them fat while we delayed.*" Indeed the Minor was ready at Drury-Lane, and they meant not to loſe time; for Foote entertained not the leaſt doubt of victory.

We, from various obſtacles, could not get it decently on the ſtage in leſs than a fortnight, as other pieces were preparing, ſuch as Mr. Macklin's new comedy of the Married Libertine; his Love-a-la-Mode; and Mr. Beard and Miſs Brent, were rehearſing Dr. Arne's new opera of Thomas and Sally; which all conſidered, made it ſeem dif-

ficult to get our Minor produced. And on the end of the week that this matter had been ſettled, it was advertiſed on the Thurſday from Drury-Lane, and on the Saturday was paſted on every wall—The MINOR; and that favourite little comedy had been all the week puffed and paragraphed in every newſpaper by Mr. Foote. But unforeſeen events ſometimes do and undo what our utmoſt wiſdom and wiſhes cannot, as here was an extraordinary inſtance; for the bills were but a few hours exhibited to public view, when it ſo happened they were as haſtily plucked down as they had been vigilantly put up; it was on Saturday the 25th of October, 1760, when the ſudden death of our truly beloved and lamented monarch King George II. occaſioned, for three weeks, a ſuſpenſion of theatrical hoſtilities and diverſions of all kinds in the great city of London. And I ſeriouſly wiſh (abſtracted from ſelf) ſome alleviation could be conſidered for a truly loyal ſet of people, the actors, on ſuch a melancholy occaſion: For though it is undeniable that every attention and grateful demeanour ſhould be indiſpenſibly obſerved on ſuch an awful ſtroke, and that a hoity toity following of diverſions would be highly improper, and that every duty to ſuch ſolemnity is due, yet it certainly falls cruelly on the poor player, I reverence and love my king, my

prince, and my country, as the moſt faithful ſubject in his majeſty's dominions; yet at ſuch really mournful times, the poor player, in a middling claſs, who *ſtruts his life upon the ſtage*, is certainly deſtitute of daily bread, becomes diſtreſſed, and abſolutely reduced to being a charity-dependent, where the weekly ſtipend had been merely an exiſtence; and too likely, if encumbered with a family, plunged into debt and future miſery. It may eaſily be credited that whenever ſuch a calamity happens, (and which in the courſe of nature muſt happen) many are not in poſſeſſion of a ſhilling; it is even a hardſhip to thoſe who poſſeſs economy, which ſome actors and actreſſes, to their great credit and good ſenſe do, as Mr. Robertſon, formerly of the York company, is an inſtance, and an honour as a man and actor to mention, and ſeveral others whoſe incomes have been very confined.

Now, as a good ſubject, my ſtock was truly great on the ſudden ſurpriſe and loſs of my monarch, whoſe name I had prattled from childhood——

> Monarchs, ſages, peaſants muſt
> Follow thee and come to duſt.

My own ſituation at that time did not ſuffer, as thank God, I poſſeſſed every needful requiſite then

to render life happy and every way agreeable, ſo the theatre being cloſed for a few weeks was not any inconvenience to my particular ſelf; but the poor actor at ſuch a time muſt be rejoiced if the landlord is in good humour, and will chalk up inſtead of receiving caſh; but then the day of retribution muſt and will appear in black and white——

Thus comes the reck'ning when the banquet's o'er.

It ſo happened and came to paſs, during that ſerious vacation, that the Minor was brought to maturity at Covent-Garden theatre; and what is more extraordinary, by the indefatigable attention and eagerneſs of Mr. Sparks——

Once my mortal foe.

When Drury-Lane again opened, the firſt Saturday they publiſhed the Minor, with Mr. Foote, &c. I poſted myſelf in the gallery. Mr. Foote was received, as uſual, with great eclat, by a moſt brilliant and crowded audience; that comedy being in as much vogue then, or more ſo, than any favourite piece at the preſent day of 1790, (the run and rage of the School for Scandal, and Duenna, being now over.)—When the comedy was finiſhed I haſtened to Covent-Garden, and urged Mr. Rich to produce the Minor as ſoon as poſſible; when Mr. Dyer (who was to act the part of Sir George, and who was the particular intimate of

Sparks) judged it a political ſtroke to give out that piece for the Monday following; and though the play before intended had been given out, we prevailed on Mr. Rich, and the Minor was announced, as by particular deſire, for the Monday: Mr. Foote's characters of Shift, Smirk, Mrs. Cole, and the Epilogue, by Mr. Wilkinſon. It was not only honoured with an overflowing theatre, but had a very great reception, and it had a conſiderable run; and in that puff I had the advantage, for Mr. Rich's new matters were not ready for repreſentation, therefore I was the more wanted.—Mr. Foote ſhared the profits of his night's performance; for that reaſon, therefore, if Garrick had any thing ſtrong to advertiſe, or wiſhed to play himſelf, Mr. Foote was obliged to give way. On the ſecond night of my performance, Mr. Rich at the end of the Minor brought an article for me to ſign, accompanied by Mr. Wood, his ſon-in-law, an attorney; the purport was, one hundred guineas for playing till the firſt of January, and a benefit when I choſe to appoint it. It was a very genteel offer, as my benefit conſidered, made it of real conſequence to me, and of courſe the propoſal was by me accepted, ſigned, and ſealed. On the firſt night, in the performance of Shift, I broke looſe into my imitative

qualities, which I had not practiſed (as to actors) in London for two years.

Moſſop had but the year before gone to Ireland; he was very peculiar, very popular, and well recollected: I was very like him indeed, and was obliged to repeat his ſpeeches of Zaphimri in the Orphan of China.

To prove what odd mortals we are as to our love and our hate, Sparks, who I related as formerly to have been my profeſſed enemy, was now turned to the other extreme, andwas my hearty well-wiſher. On my leaving the ſtage as Shift, he took me faſt by the hand and wiſhed me joy, and burſt out into a violent fit of laughing:—Says I, "Mr. Sparks, what are you laughing at?" "Why," replied he, "I am laughing at myſelf, Sir: for two years ago I was bloody angry at you for the carrying me into company where I was not; yet your imitation of Moſſop was ſo ſtrong, that I was irreſiſtibly pleaſed whether I would or no: ſo I am laughing at my own abſurdity." Thoſe imitations having been bottled up by me ſo long had then double the effect, and made Shift a ſtar in the Minor.—My introduction in the character of Foote was truly Foote from top to toe; and as to Mr. Garrick I made no ſcruple, though I had him before me, as his curioſity had led him to ſee me, not expecting that I would take him off, or he would

not have been ſo publicly ſurrounded, but have carefully avoided ſuch a queer ſituation. My imitations were never told either in bill or newſpaper who they were deſigned for; but whenever I was particularly lucky, the audience would repeat the name, as Sparks! Sparks! Barry! Barry! Nor was I a little pleaſed when repeating from Macbeth, "Who can be wiſe, amazed, &c." I heard the audience echo from one to the other, "O Garrick! Garrick!"—O thought I, my maſter, this is my day of triumph!—and from that night he never forgave or forgot his being ſo ſurrounded in the front box, nor did he ever ſpeak to me again to the day of his death.

My Whitfield was beyond compare; his manner was then univerſally known.——Mr. Foote was ſtruck by ſtepping in by chance, and once hearing Whitfield; the mixture of whoſe abſurdity, whim, conſequence, and extravagance, pleaſed his fancy and entertained him highly, as Whitfield that day was dealing out damnation, fire, and brimſtone as cheerfully as if they were ſo many bleſſings. What pity it is that our fears only, and not our reaſon, will bring conviction; but reaſon, handed by unaffected pure piety and religion, would be a day of woe to Methodiſm, and leſſen their audiences in many tabernacles, where they are certain to lament preaching to no-

body, though at the ſame time wedged to the outer doors, and on the Sunday exclaiming at the full crowded theatres, which have probably been almoſt deſerted. But Mr. Foote was only a ſpy at Whitfield's academy, while I had been a zealot for ſome ſeaſons before my encounter at Covent Garden with Mr. Foote. My attendance had been conſtant with my friend Shuter, and as he actually was one of the new-born, and paid large ſums to Whitfield, I was always permitted to ſtay with him, for he really was bewildered in his brain, more by wiſhing to acquire imaginary grace than by all his drinking: and whenever he was warm with the bottle, and with only a friend or two, like Maw-worm he could not mind his ſhop becauſe he thought it a ſin, and wiſhed to go a preaching; for Shuter, like Maw-worm, believed he had had a call. I have gone with Shuter at ſix in the morning of a Sunday to Tottenham-Court-Road, then before ten to Mr. Weſley's in Long-Acre, at eleven again to Tottenham-Court-Road tabernacle, dined near Bedlam in Moorfields (a very proper place for us both) with a party of the Holy Ones, went at three to Mr. Weſley's theatre there, (the tabernacle I mean) from that to Whitfield's in Moorfields till eight, and then ſhut up to commune with the family-compact. Now with all this practice and attention, and with my

natural talents, I muſt have been a blockhead indeed not to have gleaned ſome good things; (and doubtleſs Mr. Whitfield was at times a good preacher, and truly excellent.) I therefore really exhibited and obtained a much ſtronger likeneſs as Dr. Squintum than Mr. Foote did. The week before my Covent-Garden exhibition I met my friend Shuter at the tabernacle; a great coolneſs had continued for ſome time, as we had not ſpoke to, or even looked at each other ſince the breach between us in the year 1758; but as we were met together in a place of charity and forgiveneſs to all who ſubſcribed to the dictator, we became very ſociable, and before the concluſion of Whitfield's lecture were perfectly reconciled: We adjourned to the Roſe, and by three the next morning were ſworn friends, and continued ſo till death called him away.—Indeed he was above eleven years older than me, and would have been ſixty-three had he lived to this time. Ned Shuter was a lively, ſpirited, ſhrewd companion; ſuperior natural whim and humour ſurely never inhabited a human breaſt, for what he ſaid and did was all his own, as it was with difficulty he could read the parts he had to play, and could not write at all; he had attained to SIGN an order, but no more: Nature could not have beſtowed her gifts to greater advantage than on

poor Ned, as what ſhe gave he made ſhine, not only conſpicuouſly but brilliantly, and that to the delight of all who knew him on or off the ſtage—he might be truly dubbed "The Child of Nature:"—He was no man's enemy but his own. Peace, reſt, and happineſs, I hope he now poſſeſſes—for the poor, the friendleſs, and the ſtranger he often comforted; and when ſometimes reduced by his follies, he never could ſee a real object in miſery and reſiſt giving at leaſt half he was worth to his diſtreſſed fellow-creature.

My popularity that year of the Minor was ſuch, that my acquaintance I might truly term univerſal. My benefit was the week before Chriſtmas, and was not only crowded, but honourably attended, which put my finances into a moſt reſpectable accumulation, though my free living from place to place was very expenſive, and indeed extravagant:—Yet the reader is to obſerve my benefits in general were all free from any charges, and were what we on the ſtage term *clear benefits*; and my night being numerouſly attended in the middle of a winter ſeaſon in ſuch a metropolis as London cannot be judged a phænomenon.

That ſeaſon at Covent-Garden theatre, the day after acting the character of Mr. Foote in the introduction to the Minor, I received an anonymous letter, and recollected the ſame ſentiments

had been conveyed to me in the like manner three ſeaſons before after my benefit-night at Drury-Lane, on taking off Mr. Foote as himſelf, not as an actor on the ſtage. The contents were nearly as follows :———

To Mr. WILKINSON.

" SIR,

" THOUGH your imitation of Mr. Foote laſt " night was certainly great, yet your twitch- " ing your chin with tweezers was very wrong, " though well conceived, but on the ſtage " it was a blemiſh, and not any advantage to " your imitation ; for you ſhould conſider the au- " dience are only judges of Mr. Foote's public " ſtage performance, and not of how he acts or " ſpeaks when in his own houſe, and with his " acquaintance and particular intimates :—there- " fore omit thoſe peculiarities of Mr. Foote's, " and you will not loſe, but increaſe your reputa- " tion with the town, and the good opinion of

" S I R,

" Your well-wiſher,

" A. Z."

Theſe two notes I often conſidered, as the remark was ſo juſt, (though I had not paid obedience to the firſt) and made me gueſs from that

time to the preſent that they proceeded from the ſecret good wiſhes and knowledge of Mr. Murphy, who was often on parties at Mr. Foote's, and knew what I meant when the public did not:—Whether it was to him I was obliged or no he beſt can tell; if he did, it may have eſcaped his memory, and he may not recollect ſo trivial a circumſtance, as it did not relate to himſelf. Why I take the wiſdom to myſelf of thinking the letters came from Mr. Murphy (who had behaved very kindly to me) is, that in 1759, on my benefit night at Drury-Lane, as I was acting the character of Mr. Foote, he (Mr. Murphy) was ſitting in the orcheſtra; and as I grew elated with applauſe, and feeling to myſelf that all I did was right, I too often made uſe of a particular word, which Mr. Foote thoughtleſsly, and from cuſtom, often repeated laughingly in his own room in common converſation; it was a word fooliſh and indelicate, and by no means fit to be preſumptuouſly or ignorantly mentioned in a public theatre; and I had never thought as to the meaning, but was, I declare, moſt perfectly innocent of it; and from my rapidity of ſpeech the audience (luckily indeed for me) did not attend to it any more than myſelf:—And as Mr. Sheridan's Puff in the Critic ſays, "The players never know when to have done with a good thing," ſo did I often repeat

this unfit word before a moſt reſpectable audience. I ſaw Mr. Murphy in the orcheſtra enjoying my performance and applauding, which gave me double vigour; when on a ſudden he ſtarted up, and I loſt, from the ſituation full before me, him whom I had ſeen in ſuch high humour, therefore I feared ſomething was very wrong, but what I could not divine;—but I do ſuppoſe, what *I ſaid* ſo repeatedly had frightened him from his pleaſant ſeat:—Luckily for me the loud laughter and applauſe drowned the ſenſes, or I might have ſeen more decampments, or myſelf have been ordered ſo to do: and I am certain, had I been at that time diſgraced I ſhould not have known for why. But all went off to my exceſs of joy; and when I ſaw Mr. Murphy ſome days after, he kindly explained what had drove him from his place, as he declared he trembled for me, and gave me at the ſame time proper information ſufficient to rectify my error and improve my breeding, without need of Johnſon's Dictionary for further knowledge. This is a leſſon for all imitations to be confined entirely to the modes and manners only with which the audience are acquainted; for the private manners in life of Mr. Garrick, or Mr. Anybody, they are neither familiarized to, nor in the leaſt acquainted with, therefore fooliſh to add, by way of garniſh; as what might pleaſe in a private

circle with information, will naturally leſſen the merit of the mimicry or ſatire, inſtead of increaſing it with the public; and indeed it muſt be allowed as unmannerly as mean, and on no account worthy forgiveneſs, were it tolerated, to rehearſe private foibles, manners, and converſation, on a public ſtage.

My friendly reader, I fear, will be apt to ſhrink, and think I have been too liberal in praiſing and loading myſelf with encomiums relative to my applauſe and reputation in London in 1760, as a rival in point of mimicry, in the public eſtimation, when oppoſed to Mr. Foote; but I really aver and believe I have not exceeded the ſtrict bounds of truth. As to the exactitude of time and place I am perſuaded this olio will ſtand foremoſt of almoſt any produced; ſelf is generally partial, and I am obliged to be the herald of my own praiſes: for Shakſpeare ſays, "*If a man will not erect his own tomb-ſtone ere he dies, his memory ſhall live no longer than his knell rings, and his widow weeps.——How long is that? An hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. And ſo much for praiſing myſelf, who I myſelf will bear witneſs am praiſe-worthy.*"———Indeed I can mention ſeveral perſons ſtill living who can atteſt every particular, I am ſorry to ſay not ſo many as I could wiſh, as moſt of my ſincere friends and benefactors are now no more.

As a true imitator I ſtood before Mr. Foote in the public eye; for though he drew characters ſtrongly, yet his manners in point of likeneſs were not ſtrictly juſt; beſides my partial friends of that time, who cannot now come when they are called, and, for all I know, may now be ſpirits in the *vaſty deep*, yet as theatrical and honourable vouchers I refer to Mr. Macklin and Mr. Murphy, who will not, I truſt, deny they often told me I was in ſome particular imitations incomparable, and I was too well bred then and now to contradict their favourable opinions, but verily think they were good judges, and ſpoke only the truth. Mr. Macklin has often acted by me as a particular kind friend, and to him I am in debt for many obligations of tender regard paid to my juvenile years, and ſince; and as I never made him any equal return, confeſs myſelf his obliged and grateful debtor. Mr. Murphy I have not the ſatisfaction or pleaſure to call an intimate, or even common acquaintance; my frequent laughs with him at that diſtant juncture of time were chiefly occaſioned by my often meeting him on parties at Mr. Foote's and at the New Exchange coffee-houſe; but Mr. Macklin and I have often met in Dublin, ſometimes in the ſame theatre, ſometimes in our different ſhips of war; and meet him where I would, I cannot but remember civilities, not only

to me, but to any friend I took in my hand to introduce to him.

With a full purſe, a ſtock of health, and plenty of good friends, my Covent-Garden engagement ended; after which I ſoiled till Paſſion-Week drew near—A week that occaſions the players never to forget it is a religious one, though their ſuperiors may not have the ſame feeling occaſion to rub up their memories: but every player and playereſs can recollect that week without a prompter.

Mr. Garrick, as I before obſerved, continued obdurate; but thank God I neither wanted his forgiveneſs nor his favours as a manager.

Early in March I was favoured with a letter from my good friend Mrs. Strode at Portſmouth, informing me, that a world of people were expected there, as a grand expedition was preparing againſt the French, and the number of officers and ſubalterns both of army and navy would be incredible juſt before Laſter: that there were no plays going forward, nor any diverſions whatever; and if I could but hit on any entertainment, it would turn out lucrative to me, and be received as a compliment to the town, and all my friends and acquaintance. I made proper inquiries on receiving this pleaſing intelligence, and heard every thing Mrs. Strode had mentioned in a manner ſo

friendly ſoon confirmed. Now the love of money, added to the allurement of wandering, ſeemed to me irreſiſtible; I knew nothing could be done there in Paſſion-Week, though I might prepare for the enſuing holidays, but did not conceive how to manage and contrive without an able aſſiſtant. Mrs. Strode, at my requeſt, procured the theatre againſt my arrival; but one auxiliary at leaſt became indiſpenſably neceſſary.—I mentioned the matter to my laughing whimſical friend Joſeph Auſtin, who liked a frolic as well as myſelf; I therefore did not heſitate a moment as to whom I ſhould impart my perplexity: To him I related my new-fangled ſcheme and want of aſſiſtance, alſo laid before him the glaring temptations of army-officers, &c. and propoſed terms of agreement. Without a pauſe our wiſe heads ſettled it immediately; and that we might be more ſure of attractive merit, Joſeph clapped in his lady as a third performer (a very pretty woman) into the chaiſe, and on Palm Sunday we ſat down to ſupper at Portſmouth: We found the playhouſe as the company of comedians had left it, a mere wreck: They had torn away all traces of its former ſelf—all little ornaments of what it ought to have been—having removed all the wings and ragged ſcenery for their more remote theatres,

with Juliet's tomb and balcony, even Deſdemona's bed

> Had been ſeized by the hands of filthy dungeon villains,
> And thrown amongſt the common lumber,

And conveyed in their baggage-cart at Portſmouth to their fortreſs at Plymouth, themſelves having a long and heavy winter march: and indeed I fear the greateſt part of that theatrical army were obliged on the expedition to uſe their legs inſtead of carriages to obtain ſafe footing at their diſtant Devonſhire encampment; which proves the truth of the old proverb——*One half the world knows not how the other half live.*

My friend Joſeph and I had a moſt whimſical entertaining week; I am ſure he never can forget it, as it conſiſted of oddity and many freakiſh occurrences. From ten till two at noon we were buſily employed with plaiſtering paper on laths for our wings, and filling up the back part of the ſtage with ſomething like what we term a flat ſcene; indeed we had a carpenter, but Joſeph and Tate were the principal workmen. Before the week was expired our playhouſe was prepared for the receiving a moſt ſplendid audience, with which we were honoured; even our ſtage was crowded and produced the beſt back flat ſcene I ever ſaw,

which well paid us for our induſtry. We were not only gratified with the great houſe being lucrative and faſhionable, but we were ſtill more flattered and pleaſed by a deſire of a ſecond night, and with the aſſurance of good ſupport; for my own part I had been ſo fettered and confined while articled by Mr. Garrick, that I was rejoiced at being what I liked to be, and ever will be if I can, FREE *as air*; that by choice ſhall ever be my motto; therefore the ſecond night was palatable and quite agreeable to me. But here a difficulty aroſe: I had engaged to perform for my friend Shuter's benefit on Thurſday, March 26, and that promiſe, without breach of word, honour, or friendſhip, was eaſy and practicable, as time would juſt allow it, and not any to ſpare; but my trepanned friend Joſeph, on this ſmuggled expedition, was likely to be tried for offences at the grand court of Drury by Judge Garrick, a ſevere judge, who would demand his bond, as Joſeph had actually engaged to play the Wedneſday night, March 25, a new part wrote by Mrs. Clive for her own benefit; who at writing was (as may with juſtice be equally ſaid of myſelf) *a dead good one*. However he was very happy, and temptation lay before him:—So fell Adam—So fell Joſeph, though he has not the leaſt relation-

ſhip to Joſeph the Baſhful:—Notwithſtanding his perilous ſituation he yielded to entreaty, though he foreſaw and dreaded the inevitable ſtorm. We performed much the ſame kind of jumbled incoherent entertainment as we had done on the firſt night. We had a full houſe on the Tueſday, and ſoon after ſupper that night my friend Joſeph Auſtin ſet off with his lady for London, and left me behind to ſettle all bills, &c. for our private and public expenditure. My friend got to London in a whole ſkin, but too late for his part; and indeed he had been ſo laden the week before with ſtate affairs upon his head and ſhoulders, that had he been there a day ſooner I do not ſuppoſe he had ſtudied ſufficiently to have known a ſentence.—The lamentable conſequence to Mrs. Bayes (or rather Dame Clive) was her being obliged to ſubmit to change her new farce, or have an apology made for the part to be read—which I underſtood was kindly undertaken by Mr. Packer, but am not certain. However the piece was unfortunately d——d, and the dreadful doom of it ſhe attributed entirely to the neglective and audacious behaviour of that impudent Auſtin; it enraged that truly comical lady (on the ſtage only) to the higheſt pitch of fury; not Ceres with her torch ſet the fields of corn on fire with more eager fantaſtic fury than ſhe would have at that inſtant

ſacrificed even the high-prieſt of the ſynagogue, Garrick himſelf, could ſhe have dragged him to her altar of revenge; but "ſuch divinity ſurrounds a king" that he eſcaped her vengeance by a ſecure and ſpeedy retreat; and if truth may be ſpoken, I am inclined to think on this matter he was more indebted to flight than his divinityſhip for ſafety: as be it known, though our monarch Garrick uſed to be lordly and managerial over great and ſmall, yet Dame Clive (like the Welch) was never ſubdued—indeed the great little man dreaded her. As an inſtance—I remember one night, while I had the honour to appertain to Drury-Lane theatre, Lethe was to be acted by deſire of ſeveral perſons of diſtinction: The bill run thus: *A dramatic ſatire called Lethe*—The new character of Lord Chalkſtone by Mr. Garrick; and not any other performers mentioned, not even Woodward's or Yates's—Mrs. Clive's part was the Fine Lady.—There were ſeveral actors of merit in the piece, but whether it had been printed in that manner by deſign or accident I know not, as play-bills publiſhed daily muſt be liable to errors, even though Mr. Kemble was the manager. Madam Clive at noon came to the theatre and furiouſly rung the alarm bell: for her name being omitted was an offence ſhe conſtrued ſo heinous, that nothing but vengeance, and blood! blood!

Iago was the word! and it was no more ſtrange than true that Garrick ever feared to meet that female ſpirit. Perhaps Mr. Croſs the prompter might think Garrick's name was all-ſufficient; but her not ſeeing in the bill "The Fine Lady by Mrs. Clive," was ſo unpardonable an offence, that could ſhe have got near him, and he had been ſevere in his replies, I dare ſay ſhe would have deranged King David's wig and dreſs as adorned for Lord Chalkſtone, which would have diſconcerted him much. Mrs. Clive was a mixture of combuſtibles—ſhe was paſſionate, croſs, vulgar, yet ſenſible, and a very generous woman, and as a comic actreſs, of genuine worth—*indeed, indeed*, ſhe was a diamond of the firſt water.—— When her ſcene of the Fine Lady came on, ſhe was received with the uſual expreſſion of gladneſs on her approach, as ſo charming an actreſs truly deſerved; and her ſong from the Italian Opera, where ſhe was free with a good ridiculous imitation of Signora Mingotti, who was the darling favourite at the King's Theatre, and admired by all the *amateurs*,—ſhe was univerſally encored, and came off the ſtage much ſweetened in temper and manners from her firſt going on.—— "Aye," ſays ſhe in triumph, "that artful devil could not hurt me with the Town, though he had

ſtruck my name out of the bills." She laughed and joked about her late ill-humour as if ſhe could have kiſſed all around her, though that happineſs was not granted, but was willingly excuſed; and what added to her applauſe was her inward joy, triumph, and ſatisfaction, in finding the little great man was afraid to meet her, and which was of all conſolations the greateſt; not our brave Rodney could feel more pride or glory on the French Admiral de Graſſe delivering up his ſword to him, than Madam Clive did in the idea of her ſubduing Garrick. The valiant Boadicia never hurled her ſpear with more furor than Clive, that Amazonian Thaleſtris of Drury-Lane theatre, purſued that great general, Garrick, whenever he offended her; indeed the whole green-room dreaded her frowns. She was the original, and quite at home when in the Cobler's Wife in the Devil to Pay, and always proved that Poor Nell had a great ſoul; indeed, to thoſe who approached her door in miſery, ſhe ſupplied their wants, and gave at once without pride or oſtentation. Mr. Garrick alluded to Mrs. Clive in Nell, and Mrs. Pritchard in the Queen in Hamlet, when he wrote and ſpoke the following lines the ſeaſon that Barry, Cibber, Quin, and Woffington, united forces at Covent-Garden——

Our ladies too, with hands and tongues untam'd,
Fire up, like Britons, when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious ſtrife,
From Hamlet's Mother to the Cobler's Wife.

So Madam Clive, of whom I have been ſpeaking ſo long, when her farce was d——d, as ſhe could nor ſtart that Fox Auſtin from his hiding-place, at laſt found Mr. Garrick her darling prey, whoſe curioſity had led him back to take a peep at the field of battle, after beholding her farce and its fatal overthrow, and had exultingly ſat ſmiling at the tumult, and enjoying the ſtorm, which gratified his ſpleen; and indeed her works, I believe, were truly indifferent, and would not have cut a much better figure in print than my own; with this difference, ſhe profeſſed ability, I profeſs quite the contrary, cry quarter, and ſue for mercy: Clive, like the good houſewife, who ſees a rat in the trap in the morning taken, no ſooner eſpied him than ſhe faſtened; and the furious poeteſs bitterly and vehemently harangued her manager as abetting and aiding in a plot to ſink her works to oblivion, by being privy to Auſtin's having eloped, and thereby deſtroying her fame. The manager proteſted his innocence, nay acted great rage, denouncing ſevere and unheard-of puniſhments on Auſtin; for certainly my friend Joſeph being abſent from his royal duty, and in a time of

war was not to be defended; and what added to his crime in Mr. Garrick's eye was, that he had been with that infernal exotic, Wilkinſon, to whom he never granted abſolution. He d——d Wilkinſon, he d——d Foote, and ſaid, "Lacey, I ſay, ecod we will have no more exotics at the theatre!" and concluded with a determination to diſcard Auſtin, for he was at that time really angry and offended with him, and much diſapproved of his intimacy with me, as his jealous fearful temper ſuggeſted Auſtin (who was in full confidence with him) might give information now and then of "The forbidden ſecrets of his priſon-houſe:" He at length pacified Clive, convinced her he was not concerned in the plot, and hoped to ſee Auſtin afflicted with tortures for what ſhe had ſuffered that night from his neglect, to which ſhe attributed her favourite offspring being ſtrangled in the birth. Mr. Garrick even ſoothed her into tolerable temper, by aſſuring her that her farce was one of the moſt entertaining and beſt written pieces that had been produced for years; her own acting had charmed him, and he was mortified to think her misfortune in its diſgrace was entirely owing to the unparalleled bad behaviour of Auſtin. Poor Joe was obliged to face his Maſter Garrick in a few days, and I believe received from him a very ſevere lecture, attended (I conjecture) with

a ſmarting fine: he was alſo for ſome time baniſhed the court of Drury, and his Majeſty of Denmark's preſence; but luckily for cunning Joſeph Mr. Garrick had interwoven his theatrical ſchemes and buſineſs ſo much with him, that Garrick found he could not, without inconceiveable inconvenience, conduct his multiplicity of affairs without Joſeph's tranſacting the ſecret ſervices in the cabinet, for Croſs was grown old, ſuperannuated, and unfit for his office as prompter, &c.; and on weighing the ſcales with Auſtin in one and his darling Intereſt with the Rupture in the other, he found the balance was againſt himſelf; he therefore with quick and wonted generoſity graciouſly reſtored Auſtin to favour at court, and reinſtated him in all his honours and moveables of which he had been diſpoſſeſſed:—For two years he was really a ſlave to him; nothing was right unleſs Auſtin was conſulted; and, by way of amends, he would often honour him by publicly walking with him arm in arm, chatting, laughing, &c. with a ſmall bribe for the day, and a large promiſe for the morrow; and I believe I may pronounce to a certainty, he never in all his life made Mr. Auſtin a genteel preſent or recompence for his trouble. I have mentioned this on gueſs, and if I am wrong in my aſſertion ſhall be happy to retract; for I would not advance a falſehood for

any advantage whatever, and Mr. Auſtin can eaſily in any newſpaper contradict what I have aſſerted, and inform us of Mr. Garrick's generoſity. Mr. Auſtin is an inſtance of one who ſometime glowed under the ſunſhine-beams of court favour; yet with all his dependence on the great man in hopes of independence, he never could obtain his wiſhes and expectations; for, like the Miſer, Joſeph wanted to "to touch ſomething real," but was only paid (as Ramilie) with forgiveneſs of all that had paſſed.

At length wearied out, Mr. Auſtin was under the neceſſity of leaving his friends and country, and ſeeking a refuge and aſylum in Old Ireland: He never more returned to his old maſter Garrick.

Notwithſtanding Mr. Garrick's oddities, I always did and ſhall reverence, reſpect, and eſteem him as the greateſt actor the Britiſh ſtage has ever known, from its firſt eſtabliſhment to the preſent day: but in other points I have only given the picture as it ſhould be, from the life, with all its ſpots, blemiſhes, and beauties; ſo my conſcience may reſt: as certainly, if my narrative reſpecting his treatment of myſelf be true, there remains no call of any trait of Mr. Garrick from my pen but juſtice.

In Dublin my old acquaintance Auſtin and I often met, and ſince that time as late manager of the

Newcaſtle theatre; but he has retired with eaſe and plenty—an enviable ſtate! Whenever we do meet and want matter for converſation, we need but recollect Portſmouth, Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Clive, and others—and, as Lady Townly ſays, "We can make the prettieſt ſherbet; aye, and without too much lemon:" and to conclude with her ladyſhip's words (as to Auſtin and myſelf) "I believe in my ſoul it will laſt as long as we live."

Mr. Garrick, though attached to ſubordination, was kept in order and decorum himſelf by our preſent ingenious writer, Counſellor Murphy; that gentleman could teaze his ſoul, and gall his gizzard whenever he pleaſed or judged himſelf wronged. Mr. Macklin my maſter Garrick did not much love, though formerly they were on a friendly footing, but the Drury palace gates againſt his irony were faſt cloſed. When Barbaroſſa (wrote by the late Dr. Brown) was produced, Garrick the firſt night entered after the fourth act in a glittering ſilver-ſpangled tiſſue ſhape; when Mrs. Clive, inſtead of court adulation, cried out, "O my God! room! room! make room for the royal lamp-lighter!"—which rudeneſs diſconcerted him much for the remaining part of the evening; and certainly it was too free, and not well timed, as he was tremblingly alive all over on the firſt night of a new part in a new play; and it

certainly is a ſerious matter in London, and a ſervice of danger.

Before I arrived in town from Portſmouth for Shuter's benefit, Mr. Arthur (manager of the Bath company) came to that town on the plan of building a new theatre there, as the inhabitants much wiſhed for a better and more regular company of performers. Mr. Arthur waited on me, wiſhed me joy on the ſucceſs of my two nights public *impromptu* at Portſmouth; and as his friends, who had encouraged his new undertaking, wiſhed to ſee me there again the enſuing ſummer, he hoped it would turn out mutually agreeable and lucrative to himſelf and me;—the matter was ſettled and agreed between us. He then made another propoſal for my playing ten nights that ſpring ſeaſon at Bath, with a clear benefit—that was alſo agreed on, and I left Portſmouth and got to London on Wedneſday night, March 25, 1760, and on Thurſday gave Tea, as I had promiſed, for my friend Shuter's benefit; and I may with great truth affirm with wonderful applauſe: The approbation intoxicated me ſo much, that the night following, being in company with Shuter and Ballard the treaſurer, I conſented to pour water on the leaves for his benefit early in May, though I had engaged for Bath, and knew I was to incur the expence from thence to London and

back again; but my desire for applause increased my thirst: it went down so deliciously, that I was glad to cover that as an obligation, which in fact I was pleased to be requested to do, and thought no price I could pay equal to public approbation. I did not then so well know the fickle changes of Fortune as well as life——Would I were young again!——But let it go—A foolish figure! farewell it.

I arrived at Bath well, and without the least fatigue; the next day I paid my respects to Mr. Arthur, also to Mr. Ridout, with a thousand compliments from Mr. Rich, who was unhappy at his ill-declining health calling him there, and obliging him to quit Covent-Garden theatre; to which place he never more returned. He was the only man in whom Mr. Rich placed any confidence, or whose advice he would listen to. Mr. Ridout being prime minister, he was of course bespattered with plenty of abuse; but he, like me and Benedick, cared not for a satire or an epigram:—for if a man will let himself be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him.

Ridout was extremely glad to see me at Bath, and when my benefit was advertised he sent me a letter desiring three box tickets, and begged my acceptance of the inclosed three guineas, with his

beſt wiſhes and thanks for having ſo honourably kept my promiſe in 1758, not to meddle with his manner of acting any night of my imitations at either of the London theatres. The three guineas was meant, it is true, as a *douceur*, and I had ſome title to accept the caſh and not return it; for I certainly had deprived myſelf of a credit as to the imitation; and I pin my faith more on Mr. Macklin's opinion than on my own merit: for Mr. Macklin when I laſt ſaw him declared I had taken ſuch exact meaſure of Mr. Ridout, that my likeneſs of him was my maſter-piece. At Bath he died:—When I ſaw him there he appeared in a weak languid ſtate, not in immediate danger——

But who can controul his fate?

I ſo fly-like (Mr. Aircaſtle myſelf) from one point to another, that I can apologize, but cannot help being incoherent.

Bath was then certainly a pleaſing ſpot:—Now I am told, and it is well known, that city has increaſed at an incredible rate of elegance, to the aſtoniſhment and admiration of all Europe. In that city Mr. Keaſberry treated me with my firſt dinner, and I was particularly lucky by unexpectedly meeting with an unthought-of bleſſing; for in a few hours after my name had been publiſhed for Richard the Third, I was ſurpriſed with the

agreeable pleasure of receiving cards from my ever dear remembered friends and patrons Mr. and Mrs. Chaigneau and Mrs. Forbes, and some others from Ireland—a most happy intelligence indeed for me, abstracted from interest. Bath was at that time, and still continues, a place of constant, fashionable, and friendly resort of persons of quality and fortune from the kingdom of Ireland: It was in truth a fortunate circumstance, as they immediately introduced me not only to a genteel but fashionable resort of friends, who were of the utmost service in fixing my reputation as a public performer amongst all the circle of their acquaintance, besides the certain allowed credit, convenience, and self-satisfaction on my Bath onset as an actor, to have such eligible and esteemed places to dine at, and be received as a particular friend and visitant at Mr. Chaigneau's in Gay-street, and Mrs. Forbes's in Queen-square, &c. I played a variety of characters there, and it would be tedious and fulsome to repeat the favours I received; every person I knew consulted to make me happy. My benefit was on Monday, April 27, 1761—Confederacy the play, with Tea and the farce of the Guardian—I acted Mrs. Amlet, and the Guardian, with Tea; and in the course of my playing I acted Richard, Lear, Hamlet, and Shylock—parts in the Minor, Cadwallader, Petruchio, &c.

My benefit was honoured with ſo great a demand for places, that the *whole pit was laid into the boxes*, a circumſtance which had not been often inſtanced. A large party, with the late Lord Clive, were that night contented with places in the pit: Indeed a theatre is ſuch a ſtrange place, that the ſeat which is faſhionable one night is horrid another; for ſometimes if only the firſt rows of the ſide-boxes are taken the cry is, "Not a place to be had in the boxes; every ſeat is let!" The front-boxes, if Mrs. Siddons acts, are called good places, and acknowledged (as they truly are) to be the beſt ſeats in the houſe for ſeeing a play; but on any night, if not wiſhing to be at the theatre, and yet wanting an excuſe to ſtay away, the cry is, "It is horrid—it is a bore.—Who can ſit in the front-boxes? thoſe giblet pies!

When my nights with Mr. Arthur were expired I had engaged to perform Lady Pentweazle and Cadwallader for his benefit on Monday, May 4; but Mr. Ballard the Covent-Garden treaſurer, (with Shuter's ſummons) advertiſed me in the London papers according to my promiſe, therefore I could not be excuſed, being ſo indiſpenſably under an honourable contract to make my appearance in London, and was obliged to quit Bath on Saturday, May 2, and took poſt-chaiſe for the purpoſe. On Sunday noon I unexpectedly met a

party of friends at Hounſlow, where I ſpent a cheerful day, and got ſafe to London in the evening, and was ready to fulfil my duty and promiſed faith on Monday night. Before I left Bath I had agreed to return the Thurſday following, May the 7th, to perform for the benefit of Mr. Keaſberry.

The Monday night I was in London I had not leiſure to ſee any friend whatever, but was pleaſing myſelf with the thoughts of what vaſt and uncommon applauſe I ſhould be favoured with the next night: for my honey-draught on Shuter's benefit had been a great inducement for my incurring the expence of ſuch a poſt journey. I have often heard Mr. Foote declare, that the change of weather had an effect upon the tempers of the audiences; and alſo to a certainty it acted differently with the performers as to their ſpirits, &c. The truth of theſe obſervations I cannot take upon me to determine, but leave it to the doctors and wiſer heads; Every frequenter of a theatre muſt have at times been inſenſibly led to obſerve, that with the ſame actors, in the ſame piece, and in the ſame theatre, the reception, whether it was the weather, the audience, or their own dulneſs, has been widely oppoſite. If the audience is not in humour, the performer, let him go on in his beſt ſpirits, will flag; but on the contrary, if the

audience is in great good humour, and the players flat and insipid, they will catch the fire like electricity; and though the performers went on the stage even in bad health and spirits, they will be transformed and all alert, forget their illness, be *new vigoured*, become what each wishes to personate in the assumed character———

> Each bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,
> And all that night an unaccustomed spirit
> Lifts them above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

So I on the day of Ballard's benefit, like Mrs. Heidleburgh, longed for the rencounter, and was as usual well received; and I was determined to get applause by giving much more in quantity than what I had done for Shuter's benefit—an ignorant zeal, that, like Shakspeare's Dogberry, had it been ten times more, I would have bestowed all my tediousness on their Worships. But alas! alas! before I had gone half a stage with my *comic lecture* my numerous auditory appeared to be sleepy and tired. Now, whether it was as Mr. Foote had observed the weather, the drowsiness of the audience, or from what other chain of stupidity, I cannot tell; but I rather believe it was owing to a jumble of bad materials, with a double quantity of my own insipidity intermixed. One circumstance I remember perfectly, which was, I

thought it would never have been over without Supernatural Aid, or a ghoſt to tell me ſo—and I am certain my hearers thought ſo too. But as it is often ſaid, "It is a long lane that has no turning," ſo at laſt the concluſion did come, and two or three friends at the lower end of the hall gave a hand or two, the upper part of the building I believe gave a different kind of token; therefore I did not take the vantage of thoſe few at the lower end, and ſtay to cry, "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, &c." but even then took off and made my exit.

Ballard's benefit was compoſed of all ſorts of the lower order of people from every diſtant quarter of London, the greateſt part of whom perhaps did not ſee three plays in a year, and my imitations were as little underſtood by the red-cloaked ladies in the front-boxes as when I gave Tea at Norwich; in fact it was as Hamlet ſays, "*Caviare* to the multitude." So I (poor Pilgarlick) had treated myſelf with a poſt-chaiſe jaunt of one hundred miles from Bath to London, and to return back; and all for a bill which my vanity had drawn upon the bank of Folly, the which had no ſtability, and was not fit to be truſted, as it was proteſted and returned back on my hands to my own ſhame and diſgrace: This is true—but not

without a good leſſon for young people's improvement and future obſervation—and I conſoled myſelf with never in future playing at hazard for the chance of applauſe only, without the pecunia, where there were ſuch odds againſt me. I returned to Bath, and was on the ſtage on Thurſday, May 7, on Mr. Keaſberry's night, and when there, had plenty of Spaw-water, very eaſily purchaſed, to quench my thirſt for applauſe, when I wanted more than I deſerved:—Not but the longing deſire of applauſe is a good incentive to excite ſpirit and emulation in every young performer; for without ambition few would encounter ſuch various and almoſt inſurmountable difficulties as attend a theatre. I remember Miſs Noſſiter's ſaying in the green-room, that all of the theatrical profeſſion ſhould be bleſſed with more than common philoſophy: That we ſhould poſſeſs that ſaid ſerenity I agree to be a right obſervation, but am far from thinking we are in any great degree honoured with its attendance as a conſtant companion; in general we have ſomething like an equivalent, and that is great ſpirits, which glides over little misfortunes, evil tongues, and diſappointments, eaſier than with mankind in general; and good ſpirits create eaſe and happineſs, and, like death and the dice, levels all diſtinctions———

Elſe who would bear the whips and ſcorns of the time,
The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
And the ſpurns that patient Merit of th' unworthy takes?

While at Bath I was ſolicited to perform for almoſt every benefit; I moſt willingly complied, and acted away moſt furiouſly without fee or reward, ſo was in no danger of ſuffering on the vagrant act.

The two laſt plays were Hamlet and Richard the Third: the firſt for the benefit of Mr. Williames, (termed the *Ancient Carpenter)* on Friday, June 5, 1761; and the laſt, for Mr. Wooley the painter, Monday, June 8.—The farce was *Hob in the Well*, in which Mr. Wooley appeared in the character of *Hob*.

The reaſon for my being ſo particular as to the days, months, and years, on trifles not worth doubting is, that it helps as a reference to the profeſſed plan with which I ſet out, and to make good my aſſertions with thoſe now living, who might think it worth while either to corroborate or contradict my relation of facts with the ſtricteſt obſervance of time and place.

From thence I lounged at Wincheſter until the new theatre at Portſmouth (building under Mr. Arthur's inſpection) was ready for the reception of the Bath Company, at that time under his direction, where I reſorted according to beat of

drum and marching orders on the 1ſt of July; but when I ſaw the deſolate ſtate of the building, I judged it impracticable for its wide extended walls to have a play enacted that good year of our Lord: However Arthur was indefatigable; ſlow, and ſure; and in ſo ſhort a time as Monday, July 20, *Hamlet* was announced for opening our new theatre, with the farce of the Contrivances—Hamlet, Mr. Wilkinſon; Polonius, Mr. Arthur; Horatio, Mr. Keaſberry; the Queen, Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Lee was wife to the late Mr. Lee, and mother to the preſent Miſs Lees of Bath: One wrote the pleaſant comedy of the Chapter of Accidents; and the other that entertaining and well-drawn romance of the Receſs. Mr. Lee was well known in London as an actor of merit at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, alſo as manager and performer at Edinburgh and Bath. But ſome diſpute had happened about a year before I was at Bath between Mr. Lee and Mr. Palmer, (the Bath proprietor) which not being amicably ſettled, Mr. Lee withdrew; but ſhe very ſenſibly (not having given any cauſe for complaint) deſired to be retained.

Our new grand theatre at noon, on the 20th of July, had not the leaſt appearance of being fit to be opened that night, either before or behind the curtain—the whole company were of that

opinion: But great men will overcome obſtacles, and the wonder-working incomparable Arthur deſpiſed difficulties. At twelve o'clock at noon there was not one ſeat in the pit, but he actually contrived to get it finiſhed by ſeven. Not any rehearſal was poſſible, as the ſtage was up to one's waiſt in ſhavings. The populace were eager to ſee the new playhouſe, new company, and the firſt acted play; but on traverſing the ſtreets from four till ſeven, and no admittance, they became very noiſy, the ſailors particularly unruly; when into the ſtreet popped our old croſs commander in chief, Admiral Arthur—not like his advertiſed character of Polonius, but more reſembling one of the witches in Macbeth; for he had on an old round flapped hat, a woman's checked apron, with a large broom in his hand, and his face as begrimed and greaſy as a barn-acting Othello in the Dog-days: He harangued the multitude, high and low, and humbly beſeeched their patience while himſelf and the hard-laboured carpenters aſſiſted in ſweeping the ſhavings out of the pit and gallery: He received a good hooting with a laugh, and retired to make his words good by deeds, and Hecate-like he ſweated and ſwept moſt violently, till the word without was given, as their impatience was beyond bounds; the doors were burſt open, the witch and her ſtick were thrown down and rolled

over and over; the broom had no other charms or ſpells than to aſſiſt the cripple to hobble out and eſcape with all poſſible expedition; there were no perſons ready, or offices fixed to take the money, ſo each ſailor and his laſs, or his companion and others ſeated themſelves in ſuch places as ſuited their fancies. But Arthur to ſhew his humbleneſs acted as a wary and careful manager; for, without putting off his apron, as ſoon as the houſe had filled and all were a little quiet and ſeated, in the midſt of a cloud of duſt he doffed his old brown hat, and went profoundly round the theatre to collect in it from every part what he could either by threats or civility obtain: ſome did pay, others did not, and ſome only what they pleaſed; nor would he have ſtirred till twelve at night whilſt he beheld the glimpſe of another dropping ſhilling to have paid for their forcibly-obtained footing. When he had finiſhed that difficult job he retired to what was abſolutely requiſite, ſoap and ſand, and in about an hour more (the hour of nine) we proceeded on with our ſolemnity. Mr. Arthur was transformed—a long old periwig and a ſumptuous ſuit of clothes gracing his perſon for Polonius (a part which he had often performed in London, and acted truly well); but the lamps and candles having been loaded with the immenſity of our kindred duſt from Hecate, (the ma-

nager's outrageous ſweepings) had occaſioned ſuch a miſt and violent heat on the audience-part of the theatre, on the ſtage, behind the ſcenes, and had diſperſed ſuch an univerſal melancholy gloom as I never can forget :—every one of the performers, and the well-warmed (nay I may ſay nearly parched) ſpectators became reflectors of burning heat to each other, and were almoſt literally ſcorched on that night's dangerous undertaking. For my own part I judged I ſhould make my exit as a great man, being no leſs a perſonage than the Prince of Denmark ; and recollecting the old women's adage, that *a man muſt ſwallow a peck of duſt ere he dies*, I concluded my time was come, as I by my own ſuggeſtion fancied I muſt that night have gulped that fatal quantity :—however it is evident I ſurvived that ſuffocation. In three or four nights after, our little theatre was really an elegant, well-approved, and faſhionable place of reſort ; far different from what the families of Portſmouth had ever *then* experienced in point of grandeur, comfort, or regularity ; or as a reſpectable company of comedians.

Indeed I do not ſuppoſe Mr. Arthur would have opened the theatre in this ſtrange, inconvenient, and contemptuous condition, but from a particular circumſtance, which was, that the 20th of July led on to the Portſmouth annual mart ; a week of

general reſort for all ſorts of people that aſſembled yearly to purchaſe toys, ribands, ſlippets, &c. therefore had he loſt that advantage, he would have miſſed the capital prize in his theatrical lottery. It was ſtill the time not only of hoſtility with France, but an honourable, ſucceſsful, and as glorious a war as any the Britiſh annals can boaſt;—though as to war at Portſmouth the creed of the inhabitants is eaſily underſtood by the words of Kate Matchlock in the Funeral, who ſays, "O rare news! we are going to have a war, and a war's a war, no matter whether abroad or at home."—So in fact *war* is the only manufactory of Portſmouth and Plymouth:—And of courſe that war continuing added much to our good fortune, and was the happy work of more lucky chances. We were ſoon oppoſed by the old Plymouth company of comedians at the old theatre, the ragged regiment I have ſo often mentioned; but their theatre was ſo dirty, their conduct ſo irregular, that they were generally viewed as a vulgar dram-drinking ſet when compared to our decent demeanour and truly creditable appearance; therefore we were honourably termed the *quality company*: Our houſe had many advantages, not only as to elegance, but was more commodious and cool; with good wardrobe, ſcenery, &c.

My night was on Monday, September 26, and was greatly attended; as a proof I believe it was the beſt in our whole ſucceſsful ſeaſon. *Tamerlane* with the *Upholſterer*.—I acted Bajazet, the firſt ſcene of Sir Archy, Bucks have at ye All, with Pamphlet and Razor.

Our campaign ended without any particular occurrences on Monday, October 19, 1761, with Henry VIII. and the Coronation: It was acted two nights after the benefits were over. Wolſey, Wilkinſon; Gardiner, Arthur; Cranmer, Keaſberry; Henry, Stephens the button-maker (once famous as Othello in London); Anna Bullen, Miſs Reynolds, late Mrs. Saunders, who acted the Country Girl when it was altered at Mr. Garrick's deſire ſome years ago by Mr. Bickerſtaff; Queen Katherine, Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Baker was a woman of ſtrong underſtanding, aided by a good and highly-finiſhed education, wonderful natural abilities, and an actreſs of great capacity, and ſhe had performed three or four parts at Covent-Garden, where they could not deny ſhe poſſeſſed much merit; her features were very good, but her figure was ſhort, clumſey, and againſt her in many parts, which otherwiſe ſhe was well calculated for. If a line had been drawn of competitorſhip, the firſt of that or the preſent day would have ſhrunk in the debate as to *com-*

prehenſion and real underſtanding, and yielded to her courteſey. Uſe is of greater importance than the London or any other audience are aware of.—Mrs. Pritchard was a ſtriking inſtance, who, with a large figure, was eſteemed the beſt Roſalind, though Mrs. Woffington, the beautiful, was her opponent.——Prejudice for ſome time prevailed much againſt Mrs. Baker at York, where ſhe acted during the races in Auguſt 1768, and one winter 1769; but at the latter part of the ſeaſon ſhe ſurmounted thoſe prejudices. At Edinburgh, where ſhe reſided ſome years, ſhe was in univerſal eſteem as an actreſs: but on a quarrel with Mr. Digges (for her temper was ſoon ruffled, and ſhe was too apt to ruſh into the different extremes of love and hate) ſhe haſtily quitted the ſtage, and there undertook the difficult taſk of teaching the Engliſh pronunciation; for which ſhe was not only capable but thoroughly qualified: In ſo doing ſhe received great promiſes, (and what was better) great emoluments, all which increaſed inſtead of being diminiſhed. She was received as a gueſt of knowledge and entertaining lively converſation at the firſt tables in Edinburgh, which honours, at that city, would never without talents have been conferred. Her laſt performance at Portſmouth was in Queen Katherine.

The coronation to Henry VIII. had double effect

from being well timed; his preſent Majeſty King George III. having been crowned on Tueſday, Sept. 22. On that day moſt of the Hampſhire world aſſembled; for thoſe that could not be in London flocked to Portſmouth, and there beheld at noon a glorious ſight indeed, ſeveral of our nobleſt ſhips of war dreſſed in their colours, all the officers of the ſeparate denominations decked out in their full uniforms, and every perſon, both high and low, in their holiday clothes:—whilſt all the cannon from the ramparts and ſhipping, as alſo from the caſtle on South-Sea Common, were echoing and re-echoing reſounding thunder, with ſuch a delightful confuſion of noiſe, (as Sir Callaghan O Brallaghan ſays) that I can no more attempt to give an account of it than to tell the ſtars in the ſky. That heavenly ſight was greatly heightened by the additional illumination of Apollo, who had mounted his fiery ſteeds, and the ſun beamed moſt brilliantly, and hailed one of the moſt auſpicious and ſplendid days that ever bleſſed our nation. Almoſt every reader knows that the proſpect from the ramparts at Portſmouth to the Iſle of Wight is one of the moſt delightful in the kingdom. The coronation being the general topic added not a little to curioſity and attraction for our Henry VIII. on that evening; and the play was highly approved by a full audience.

I muſt not omit before I quit Hampſhire to mention, that early in Auguſt 1761, Mr. Lee had hired a banditti ſet of actors to perform at Wincheſter every Saturday for a few weeks, a camp being there, but far inferior to the encampment I before deſcribed the preceding year; but I agreed on ſuch nights to accompany Mrs. Lee, he paying the carriage for two days, the Saturday and Sunday, and to have a clear benefit; which engagement he punctually fulfilled, but we differed about ſome trifle and did not part friends. Mr. Lee was very fond of teaching to act, with which he amuſed himſelf from Saturday to Saturday with almoſt as thin a company as Gibbet's in the Beaux Stratagem—I am ſure it did not double it.—The ſalaries the reader may be ſure were poor, as Wincheſter with the little camp could not afford great expences ſo as to procure Mr. Lee a living, and the additional charges of my going there with Mrs. Lee; yet Mr. Lee being known as an actor of merit, the officers were pleaſed and obliged to him for their Saturday's lounge, and made it a point to do all in their power to ſupport him.—Mr. Lee would not lead off the firſt play—I believe he was really afraid, his ſpirits being daſhed, as whoſe would not; like Falſtaff, who ſays, "If I be not aſhamed of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouſed gurnet."

The firſt play was on Saturday, Auguſt 8, 1761. There was not any thing appeared to Lee to be ſo practicable as my doing the parts in the Minor, ſo the Minor was fixed on without any other entertainment whatever; and it was acted from neceſſity in a very mutilated ſtate, as it was impoſſible the people Mr. Lee had ſo ſuddenly and with difficulty collected could be perfect in the intermediate ſcenes where I was not concerned: However a very genteel houſe appeared of Mr. Lee's patrons, and I was well received as their old favourite acquaintance, having been there a whole campaign the year before with the Bath company; ſo from conſideration to Mr. Lee and myſelf, they went away in perfect good humour, profeſſed themſelves pleaſed and ſatisfied with their ſhort entertainment.

Auguſt 15, we acted the Fair Penitent: Mr. Lee had amuſed himſelf with drilling his troops, and the play had one great claim to being well received, as it was very perfect. Lothario, Mr. Lee; Horatio, Mr. Wilkinſon; Lavinia, Mrs. Burden, who had acted Charlotte in Love A-la-Mode at Covent-Garden, and the lady I have ſo often mentioned as the *infernal limb*; Caliſta by Mrs. Lee. The farce was Lethe—The Old Man and Lord Chalkſtone, Mr. Wilkinſon; Frenchman, Mr. Lee.

Auguſt 22, Jane Shore. Shore Mr. Lee; Haſtings, Mr. Wilkinſon:—With a ſcene from Taſte as the entertainment; Lady Pentweazle, Mr. Wilkinſon.

Auguſt 29, The Way to Keep Him. Lovemore Mr. Lee; Bucks have at ye All, Mr. Wilkinſon: With the farce of the Author: Mr. Cadwallader, Mr. Wilkinſon.

September 5, (By deſire of Lady Harriet Conyers) The Provoked Wife: Sir John Brute, Mr. Lee; and for the farce Mr. Wilkinſon will give Tea.

September 12, (my laſt night) Romeo and Juliet: Romeo, Mr. Wilkinſon; Mercutio, Mr. Lee. With Bucks have at ye All, and the favourite ſcene of Sir Archy Mac Sarcaſm from Love A-la-Mode—to a very noble audience, which may be eaſily accounted for, not only as a reward for the trouble I had undergone of performing, added to the journies, but from my eſtabliſhed acquaintance with the gentlemen of the army, as well as with the particular inhabitants of Wincheſter the preceding year. After the hard duty I had ſuſtained of marching and counter marching from ſtage to ſtage, and the buſineſs univerſally heavy on me at Portſmouth garriſon, no wonder if I wiſhed to indulge a few weeks autumn repoſe, with that beſt good phyſician my mother, who,

was certainly not only my trueſt but moſt agreeable friend. After a few days reſt I viſited my old maſter Mr. Rich, who had ſome weeks before ordered Mr. Ballard the treaſurer to write me a letter of invitation, and that I was expected by his manager to be in London by the 20th of September, the opening time of the London theatres, with an offer of 6l. per week, and to be ready in the character of Bayes, and to ſign an article for three years, benefits included in the propoſal. My engagement with Mr. Arthur, rendered a compliance (with honour or any degree of honeſty) impoſſible. My non-attendance much offended Mr. Rich, as he thought (and very juſtly) he had made me a very genteel and comfortable offer; but after I had two or three times attended his mornings levee, we became as good friends as ever. He even condeſcended to requeſt a favour, which was, that I would make my firſt appearance in a farce, which he told me ſecretly in confidence, was of his own writing; and I have reaſon to believe it was, and that it will not be eagerly contradicted or claimed on account of its bequeathed honours to poſterity. It was called the Spirit of Contradiction. He ſaid, if I would but act the part of the Gardener from his *larning*, it would make my fortune, *provided* I would implicitly yield to his inſtructions. I had by that

time grown so familiarized to Mr. Rich's oddities, that I unfeignedly held him in great regard and esteem, and in the true sense of the word, believe he was a worthy and respectable gentleman; for tho' I well remembered he pronounced a very unfavourable opinion of me some years before when I was really distressed, yet in our after serious acquaintance I often experienced many acts of kindness, good wishes, and cordiality, which fully made me amends, and my former seeming ill luck had made me often read the book called Experience. Too often neglected in all stages of life, for the prevention of errors which lead to misfortunes.

When I spoke of the Gardener for Mr. Shuter (who was the Edwin of the time) instead of myself, he took his snuff, stroaked his cat, and said, "If I give it *Muster Shuttleworth* he will not let me teach him, and he is so idle: I want it perfect *Muster Williamskin*; but I will *larn* you *Muster*, if you will play the part from my tuition.

We were one noon, hard at work with the part of the Gardener, when Mr. Younger the prompter abruptly came into the room on urgent and immediate stage state-affairs, Rich perceiving him, turned hastily about, and in a rage said, "Get away *Muster Youngmore*, I am teaching *Muster Whittington* to act." If questioned why I have spoken of Mr. Rich so respectfully, yet draw such a caricature? I an-

ſwer, my obligations to him at firſt were not thoſe of a good kind, that I altered my opinion, by having notions ſuperior to prejudice, and as a true drawing of character, without giving tints of theſe oddities, ſtrangers would have no true notion of Mr. Rich's real manner and perſonal oddities: And I wiſh every writer, good or bad, never dealt in more ſatire or intention of doing harm than my inſignificant ſelf. Indeed Mr. Rich's peculiarities are not here obſerved as a novelty, for his beſt friends then, and thoſe who now remain cannot but ſay the relation is not more whimſical than true.

When I had undergone ſix days leſſons, and repeated the Gardener line by line, and to the beſt my ear could conduct me, Mr. Rich ſaid, "No engagement with his *larning* me, unleſs confirmed by an article ſigned for three years." Now I had been ſo weary of Mr. Garrick's tyranny, and above all loved to ramble, and was ſo habituated to get money and be my own maſter, that I could not by any means reliſh the leaſt idea of bondage; for being at liberty (excluſive of the profit) ſeemed doubly pleaſant and alluring. So in ſhort, after a pauſe, with heſitation, and finding I could not gulp down an article, I frankly told him my diſpoſition; but that I was notwithſtanding at his command, on his profered terms for

ten weeks only; whereat my old maſter grew angry, I turned ſullen, and our interview concluded as follows:—

Mr. Rich. So you will not ſign your article *Muſter Williamſkin*, and let me *larn* you?

Mr. Wilkinſon. No, Sir—Articles may be repented on both ſides, and I would rather agree for a ſhorter term, and renew, if mutually agreeable.

Mr. Rich. Why then, *Muſter Williamſkin*, what will you do? for *Muſter Griſkin* (Mr. Garrick) told me in the ſummer he would *never* engage you again; you have offended him *Muſter*, and he will never forgive you; and *Muſter Williamſkin*, you did not attend my theatre when ſummoned, and I not only made you a liberal offer, but endeavoured to be the making of you by *larning* you to act.

Mr. Wilkinſon. My good Sir, I am truly obliged to you for your offers; but muſt repeat, I do not reliſh a confined engagement—Rather than be under an article for three years, I would prefer rambling for ſix; therefore, good Sir, with my ſincere thanks and wiſhes, unleſs you will agree for ten weeks, I mean to ſet ſail in a few days for Ireland.

His aſtoniſhment and anſwer I ſhall never forget, though his prophecy was not in reſpect to myſelf verified, yet I have reaſon to fear ſome adventurers

poſſeſſed of too much faith in promiſes, woefully experienced real diſappointment.

Mr. Rich [ſternly.] *Muſter Williamſkin*, I'll tell you what will be the conſequence of your headſtrong ignorance; you will go over to Dublin, and engage with the tall man, *Muſter Barlymore*, he will promiſe you a large ſalary, of which you will not receive a ſecond guinea; for that *Muſter Barlymore* can wheedle a bird from the tree, and ſqueeze it to death in his hand*. *Muſter Williamſkin*, here is five guineas as a ticket for your Iriſh benefit, that you may be ſure of ſomething. I wiſh you a good journey—your ſervant. He left the room in a pet, and the five guineas in my hand; and though I was no lawyer, I was not ſo ignorant as not to retain the fee, and that was my laſt viſit and converſation with the *really good Mr. Rich*. He died ſoon after, during the run of his ſplendid coronation.

The day before the fracas happened, I had received a letter of preſſing invitation from Mr. Moſſop, then manager of Smock-Alley theatre in Dublin. That unexpected treaty could not have been brought about after Moſſop's declared averſion, had it not been for the willing interference of Counſellor Barrett. That gentleman had a

* This was a ſevere caricature of Barry, but ſhrewd and too near a reſemblance.

ſtrong partiality for Mr. Moſſop, as a friend and an actor; they had been bred I underſtood at college together, which laſting intimacy induced Mr. Barrett to be ever ready to contribute towards conciliation and acts of kindneſs; for the which, I doubt he ſuffered very conſiderably (tho' willingly) by frequently encroaching on his own ſubſtantial finances to the generouſly aſſiſting Moſſop with material ſums at times when bewildered, and plunged in his fatal airy ſcheme of being an oppoſing manager, which too frequently occaſioned various occurrences and diſaſters at different periods; for which generous benevolence, I fear the friendly hearted Counſellor never had a chance or poſſibility of being reimburſed: however he was affluent, and did not want money, but the diſtreſſed actor unhappily did. I relate this from conjecture only, never having been on a footing of intimacy with Mr. Barrett to enable me to vouch for its authenticity, though infinitely obliged to him in Ireland, in 1760, for many civilities which I am ever pleaſed to acknowledge; likewiſe his being inſtrumental to the bringing me and Mr. Moſſop on terms of amity once more in 1762: but that governour of reſtleſs players was not by any means bleſſed with a tythe of Mr. Barry's pleaſing abilities as an actor, or generous qualities as a man or manager. Mr. Barry had certainly

a moſt enchanting faſcination beyond the general lot of mankind; as a proof, it was ſeldom either creditor or *enemy* left Barry in an ill humour, however in other reſpects diſſatisfied or diſappointed. Mr. Moſſop was overloaded with a quantity of combuſtibles, conſiſting of pride, inſolence, arrogance and gall. I reviewed the difference as to the reſpective managers; but Moſſop's offer claimed a priority of preference, as being the firſt, and that offer was liberal. The reader will think it ſtrange that Moſſop ſhould have any engagement with me after his declarations; but he judged (I ſuppoſe) it was better policy to keep ſuch a miſchievous monkey in his own theatre, where he might play his tricks at the expence of the enemy, than ſuffer pug to be at the oppoſite one, and be let looſe upon himſelf. He wrote me word I might depend on every friendſhip in his power, to render his theatre agreeable; and inſinuated, that after his generous preſentation he truſted I would not deal ſo unlike a gentleman when I arrived in Dublin, as to enter or liſten to any terms whatever as to engaging with Barry and Woodward, which I aſſented to. On my arrival Mr. Moſſop and I ſoon ſettled all preliminaries, it was early in January and a few days after Chriſtmas holidays. My firſt appearance was in the *play* of the Minor, (which two years before

had been damned as a *farce*): it would have been hazardous; but its being insinuated and advertised with a pompous account of the amazing run and success it had met with at all the three theatres in London, not omitting to mention considerable alterations, which by so doing obtained a verdict in favour of seeing and hearing it acted. And as Mr. Foote has been mentioned to have observed the difference of weather, humours, and various accidents that make for and against to render it impossible to account for the uncertain changes in theatrical events, so the Minor was acted to a very fine house, received with universal applause, and continued to be performed twice a-week to good houses.

My imitation of Mrs. Bellamy (in Shift), with the Introduction, the Puppets, and a Mock Burletta Imitation, &c. were of great service. The Minor was well supported, as may be perceived by the following cast.—I acted Mr. Foote's characters; the Minor, Mr. Jefferson; Mr. Wealthy, Mr. Sowden; Sir William, Mr. Baddely; Loader, Mr. Ryder:—Lucy, Mrs. Kelf. In that theatre I met with my agreeable friend, Mrs. Abington, in high estimation; she did not see her old friend Tate with a new face. She had grown weary of being connected with Barry and Mrs. Dancer, as the latter could not relish the triumph of

Miſs Notable, nor could Miſs Notable patiently ſubmit to the inſolence and affected ſuperiority of Mrs. Conqueſt. My agreeable acquaintance Mrs. Kelf, now Mrs. Egerton, with her mother and ſiſter, were at Moſſop's theatre; and if this book falls into her hands, ſhe will laugh very heartily on recollecting the many happy days, and whimſical adventures which occurred that winter in dear Dublin. Whenever I remember the happineſs I there experienced, and the numerous obligations I received in that city, I ſigh and languiſh for another peep, ere I depart to meet my many good friends of great Britain and Ireland which have gone before me, to that country *from whoſe bourne no traveller returns.*

Mr. Moſſop and myſelf, for the firſt three weeks, were on the moſt intimate footing. I dined twice with him at Dr. Wilſon's apartments in Trinity College; he was a ſtaunch friend of Moſſop's. (I believe the Smock-ally theatre was Dr. Wilſon's property.) Theſe dinners, I ſurmiſed, were intended to induce me, by their mutual rhetoric and perſuaſion, to attack Barry and Woodward; but that I declined from policy. For I propheticaliy judged it moſt likely that this ſudden apparent friendſhip would not be of very long duration, as I knew in his heart he hated me: ſo the foundation which I depended on his good will was very

weak and frivolous; and when he wanted to be quit of me, I ſhould have ſhut Barry's doors againſt my ſweet ſelf. However I propoſed, over our claret, to take great pains with Woodward's favourite character of the Barber, and he might advertiſe my name for it in the manner of the original, which ſeemed to pleaſe Moſſop much; a plain proof how we reliſh ſatire againſt others, and how little we allow for it againſt ourſelves: It was immediately brought forward.

The next day after being with Mr. Moſſop, I waited on the attractive Abington, and importuned her aſſiſtance in Termagant, which ſhe good naturedly complied with. She was at that juncture of time in her full bloom and prime of life: ſhe has had her day—Miſs Farren now has her day; and ſhe, I hope, will live like the French beauty Madam Ninon de l'Enclos, who captivated her ſon by her charms when ſhe was at the age of ſeventy.

I told Mrs. Abington I ſhould revive the Jealous Wife for my night, if ſhe would favour me with playing Mrs. Oakley, ſhe conſented to ſtudy it againſt the 22d of February. Indeed ſhe, that winter, as well as in 1760, paid me great civilities, and I never received a favour in my life that I was not grateful for, and ever ready and proud to acknowledge. It was ſurpriſing that ſo truly good a comedy ſhould have been in print

two winters, and not brought forward properly at either of the Dublin theatres. We acted the Author three or four nights, and it was commanded by their Graces the Duke and Ducheſs of Northumberland; his Grace was at that time the Lord Lieutenant. The Upholſterer was often repeated, and I was eſteemed ſo very like Woodward in the part, by my having ſo exactly copied his manner and dreſs, that I do not believe Colley Cibber's relation of his likeneſs of Dogget in Fondlewife was in truth beyond my exact repreſentation of Woodward in the Barber. Lady Pentweazle alſo helped to make out my twelve nights, with the repeating the ſucceſsful comedy of the Jealous Wife, in which I acted Mr. Oakley. That year, early in March 1762, both the tragedy candidates Barry and Moſſop, had fixed on performing Othello on the ſame Monday, for their benefit play. Moſſop relying on his novelty, Barry on his long-eſtabliſhed reputation; the partiſans prepared for battle, bets ran high and furious as in the preſent days for pugiliſm. Moſſop's holder of the ſtakes was the Counteſs of Brandon, heavy in demeanour, but alert in apprehenſion. Her ladyſhip ſolicited his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to command Moſſop's night, to which he generouſly aſſented; but wiſely contrived to occaſion a ceſſation of hoſtilities between

the two combatants, by promiſing to Barry, that provided he would poſtpone his night to the Tueſday, he would alſo command that evening's entertainment, by which means the town would be kept in good humour, the particular friends of each reſt ſatisfied, and, his Grace alſo added, he ſhould (by ſuch attention and compliance from Mr. Barry) not be deprived the pleaſure of ſeeing him in his favourite character of Othello, which always afforded him the higheſt ſatisfaction.—Barry of courſe complied, and was not inwardly diſpleaſed that the critics (without a diviſion) would have ſuch an immediate opportunity to compare notes on the ſkill and ſuperiority of the declared opponents. On this remarkable occaſion each houſe was equally thronged, though Barry's on the Tueſday was the greateſt receipt, as Crow-ſtreet, was capable of containing more than Smock-alley; otherwiſe party zeal added to curioſity, raiſed auditors in ſuch ſuper-abundance as would have filled Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden theatres. As to victory, Barry's Othello was ſo meritorious as to make Moſſop's viewed at a diſtance only; he was as much ſuperior in the valiant Moor, as Moſſop would have been to Barry in Richard or Zanga. I ſat the evening of Moſſop's benefit in an upper box, where a lady, who ſat next me, exclaimed on Moſſop's firſt appearance, with

an archneſs and humour peculiar to that nation, "O! faith Moſſop has got two eyes in his belly?" This ſhrewd remark was occaſioned by his wearing a heavy emboſſed ſhape, (fit for Brutus or Cato) a dragon's face on the breaſt, with two large glaring red ſtones for the eyes, his face and wig being black, conveyed exactly what the lady had ſo ironically expreſſed. Mr. Barry, though maſterly that night of controverſy, had frequently ſhewn himſelf to more advantage, merely owing to his then taking too great pains in his favourite and much eſteemed part; which proves, that lucky accidents fortunately combined with nature will perchance ſtrike out more beauties for an artiſt than all the moſt determined force of premeditation.

Mr. Moſſop that year had an Italian opera company, which was of infinite ſervice to him, but aſtoniſhingly hurt his own conſequence: for what with parties and other diverſions of routs, aſſemblies, concerts, &c. with which Dublin in the winter abounds, and oppoſed by the forces of Woodward and Barry (for they ſtill maintained their faſhion and good report) the great box riches were chiefly confined to thoſe of the burlettas. The agreeable ſinger and actreſs *Signora D*[illegible] was the principal, and was almoſt adored. The latter that greatly ſucceeded at the opera houſe in London, as the firſt ſerious woman ſinger.

These Italian comic operas were all the rage, and were supported at the following prices:—boxes, pit, and lattices, 5s. 5d.—middle gallery, 2s. 2d. —upper gallery, 1s. 1d. Dublin was then torn to pieces by the perpetual application for one theatre or the other; it was reduced quite to a party matter. The Countess of Brandon would not be seen at Crow-street upon any account, but attended constantly at her dear Mossop's. Barry, I believe had at least converted the ladies two to one in his favour. Barry's making love, when on the stage, left tender impressions; but yet this play-begging at last grew troublesome, and ended with fatal circumstances, of which an exact account has before been given.

Mossop, when he had a good house, instead of endeavouring to extricate himself in any degree from his multiplicity of difficulties, grew desperate, and instead of paying either his tradesmen or performers, flew to the gay circles, where he was gladly admitted; and in order to mend his broken fortune by the chance of a die or the turn up of a card, of which I believe he was ignorant, and unacquainted with the necessary arts to succeed: He has often left the theatre with a hundred guineas in his pocket, and returned home with an aching head and heart; but his guineas, with debts of honour, were all left behind. The Coun-

teſs of Brandon ſerved him greatly it is true; but often the money ſhe occaſioned being paid at the theatre returned to her own coffers. This was the univerſal opinion of Dublin, and is all I can alledge in that caſe as to its authenticity; and, as to Moſſop's poverty, there needs no evidence for that unfortunate reality.

This conduct, and a train of evils attendant thereon, ſoon preyed upon his health, involved his talents with himſelf, and gave bitter ſours to that temper which was, in its natural ſource, far from being one of the beſt. An inſtance of the poverty his performers were reduced to in 1764 I will, with permiſſion, relate.

The Diſtreſſed Mother was to be acted—Oreſtes, Mr. Moſſop; Andromache, by Mrs. Burden (whom I have ſo often mentioned.) The ſalaries had not been paid for ſeveral weeks, and ſhe was in true character as the diſtreſſed *woman*. With infinite difficulty ſhe forced acceſs to the General Moſſop; for it was hard to accompliſh admittance on account of many inconvenient reaſons, unleſs on a Sunday, and on that grand levee-day performers and tradeſmen were too menial to be admitted. But with the force of a heroine, who dauntleſs ſurmounts all barriers and tyrants at will, ſo Mrs. Burden burſt into the "inmoſt receſs of his priſon houſe," and when arrived at the royal hall, ſhe was as determined to preſerve character—for

at the awful voice of Moſſop ſhe, Andromache-like, was proſtrate at the feet of her royal maſter, and uttered forth in tragic tones, "O! Sir, for God's ſake aſſiſt me, I have not bread to eat, I am actually ſtarving, and ſhall be turned out into the ſtreets."

Moſſop. (*In ſtate.*) Wo-man!—you have five pounds per week, wo-man!

Mrs. Burden. True Sir: But I have been in Dublin ſix months, and in all that time have only received ſix pounds.—I call every Saturday at the office for my ſalary—but no money, is the anſwer: beſides, Sir, your credit and your honour is at ſtake; how can I play Andromache, the Trojan Queen, without black ſatin ſhoes?

Moſſop. Woman, begone! I inſiſt on your having black ſatin ſhoes for Androm-a-che. And, wo-man, if you *dare* aſk me for money again, I will forfeit you ten pounds, wo—man.——So ended that real tragical ſcene of penury and pompoſity.

My benefit that year, Feb. 22, 1762, was as uſual, very great indeed, it could not be better. My play (as before related) was the Jealous Wife. —Oakley (with a prologue of Garrick's) Mr. Wilkinſon; Major Oakley, Mr. Baddely; Lord Trinket, Mr. Jefferſon; Charles, Mr. Reed; Ruſſet, Mr. Heaphy; Sir Harry, Mr. Ryder; Capt. O'Cutter, Mr. Sparks:—Lady Freelove, Miſs Kennedy; Harriet, Miſs Macartney; Mrs. Oakley, Mrs.

Abington: With Tea, Bucks have at ye All, and the farce of the Country Houſe.

My engagement with Moſſop being expired, I intended ſoon leaving my old favourite ſpot, which was now become a home; but was detained by Mrs. Abington's requeſting I would ſtay and aſſiſt her in a ſcene of fun and humour for her benefit night, which ſhe had complied with at the requeſt of her really good benefactor Lord Miltown. Mrs. Abington, had often entertained ſeveral genteel parties with ſome droll ſtories of a good gentlewoman ſhe named Mrs. Fuz. I had been on parties with Lord Miltown and Lord Clambrazil, when in high ſpirits and good humour, and had diverted myſelf and the company with ſtories and anecdotes, of my dear, favourite, old lady, Mrs. White, of whom the reader muſt by this time have formed ſome idea, by referring back to what I have before related of my darling old gentlewoman's ſingularities.

Mrs. Abington had promiſed Lord Miltown ſhe would produce herſelf as Mrs. Fuz, and ſhe would prevail on her friend Wilkinſon to do the ſame, as Mrs. Jenkins (alias Mrs. White); which information his Lordſhip made known to all families of diſtinction in Dublin: but the peer did not reflect, that thoſe ſtories told by myſelf or Mrs. Abington, over the convivial table gave a kind of explanatory key to the ſtrange characters;

and Sir Francis Delaval and Mr. Foote knew the mother and the daughters, as well as myſelf; but on a ſtage where few of the audience were acquainted either with the character that Mrs. Abington or I repreſented, the joke was as difficult to find out as Mr. Bayes's laughing violently at his own Prince Volſcius, where the joke lay in the boots.—Her play was Rule a Wife—Leon, Mr. Moſſop; Copper Captain, Mr. Brown:—Eſtifania, Mrs. Abington. Between the play and farce, an interlude called Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Fuz. Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. Wilkinſon; Mrs. Fuz, Mrs. Abington. Before the night came, we often entertained ourſelves with extempore rehearſals, and conceived ourſelves eaſy, perfect, and entertaining. Mrs. Jenkins was dreſſed before the play concluded. Mrs. Abington, after an epilogue of ſhrewd turn, and ſpoke with great point, retired to dreſs as Mrs. Fuz; our dreſſes had been before well conſidered.——It was a crowded houſe; part of the pit laid into the boxes. Mrs. Abington had ordered an excellent ſupper, ſuperbly lighted, &c. and had wrote a little introductory dialogue-ſcene in the ſtreet between two gentlemen, giving a deſcription of a party they were that night invited to, and where two extraordinary characters were aſked for the entertainmentof the lady's gueſts, at whoſe houſe the rendezvous was appointed; but each perſon was en-

joined to lay their fingers on their lips, and not to laugh on any account whatever, but to pay every mark of attention and approbation, in order that the two ladies might with more unlimited freedom diſplay their different abſurdities. After the dialogue was finiſhed, the ſcene was drawn up, and diſcovered ſeveral well-dreſſed ladies and gentlemen at ſupper:—Miſs Ambroſe was ſitting at my elbow as the daughter of Mrs. Jenkins, who intended bringing her on the ſtage:—Mrs. Fuz was ſeated at one front corner of a long ſupper table, and I was at the other: Mrs. Kelf was at the head as lady of the ceremonies, which was the only good part, for there were the ſervants with wine, and ſhe diſplayed on the occaſion her being miſtreſs of a good knife and fork. On being diſcovered, and looking ſcornfully at each other, our two figures had for ſome time a fine effect; loud fits of laughter ſucceeded, and from theſe great expectations were formed.

Mrs. Fuz then deſired Mrs. Jenkins to begin—Mrs. Jenkins deſired Mrs. Fuz would do the ſame—and we found ourſelves in an aukward ſituation: But after a few efforts the two ladies entered into a hobbling ſhort converſation, which was received very well, from the eager opinion that ſomething better would follow, for the audience were all eyes and ears; but we ſoon flagged: Mrs. Fuz aſked for a glaſs of wine—ſays Mrs. Jenkins, *upond* my *ſould*

and I will have a glaſs of *wind* too. Then Mrs. Fuz ſaid, when ſhe was firſt married her two *breaſteſes* were ſo large, you might have carried a plate of ſalt upon them:—That did not do, and the Abington began to feel it a ſervice of danger, perplexity, and diſgrace.—Mrs. Jenkins called to her daughter to act Juliet, and obſerve her manner, and to ſtick herſelf upon the ſtage as if ſhe was chilled and ſtabbed *throſout:* But as ſhe kneeled down to act Juliet, the ſtrange old lady, Mrs. Fuz, got up, gave her a kick, ran away, and abandoned Mrs. Jenkins to the mercy of the audience; I was well aware of what might be expected, and therefore loſt no time, but aroſe and ran after her, crying out, "Mrs. Fuz! Mrs. Fuz!"—The audience began to ſmoke the joke, and by their tokens of anger gave the neceſſary hint to the ſtaring ladies and gentlemen on the ſtage, that a retreat would not be imprudent if they regarded their ſafety; ſo they ran away alſo, which cauſed a laugh; for it was evident when Mrs. Abington and I had eloped, they were ignorant what to do, not knowing but that we meant to return, for they were only deſired to ſtay on till we finiſhed, which the performers could not conceive would be ſo abruptly as we made it, but expected us to come back and make a concluſion to our characters.

I hope Mrs. Abington has not forgot this, but will laugh at it as I do; though it was truly awkward at the time, and it really drew Lord Miltown into disgrace, for he had said so much in favour of the promised scene, that it had been the conversation of the preceding week.

When the curtain dropped, which was with loud marks of censure, the ladies universally arose, and, by way of joke, laughed and courtesied to each other, saying, "Your servant, Mrs. Jenkins; your servant, Mrs. Fuz!—which I dare say vexed his Lordship much, not only for his own and the disappointment of the audience, but more so, as any failure of Mrs. Abington's was mortifying to him; for he was then, and I am told is now a most violently attached and true patron and well-wisher of hers. Mrs. Abington, in her epilogue after Estifania, had spoke some lines very sarcastically aimed at Mr. Woodward; who, to speak truth, deserved it at her hands: they were very severe, and her being so great a favourite, and delivering them most excellently in Woodward's manner, stung him to the quick. Indeed he was so much irritated by her arch exhibition, that it put a stop to my intended sail for England, and was the occasion of an intimacy between him and me; as till then it had so happened that I had never met with, spoke to, or hardly seen Mr. Woodward,

but in his profeſſion on the ſtage. He directed my old acquaintance, Joſeph Auſtin, to call on me, with an invitation to ſupper the Sunday night following my great performance, united with Mrs. Abington's, which I could not refuſe, as I had an impulſe, I may add, to be acquainted with a gentleman of ſuch merit as an actor, and a worthy and valuable character as a man.

Mr. Auſtin introduced me on the Sunday evening, and ſuppoſing ſecrets of ſtate were not to be divulged, left us to a roaſt fowl and mince-pies, with the help of two bottles of claret to grow wiſe and intimate; for with an Engliſhman the ſecond bottle is abſolutely neceſſary for thoſe purpoſes, though I know by long experience not ſo ſalutary for the health. Mr. Woodward paid me the compliment of ſaying he wiſhed to be on a footing of intimacy; hoped I would become his real friendly acquaintance, and make his table my own while I remained in Dublin, when at leiſure or not particularly engaged; and further ſaid, at that time he kept not any company, for the manner of living in Dublin was too free—— Mrs. Woodward was on her dying bed, and a friend in that ſituation would be his only comfort, pleaſure, and ſatisfaction, to paſs away a dreary hour.

From that night we formed an acquaintance, and he offered me twenty guineas for play-

ing four nights, and a clear one for my benefit. I urged with truth that I feared a second benefit would fail, especially as I had been honoured with so many great ones, and that my friends in particular would not like it, (which was really the case). Woodward urged in palliation, that was his reason for offering me twenty guineas, and he would not advise me to trouble or think of my friends attendance, so lately called on, but inform them I did not expect their appearance again on that occasion: and added, as you are on the spot you had better continue five or six weeks; and if the receipt is but indifferent, it will be taking so much without trouble: This seemed feasible—I liked Dublin—and as it suited my inclination, and was practicable, I consented; and I believe we had a third bottle as a signing the contract. Woodward, I must observe, was a sober man to a degree, not fond of parties, but liked to chat with a friend; and over a bottle he would often stretch a point. I was enlisted once more in the same regiment with Joseph Austin:—The first night I played (there was a very fine house) Kitely, in Every Man in his Humour; which character, from some cause or another, had been wanting from the two seasons of Mossop's departure; Bobadil, by the *only* Bobadil of present memory, Mr. Woodward; and with Buck in the English-

man returned from Paris, &c. made out the four nights, but not within the time I was engaged: As his wife's death kept him ſome weeks off the ſtage, and greatly retarded my intended expedition, and by that ſerious intervention drove my benefit till the 25th of May.——The play was The Tender Huſband; or, The Accompliſhed Fools:—Numps, Mr. Woodward; Sir Harry Gubbin, Mr. Wilkinſon; Captain Clerimont, Mr. Dexter; Biddy Tipkin, Mrs. Dancer.—With a paltry piece of ſtuff I called The Auction; wherein I was the Auctioneer: My friend Joſeph, always ready to aſſiſt, acted a part called Lady Toothleſs:—In which interlude we gave a ſpecimen of the French Harlequin Comedy, with what wit Maſter Tate and Maſter Joſeph could beſtow on their good-natured audience, not much to our credit; but we eſcaped to the full as well as Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Fuz.—The Farce was Thomas and Sally: I acted Dorcas as an Italian, and really with good reception and ſucceſs; my broken Engliſh and imitation of foreign manners were ſo preſerved within proper bounds, as I may pronounce of myſelf was tolerable, and at the finiſh ſpoke the exact words, and in the manner of Signora De Amicé, the greatly followed Italian finger of that ſeaſon at Smock-Alley theatre, which had a catch of quick applauſe and laughing approbation.

"Me am ſorry, me am extremely ſorry me cannot ſpeak better Engliſ:—Me return my ſincere tanks for dis grat a favor:—Me vould viſh bettar, much bettar vords to expreſs my gratitude."

The evening finiſhed with great laughter, but the ſum total I received was only 28l. ſome odd ſhillings. I muſt not forget a particular circumſtance which happened that very night at the concluſion of the Tender Huſband; all had gone on ſmoothly till the end of the comedy, when on a ſudden even Woodward was planet ſtruck—not one could proceed—the audience hiſſed—Woodward croſſed the ſtage to me, and authoritatively chid me for not ſpeaking the tag: I ſaid *he* was wrong, and diſclaimed any knowledge of a line more in my part. I ſpoke to Mr. Dexter—Mr. Dexter to Mrs. Dancer (now Mrs. Crawford), and with diſgrace the curtain dropped: and after each perſon looking on the other, like ſearching for one's knee-buckle in a hurry, which at the ſame time is often where it ſhould be; ſo we, on inſpection, found the laſt ſpeech and tag belonged to Mr. Dexter, who was a very perfect actor in general. But the ſame misfortune has been known in London to have happened: for when it comes to the tag, as we call it, of a well-known play, we at rehearſals, like careleſs people at church, begin to move off before the bleſſing is pronounced; and from

that omiſſion in the morning it begets inattention, and we fall into the pool of diſgrace at night: So when the book was produced, it told in glaring letters that Mr. Dexter was the defaulter. Now, ſays the reader, where was the prompter? Why, my good Sir, or Madam, when players come to what we call a ſtand-ſtill, they are then dumb-foundered, ſtupid animals, and cannot ſay *bo.*—We are not always the wiſeſt of mankind, nor yet quite ſo ignorant and vulgar, as we are ſometimes honoured by the kind eſtimation of too many: and be it obſerved and remembered, that accidents will happen in the beſt governed families.

Another odd theatrical adventure happened at that very time: Mr. King, who was as great an eſtabliſhed favourite as I ever remember in Dublin, (not even Woodward excepted) not having been in Ireland from the ſpring 1759 till that of 1762, Mr. Garrick had given him leave three or four weeks before Drury-Lane cloſed, hoping he would have obtained fine gleanings in the month of May, by viſiting his Dublin friends and admirers after an abſence of three years. Great expectations were formed, yet the attraction failed, and on his benefit in particular, which was the Monday after mine; for an influenza had ſeized men, women, and children: I never was worſe with any illneſs than at that time. Auſtin and I

were in the middle gallery on his benefit night, when I do not believe there were twelve perſons there beſides, nor much more than 14l. in the houſe, even though Mr. King played Bayes in the Rehearſal, and had to change his dreſs between two or three of the acts, for he ſpoke Bucks have at ye All! and acted in Mr. Garrick's Interlude of the Farmer's Return from London, and had his abilities, aſſiſted by a very good company, as may be ſeen in the bill of the Jealous Wife.

Mr. King's good ſenſe will not be angry at this recital, for it is an inſtance of the power of faſhion, more or leſs, in every place: But when Mr. King, a few ſeaſons after, returned, the people were not ſo unwitted; for on his being advertiſed to appear in Lord Ogleby, it was with the utmoſt difficulty a ſeat could be obtained, not only for his firſt night, but ſeveral ſucceeding ones; all ran in crowds to ſee their old favourite Tom King every time he performed, though a very bad ſet of players to aſſiſt him.

Dublin is remarkable for doing a great deal for the actor, or nothing; and if one particular part by a performer happens to pleaſe their fancies and judgment, once a week to the end of the ſeaſon it will fill the houſe. The winter 1788, in November and December, he performed with as high ſpirits and more profit than on any

preceding he ever made there; and was ſo careſſed and eſteemed by every one, that they were not contented when his firſt engagement was finiſhed with the manager, and therefore he agreed for twelve nights more after Chriſtmas, which was equally beneficial with the firſt: and the Iriſh hoſpitality was ſuch, that it is well he got away with ſafety; for wherever they eſteem, they are apt to endanger the healths of their gueſts with acts of kindneſs. He then went to Scotland and performed four nights at Glaſgow, (which run in regular progreſſion, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday) and each night to an overflowing houſe. On the Saturday he travelled forty-four miles from Glaſgow to Edinburgh, where at ſix o'clock there was not a ſeat to be had in any part of the theatre, and at ſeven o'clock he was on the ſtage receiving the warmeſt welcome from an audience, pleaſed to ſee not only ſo excellent an actor, but a gentleman whoſe own natural good qualities were ſuperior (or at leaſt muſt be allowed equal) to his abilities as the player.

Owing to the influenza having confined me for ſome few days, and not having any engagement confirmed either in Ireland or England to call me from Dublin, I did not depart, though my engagement finiſhed on the 25th of May. Wiſhing for a little country air, I requeſted my friend Auſtin

to dine with me at one of thoſe pleaſant villages with which Dublin is romantically and delightfully ſurrounded. At our return, on entering the metropolis, I accidentally caſt my eyes on the plaiſtered-up play-bill, and, to my infinite ſurpriſe, read "The Orphan: Caſtalio, Mr. Barry, &c. and between the play and farce Mr. *Wilkinſon* will give TEA: After which, Mr. Macklin's Love A-la-Mode." I thought it very ſtrange, unprecedented, and rude behaviour, my nights being expired, and my time delayed, that Mr. Barry or Mr. Woodward ſhould improperly advertiſe me for what I was not then prepared for at their territories, and that done by one or both without a line or meſſage. I felt myſelf angry and hurt, and declared I would not attend the theatre, but Mr. Auſtin perſwaded me much not to abide by that reſolution: He urged, that the managers had acted rather cavalierly, but judged it much more adviſable to avoid offending my friends or the public, or even the managers; we might meet again: it was always better to be on terms with thoſe leaders in power; and he did not doubt but they meant to pay me ſome compliment. To this friendly admonition and advice I not only attentively liſtened, but obeyed its dictates, went to my lodgings, dreſſed and prepared to give ſome jumbled performance at the playhouſe: when there,

I complained of the ill behaviour, which the graces of Barry ſoon made eaſy, and prevented me from permitting rage to fire my boſom. When the Orphan finiſhed, and Barry had, as the unhappy huſband of Monimia, departed to the imaginary ſhades, I in a few minutes informed Mr. Carmichael the prompter, that I was ready to give the whole houſe Tea, tho' without cups and ſaucers; but juſt when the curtain was drawing up, the ſaid Carmichael came in a violent hurry and told me he came with peremptory orders from Mr. Barry, that I muſt not on any pretext whatever attempt to proceed with my part of the entertainment for the evening until the end of Love A-la-Mode, and that Mr. Macklin inſiſted on that injunction being complied w th

Mr. Macklin was ever tenacious of his favourite offspring, and he judged, I do conjecture, that any delay or laugh *immediately after* the tragedy from the audience might in ſome ſmall degree take off the reliſh when Love A-la-Mode began. However I perſiſted, that if I obliged Mr. Barry with doing what he had not the leaſt right to command or expect, I would, unleſs I was then permitted to perform, inſtantly quit the theatre: To that declaration Barry did not pay much attention; and as he was ever intimidated by Mr. Macklin, and tremblingly alive and fearful of his

deſertion to Moſſop, the mortal opponent of Crow-ſtreet citadel, of courſe neither my petition nor remonſtrance could prevail; and I, as obſtinate as either, not only left the royal army under the command of the maſter revellers, but, inſtead of going home, retired to Mr. Acheſon's, a private and worthy family in Trinity-lane, where I was aſſured not any purſuers would ever dream of finding me; or indeed if they had, I ſhould not have returned.

After inquiring as to the termination of the evening at the playhouſe, I was informed that all went on ſmoothly; the piece received the tribute due to its merit, and Macklin, Barry, Woodward, and Meſſink a repetition of approbation which their reſpective merits had ſo frequently obtained: Not one of the three leading perſonages had caſt a thought on Wilkinſon, nor did they ſuppoſe he would be called for; or if he was, that a ſlight apology from the manager of Mr. *Tate's* departure would ſettle all matters amicably.

But the event proved much to the contrary; for when the farce finiſhed, and the audience were judged to be departing, on peeping through the curtain a few minutes after their ſuppoſed *exeunt omnes*, they were all eſpied in dread array, and as regularly ſeated as they had been viewed the hour preceding; and on neither

preparatory muſic giving the elevating ſound, nor Mr. W. making his expected appearance, from a murmur a violent clamour enſued, when ſpeedily Mr. Barry ſtepped forward and informed the large aſſemblage the whole matter; that Mr. W. it was true had been there, but for what reaſon Mr. B. could not divine Mr. W. had as unexpectedly as ſuddenly eloped: however, that would not in the ſmalleſt degree pacify them; they judged their rights infringed, and their authority much impoſed upon, inſiſted on my being ſent for, and ſaid they would ſit patiently till I attended and fulfilled my duty—but all the meſſengers' ſearch was fruitleſs—and, indeed, had it been otherwiſe, and they had found me in my hiding-place, I ſhould not have returned to have endured the wrathful reſentments and diſgrace I certainly had not deſerved and muſt have ſuffered, but, ſnail-like, would have pulled in my horns, and kept ſnug and ſecure within my ſhell. For the manager certainly, (as I was not engaged then to him) had not the right or the power to act as he did; and I, forewarned of the diſpleaſure I had incurred, had prudently determined I would not venture my ſweet ſelf again in their field of battle that year of our Lord. On their patience being exhauſted, and Mr. Barry's aſſurance of the various means taken to recover the loſt ſheep, the whole blame fell (as was likely)

upon poor Tate, and the departing guests, one and all, pronounced great punishment on my devoted head whenever it next popped before them; and declared to the manager they would not miss any opportunity to treat me with a dish of *their tea* in lieu of my own. All this vexatious, unlucky matter, with various ill-natured and increasing additions, the next day or two much perplexed and distressed me, the more so as I was not without visitors, who in general condemned my conduct, nor would yield to my being in the right, even admitting the other party to have been ever so wrong:—For they observed, as my engagement was finished, I could effectually have prevented any future mistake of the kind; and even if what I intended to present to the public had lost some trifling applause, or had not been relished by the audience, it was not to be balanced against the almost certainty of offending many, if not all of those to whom I had been so constantly obliged; and indeed it must be granted, though I was favoured with many partial friends, I should with deliberation on the other hand have considered that I was not without numerous enemies—many deservedly so—who would assuredly rejoice at such an open opportunity of relating it greatly to my disadvantage. Now, as to who was most in the wrong, my different readers must determine. Not that I es-

caped entirely without punishment, as in the year 1764 I experienced an unexpected and whimsical retaliation, which will be truly related in its proper time and place in this salmagundi dish of all sorts prepared by Mr. Garrick's exotic. The important subject very soon ceased, and was put a stop to by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Pritchard from London, who never had been in Ireland, and was engaged on large terms to perform a few nights with Mr. Barry: Her long established fame, her excellent private character, and universally acknowledged worth, gave rise to wonderful expectation. Notwithstanding such a combination of good promise, and that she made her first appearance in one of her favourite and best esteemed characters, that of Lady Macbeth, in which she was perfectly suited as to the figure, manner, voice, execution, and judgment, yet the experiment was tried at too late a season of her life; she never drew a *second crowded house*—the bloom was off the peach; and in general (but in Dublin more particularly) an accomplished beauty only can be almost assured of victory; she with merit may slay hearts at will, and, like Bobadil, call twenty into the field of love, kill them; twenty more, kill them too: nay more, in Ireland, a new-born Venus like Mrs. Sullen, may say, "O! a fine woman may do any thing in Dublin!—O my con-

ſcience! ſhe may raiſe an army of twenty thouſand men!"

But I will leave the worthy ancient lady, Mrs. Pritchard, and attend on myſelf; who, after the late fracas at Crow-Street Theatre, left the Grecians early in June 1762; and when at Cheſter was induced to lounge there about eight days, and formed an acquaintance with Mr. Daniel Smith and Mrs. Smith, of the White Lion Inn: He was one of the moſt ſpirited, friendly, and entertaining characters I ever met with; hundreds are judges of the individual I am ſpeaking of.—Like other men that have merit he had envious enemies, but they were ſo overbalanced by friends and great and deſerved ſucceſs, that ſuch oppoſers made the following line applicable to him.

Their praiſe was cenſure, and their cenſure praiſe.

He was, on my firſt intimacy, in his prime of life, of an intrepid manly diſpoſition, ſtrong and happy in health, attended with great livelineſs; not a gentleman of Cheſter, or the county, but liked Dan Smith as a companion.—To him I owe ſeveral acquaintances at Cheſter, whom I reflect on with pleaſure, as well as the many happy days I have had there, for Smith's houſe was at all times my home: not that I accepted his favours without a return. His and my intimates were Roger Wilberham, Eſq; Mr. Farrington, Mr. Fiſher Tench, Mr.

Orme, &c. I was so delighted with the first civilities which I experienced from Mr. and Mrs. Smith, that it was actually with the utmost regret I could leave them:—however, business must be adhered to, and after a mutual promise of a continuance of friendship so agreeably begun, I took my leave, and determined on going to Birmingham, where I had never been, and where my good friends, Mr. Hull and Mr. Younger were as managers for the summer season. I took a post-chaise, and on the second day arrived there to dinner:—It was quite a new scene to me.—The company had acted three or four weeks, and I intended my visit to Mr. Hull for seven or eight days only. Miss Morrison, Mr. Moody, and several performers from London, with whom I was well acquainted, were there:—they wished for my continuance, provided I would accept the terms of the company, which was a share and a benefit: to that I consented. I was not engaged at any other place, and it was particularly agreeable to my own inclination.

On the 28th of June, Alexander was acted:—To which was added, The Minor.—I performed the usual characters.

The following paragraph Mr. Hull put to the bottom of the bill:——

" The company, in order to render their performances as generally agreeable as poſſible, have engaged Mr. Wilkinſon for the enſuing part of the ſeaſon; who will occaſionally entertain the public with ſeveral characters in Mr. Foote's manner, and with various imitations of burlettas, operas, &c. as they have been repeatedly exhibited in London, with univerſal approbation."

My mother's letter to me at Birmingham.

" MY DEAR TATE,

" YOURS of yeſterday makes me extremely " happy that you feel no remaining effects from " that violent night's overdoing your ſtrength; that " you are in favour with the town, and alſo that " you are at this hot time free from hard work in " tragedy. I am vaſtly delighted that you have " the pleaſure of ſo fine a country, and with ſuch " a multiplicity of engagements with the people in " high life: only, as you obſerve, it is living too " well, which I hope will be carried off by fine " air and your riding. If you go to Worceſter, " very poſſible you may ſee Mrs. Hutchinſon " there, at Mr. Broomley's a man of fortune. If " ſhe is not at the races, and you have time, " Whitley-Court, at Lord Foley's, is but a few " miles, which viſit would reinſtate you in her favour. As you are ſo near the ſpot called Tato

" Heath, it is very right to think about what in-
" quiries are to be made about it: then in the firſt
" place you are to take the advice of ſome perſon
" of good character, eminent in the law, whether
" your father did not, after his conviction, forfeit
" all his rights to any thing he had from the
" Crown? I remember that was Mr. Sharpe's
" opinion; and if ſo you can have no claim: but
" if upon further inquiry you ſhould be better in-
" formed, your right as from your father would be
" very eaſy to prove at the Duchy-Office. It was
" the year forty when your father was at War-
" rington, and all the papers I have relating to
" the coals were ſigned by John Baily, who, if
" alive, could inform you particularly where the
" coal-pits were.

" How could you be at a loſs to know whoſe
" kitchen I meant? her ladyſhip's: who I believe is
" as much diſtreſſed to ſupport that family as ever
" I was in one far leſs. Lord Forbes has been
" dangerouſly ill; upon which news the Captain
" ſet out poſt for Dublin; and whilſt I was there
" yeſterday, letters came from him and Mrs. Wilſon
" of his ſafe arrival. I moſt ſincerely wiſh them all
" happy, but returned home bleſſing God how
" much more true eaſe, content, and ſatisfaction I
" and my ſon enjoy; for really, as far as I can
" judge, you are now in a round of engagements

" of all the pleaſures this world can give; your " way of life here ſo different, I do not know how " you will reconcile yourſelf to the change. My " deſires are contracted in a narrow ſphere—a " mind in peace, with the decent neceſſaries of " life. I hope by your enlarged acquaintance you " may meet with thoſe who will prove real friends, " and be of ſervice to you upon many occaſions, " as your men of fortune carry weight in every " way of life. And ſo to hear of your continued " health and ſpirits will ever give the higheſt joy " to the heart of

" Your moſt affectionate mother,

" G. WILKINSON."

London, Auguſt, 1762.

Wedneſday the 25th of Auguſt, The Rehearſal —the firſt time I ever acted Bayes.

The company was ſummoned by Mr. Yates to Preſton on account of the jubilee, which is kept there with great feſtivity, and celebrated every twenty-one years :—he had engaged ſeveral principal London performers. I returned back to Cheſter, being eager to ſee my friend Smith and family, and other new acquaintance at that place ; but I made my journey thither a pleaſant round, and took Preſton in my way : I met Mr. Sowden coming from Ireland on the road, and he turned back and went

with me to the Jubilee, and then to ſtay with me a few days at Cheſter. At Preſton we found very bad accommodations, very dear, very dirty, and much crowded. The proceſſion was tolerable, but not worth the trouble or expence of a journey to ſee it; indeed I was very glad on the ſecond day to perſuade Mr. Sowden to quit Preſton for Cheſter, for it was all confuſion and mire, except the main ſtreet, which I recollect is ſpacious and handſome, but it was the crowd and inconveniency that made us glad to depart; and we went from thence to Liverpool, where I had never before been; and after one day's view we croſſed in the Eaſt Ferry to Cheſhire, where we ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and got in good time to dinner at Cheſter.

Mr. Sowden's intimacy with me began the winter before at Mr. Moſſop's theatre, where he was a ſub-manager at that time. He was a ſenſible ſhrewd bred man, looked on in general as remarkably inſincere; not that I ever met with any thing from him in any reſpect, but the oppoſite conduct. I once went with him from Dublin to Wicklow (a pleaſant ride) to receive ſome rents there: He was very entertaining, and a great epicure: He was poſſeſſed of an ample fortune, the conſequence of being a good economiſt, and well knowing how to lend his money to great advantage, yet not

without good ſecurity: He made himſelf generally pleaſing, as he never contradicted any body, or diſliked any thing at another perſon's table, but always approved. If a gentleman had ſaid, "Sowden, that cabbage-leaf thoſe ſtrawberries are on is a fine leaf?" he would have ſworn a loud oath, that the cabbage-leaf not only was a handſome cabbage-leaf, but, by G—d! the handſomeſt cabbage-leaf that ever grew. He was father to Mrs. Jackſon at Edinburgh, and I believe ſhe only came in for an inconſiderable part of his fortune; but of that Mrs. Jackſon is the only competent and proper judge; and I ſincerely hope my conjecture may be quite wrong for her ſake.

From Cheſter I went to London, where I had not paid my dutiful reſpects for ſeveral months, and there had a welcome not to be ſuſpected. From thence, for a few nights, I paid a viſit on the eve of the peace being ſettled between France and England, to my brandy company of the old theatre at Portſmouth; the Bath commander had left that place for his regular winter quarters: ſhips of war were ſailing daily into the harbour to be paid off, conſequently money was plenty, and the theatre well filled. I had not viſited my friends for a full year, I was therefore a kind of novelty, beſides having attained a ſupply of new characters. The 20th of October, 1762, I acted Lear, alſo

Bayes, &c. and finiſhed with a crowded benefit and well-pleaſed theatre. I have often wiſhed once more to walk thoſe ramparts, and take a retroſpect of my juvenile part of life, ſo frequently employed on that ſpot where I was then ſo highly gratified with friends, pleaſure, and credit; whenever opportunity offers, I will indulge myſelf for a few days with that trip. From Portſmouth I returned by the road through Saliſbury to Bath, where I expected without doubt an engagement; but there my vanity or my hopes, call it which you will, were fruſtrated as to the theatre. Mr. Arthur thought I aſked too much, and I, that he offered too little; in conſequence thereof Mr. Simpſon of the great rooms obliged me with them to exhibit in; and actually I had, to a jumbled, ill-conducted medley, at 3s. per ticket, not leſs than 60l. and I was at very little expence, Mr. Fleming leading *gratis*; in ſhort, the night was univerſally faſhionable, and every body was willing to ſerve me, which eaſily accounts for any ſucceſs of that kind however wonderful it may appear. It actually had ſuch general ſanction, that the theatre was ſo deſerted as to be obliged to be diſmiſſed for the want of an audience on that evening; an inſtance perhaps never before or ſince there, within living memory. I had a ſecond night on Thurſday, Dec. 16, and very genteely

attended, 35l.; it was much better conducted and approved, and would have been more lucrative had my firſt been more properly conſidered.

From thence I went to Briſtol, where I had never before been, and on Tueſday, February 1ſt, I had a moſt brilliant and crowded audience, at the aſſembly room, in Princeſs-ſtreet. Mr. Fleming aſſiſted me again as leader, and gave his Quaker's Sermon on his violin; for which he was much admired and applauded, and was truly a worthy man, and univerſally eſteemed; he was father to the Miſs Flemings now of Bath. I returned the compliment in a ſmall degree by once performing for his benefit at William Wiltſhire's rooms on the 28th November, 1764, at Bath; but he aſſiſted me twice there, and twice at Briſtol.

I was much obliged to the ladies and gentlemen at Briſtol for their general patronage, and their kindneſſes ſhewn me on thoſe nights, as except Mr. Church at the White Lion, Broad-ſtreet, Briſtol, I did not know even the names of three people in that opulent city, my whole time there was entirely confined to Mr. and Mrs. Church. They behaved with great kindneſs to me, as I was very ill under their care in a fever near three weeks.

To Mr. CHURCH, at BRISTOL.

"SIR,

"As I have not had any letter from my ſon "ſince Wedneſday ſe'nnight, that he was then ill, "I am under great anxiety of mind, concluding he "is worſe, and if ſo beg you will let no attendance "or advice be wanting; and that if he is not able "to write, I beg the favour you will be ſo good as "ſend me a line by return of the poſt; for if my "ſon is (as I greatly fear) ill, I will upon your "anſwer, ſet out for Briſtol. I beg you not to "fail writing as to a mother whoſe earthly happi-"neſs is placed in the life and health of her only "child.

"I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

"G. WILKINSON."

London, Feb. 4, 1763.

"Pleaſe to direct for me Half-moon-ſtreet in "the Strand."

On my recovery, from thence I returned by Bath to London, for a few days recreation, and then ſet off on an invitation I had received from Mr. Ivory, manager of the Norwich theatre; ſo there was another new trip. Mr. Hurſt (whom I had known in Ireland) was appointed the directing manager, and I believe was the occaſion of the offer. Mr. Hurſt I had often met in my ad-

venturing (as Garrick termed it) and his behaviour at Norwich was kind and attentive to a degree both as to my profit, when my benefit was to be fixed, and in every other particular. In return I really underwent infinite labour; for he worked me not as an horſe of blood; but as an horſe for burthens, I even now ſink at the very thought of how I drudged and toiled in that theatrical Norwich mine.

On Monday, February 29, 1763, I played Othello; on Saturday, March 5, the Minor. Mr. Banniſter, ſenr. was there, and took his firſt ideas of mimicry from ſeeing me play thoſe parts in the Minor, Cadwallader, and other of Mr. Foote's pieces. My playing in the Minor drew *repeated* and *increaſing* good houſes. This may appear as a ſtretch; but Mr. Dodd was there, to whoſe ſervices I have been much obliged at York: he was a reigning favourite at that time, and I call on him to vouch, that tho' the city of Norwich is not the moſt theatrical town in the kingdom, yet that audience to any piece that is well received will bear a more repeated acting of it than any other town of the ſize whatever. I think the Padlock was acted twenty-five nights the firſt ſeaſon; now, that to be accompliſhed from its production there with only four plays, or but three in a-week, I look upon to be equal to fifty times in London.

Norwich feaſon was then five months. I acted Bayes four play nights progreſſively—Saturday, March 12, Monday 14, Tueſday 15, and Thurſday 17. The Rehearſal was much liked, though not calculated for any audience "to pit, box, and gallery it" out of the meridian of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Bath, or York. Prince Volſcius, was acted by Mr. Dodd, and the preſent clever Mr. Banniſter played the grave ſententious Mr. Smith; the Gentleman Uſher, Mr. Weſton, who had not then acted in London (and was not in any degree of eminence as a comedian.) I do not believe, take it for all in all, that Norwich ever had a better company than that identical feaſon; Mr. Chalmers was there as a comic actor, and I fear I ſpeak truth when I ſay, I verily believe he was a greater favourite than Weſton; he was father to Mr. Chalmers with me at York ſome feaſons, a young man of merit and a very good harlequin.

I will here mention that an adventure of mine, related by Mrs. Bellamy in her ſixth volume, relative to Mr. Chalmers the comedian, of Norwich, paſſing for Wilkinſon, the York manager, is no more than ſtrictly true, however vague, romantic, and improbable it may appear to a ſtranger. I have been often taxed as to its authenticity; but the following perſons are ſtill inhabiting this earthly

globe, and muſt remember the tranſaction mentioned—Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Woods, Mr. Bland, Mr. Moſs, Mr. Death, Mr. Beynon, Mrs. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Charteris, Mrs. Inchbald, and others, were all then at Glaſgow, and ſubſcribed to aſſiſt the ſtrange Mr. Chalmers at that time. The day I met my friend Socia Wilkinſon, at Hollytown, was on Saturday the 16th of April, 1774. But as that matter is not in the leaſt relative to my adventures at Norwich, and leſt I ſhould ſtray until I am bewildered, I will get back to that town, and inform the reader, that after being cordially and partially received in ſeveral principal characters, my benefit night there was fixed on Monday, April 11, 1763. I had been lucky to a degree in having the honour to pleaſe the inhabitants of Norwich, and almoſt every part repeated again; alſo the farces were approved, and Bucks have at ye All, there was no end to. I played at my benefit, King Lear, and promiſed to treat all the ladies and gentlemen with TEA, which was ſeriouſly taken by the people in general as a contract they expected would be fulfilled: it was thought very expenſive, and would be attended with much difficulty and trouble; but Mr. Wilkinſon was vaſtly genteel, but then how would he be able to find cups and ſaucers for ſuch a quantity of people? Why, to be ſure, the quality folks

were to be ſerved firſt, then a freſh waſhing of the china, to be humbly preſented to Tom, Mary, Darby, and Joan, in the galleries. What I am deſcribing is more ſerious than will be ſuppoſed credible, and however unlikely, though it is the ſtrangeſt, it is not the only inſtance of the kind with which my readers ſhall hereafter be made acquainted. I have the pleaſure to ſay I was myſelf much pleaſed at the very great compliment paid me; as at the uſual prices from that time to the preſent there has not (I have been given to underſtand) been ten ſuch crowded houſes ſeen at Norwich in the tedious round of twenty-ſeven years. In ſhort, the town was in a mob at three o'clock in the afternoon, to ſecure a firſt ſeat if poſſible to ſee Mr. Wilkinſon and drink a Diſh of Tea with him. The interlude given that night as Tea, was the ſame kind of mixed entertainment, conſiſting chiefly of the imitations of thoſe actors, and the ſame materials which had been ſo greatly received in London, Dublin, &c. and with which the reader has been peſtered from the firſt volume of this complex—*what d'ye call it —ſomething—nothing of a book*; for the work will certainly be allowed originality, and that no ſuch hurlo-thrumbo production as to information of jumbled matter and anecdotes ever before appeared! What is more extraordinary than the ſtrange

miſtake which aroſe in the peoples' ideas, ſhould not only have been taken as ſeriouſly offenſive at Norwich then, but it actually laid the foundation for fabricating a thouſand ſtories, and Fame increaſing as ſhe goes, told the tale with wonderful additions to the children of that time, and remembered by thoſe young ones who then could not liſp; yet they can now relate what their daddies told them of me, (Wilkinſon) who promiſed to give all the town Tea, and behaved ſo ill, he would not keep his promiſe, but made a joke of it.

> On eagle's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die.

It was ſoon after my departure circulated, and even put at length into the newſpapers (which muſt be true) that I was obliged to ſecure my perſonal ſafety by flight, that I ordered a poſt chaiſe with four horſes, took all the money which had been received that night into a large ſilk handkerchief, without waiting to count if all was right, and got out of Norwich with all expedition, leſt I ſhould have been torn in pieces by the enraged multitude; and when I arrived in London, they ſaid Wilkinſon laughed at the Norwich flats, and an hundred ridiculous falſehoods of that kind were propagated, and handed carefully down by that generation and pioufly tranſmitted to their children. Now the

plain matter of fact was no more than by not satisfying them really with the eager expected Tea, the thirst for which was so great that I verily believe had Mr. Garrick been King Lear they would have thought the play had been too long; but when they found no Tea, they did not relish what I was doing as the way by any means to make them amends for the insult they supposed I had wilfully given to their understandings; but what was more, my likeness of Mr. Barry, Mr. Sparks, or any of the London performers was Greek to them; and it was natural for them not to admire what they could not by any means comprehend. The difference of audiences in such like circumstances is amazing. A farce, if it possesses true humour, in London will be greatly relished and applauded: In the country very possibly the same (even decently acted) shall be termed vile, low, vulgar, and indelicate. The Love for Love of Congreve, the Trip to Scarborough, the Way of the World, the Confederacy, and others, are in London attended to as plays of wit and merit, (witness their constant repetition) but in the country not permitted, or if permitted to appear, not upon any account fashionable, which is just as bad.

The same unlucky reception of my Tea at Norwich, would happen to the ablest imitator in London, supposing he gave the strongest likenesses

of the Edinburgh and York actors; a London audience so tried would feel not only chagrined and disappointed, but would give such tokens of resentment and anger, as would far exceed that of the enraged Norwichers. My farce that night helped to confirm my disgrace; for out of London certainly no one was so very likely to displease as Mr. Foote's Orators, not only quite obsolete but local: let any person now take it up of the age of twenty-five, and it will puzzle the best head to find out or comprehend how at that time, even in London, an audience could possibly be entertained by it, however well acted. The porter-club, the last scene of the farce, gave it a complete overthrow, though assisted by Mr. Weston; their patience was quite exhausted, and I could barely make a finish. I dare say no lady can feel this account more forcibly than Mrs. Wells; for without being on the spot to judge as a witness, and though surrounded by many friends, and even the royal support of majesty, she found, I dare guess, a material difference between giving her imitations of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Crawford at Covent-Garden theatre, than before the best collected audience at Cheltenham.

As Peter Paragraph in the Orators that night, I only recollect a few nonsensical lines of Mr. Foote's, not printed, which he always spoke, and occasioned a laugh. The character was drawn

as a likeneſs of Mr. Alderman George Faulkner, an eminent printer, well known in Dublin, for which performance he ſued Mr. Foote, and caſt him for damages.

When Foote wrote the part he had two legs, but Mr. Faulkner had but one: Foote afterwards ſuſtained the ſame loſs; myſelf too nearly experienced the ſame painful and dreadful misfortune: Thank God, not quite ſo unfortunate. When I was before the judge in the court of juſtice, as ſubpœned on trial, I related the following additional lines as Peter Paragraph.

Peter Par. An't pleaſe your worſhip, Mrs. Paragraph was as beautiful a woman, and of as good a family as any in all Ireland—her ſiſter too is a perdigius agreeable woman—ſhe has perhaps one of the fineſt necks of any lady in all Dublin. I encountered her one morning upon the middle of the ſtairs—my hand fell accidentally upon her boſom, and I proteſt and vow, pleaſe your worſhip, it gave me ſuch a *thrill*, I felt it at the bottom of my dead limb.

Second Story as PETER PARAGRAPH.

Peter Par. My wife Mrs. Paragraph, was a perdigius agreeable woman. As we were returning to Ireland, in October, in the year 1739-40, during the autumnal equinox, a violent ſtorm aroſe, I

went down into the cabin unto her, and ſaid Mrs. Paragraph, my dear, anſwer me one queſtion—Sink or ſwim, have you been untrue unto my bed? Says that dear woman (by way of reply) My dear, —ſink or ſwim, that ſecret ſhall go along with me. —O! ſhe was a perdigius valuable woman!—you might have truſted her with any thing.

At thoſe little jokes I was applauded in Peter Paragraph; but as to the ſtories circulated, and believed about my running away from conviction of intentional affront from myſelf, they were too ridiculous to tell, and more ſo to be credited; what added to the idea of deſigned inſult that night was at the concluſion of my Tea, I gave a Medley which Mr. Garrick himſelf had wrote for Mr. Beard, and given to me; he deſigned it firſt as a compliment to Mr. Beard for his Ranelagh benefit, but after that he altered it for the playhouſe.

The lines taken as rude, were the very harmleſs ones that follow, to a common tune——

Now if you think I'm wrong,
In all I've ſaid or ſung,
And wiſh that poor I had been dumb, dumb, dumb,
Tho' the fiſh are in the net,
Yet I ſhall fume and fret,
And though I have caught you be mum, mum, mum.
I therefore beg and pray,
That nothing you will ſay,
Leſt others next year ſhould not come, come, come.

For if like you they're taught,
They'll not like you be caught,
And therefore I pray you all mum, mum, mum.

Their being in an ill humour, and my ſinging thoſe lines in the medley very gravely, (as I judged a very good joke) they abſolutely took ſeriouſly, and occaſioned all the buſtle and nonſenſe here related, and in reſentment they echoed back—*hum*, *hum*, *hum*; and it was agreed, *nem. con.* that I intentionally laughed at them.

To ſpeak my thoughts on the matter, I perceived myſelf much injured by ſuch ill-ſuſpicions and miſconſtructions on all I had done; and I really had fatigued myſelf more that night, hoping to pleaſe, than almoſt any one I ever performed before or ſince; as it was too much even for a ſtronger conſtitution than mine.

As I remained on the ſpot, inſtead of quitting Norwich, my very extraordinary departure from which I ſhall immediately give an account of, that muſt ſatisfy all who believe or diſbelieve to the contrary.

During my reſidence there my mother gave me the following account of her ILLNESS, by which it will be perceived, as a ſon, I did not neglect that precious friend.

" MY DEAR TATE,

" I HAD the pleaſure of yours on Tueſday, but " was neither able nor willing to inform you that I " have been ſo far gone as to be obliged with great " reluctance to have the further advice of an emi- " nent phyſician :—I am but juſt begun with his " advice; but having done all, I reſign myſelf to " the Great Diſpoſer of life or death.———I " have had two very friendly viſits from Mrs. " Batt. Lady Forbes, not very little noticed till " this day, two bottles of Madeira, with an offer " of any thing in her power. I know her good " will would not be wanting.—I pity her, and " think her ſituation more diſtreſſed than my own. " She offered writing to you, but I ſaid I had " wrote, and would again as ſoon as able. I won- " der not at your being heart ſick of the Minor; " feel glad at this week's reſt, and ſhould be ſtill " more happy if you would give way to a few ſe- " rious thoughts why this is truly called the *Paſſion* " *Week*. You will excuſe theſe little hints from " one who is ever anxious both for your increa- " ſing happineſs here and hereafter.

" Your moſt affectionate mother,

" G. WILKINSON."

London, March 31, 1763.

"MY DEAR TATE,

"YOUR affectionate cares and unbounded "offers far exceed what I could ever either ex- "pect or desire. I thank God I have not wanted "any necessary helps; and for your kind fears that "I do not cheer my spirits with eating and drink- "ing, you know I cannot bear two days plenty "without being ill; and I had, as I told you, "dined out every day, which occasioned my pre- "sent illness. I am I hope better, but kept weak "by physic. Mrs. Hutchinson sent me a chicken "and six bottles of Bristol water, (refreshing "draughts). Of what use am I, to think of a "journey to Bath at your expence?—No, my dear "Tate, if I ever consent to that, you must be there "to complete the cure: and as to accepting your "princely offer of 30l. for the journey, oh! that "must be a most desperate and killing extremity in- "deed, and could give no true nourishment whilst "feeding so deep upon what you so industriously "slave for: but above all, the overflowing joy and "satisfaction you give completes the wishes of my "soul, in that serious just sense you express so suf- "ficiently in few words, of that awful reverence "impressed by God upon your mind:—hold "there, and be blessed for ever.

"The expeditious filling your boxes appears "highly in your favour indeed; but that pleasure

" ſeems ſtill to be alloyed by the impoſſibilities ſet " forth in your over-worked bill; for after *Lear* " alone I ſhould wiſh you in a warm bed.

" Though a ſight of you, even for one night, " would rejoice my heart, yet I beg you will reſt " a night or two; and as your trunk muſt be " much ſhattered, would have you get a new one, " and leave the old one here.

" Having juſt made a comfortable meal of half " a fine ſweet-bread, with the bleſſing of God " hope to be able to cook and eat with you by " the time you talk of ſeeing again

" Your ever bleſſed

" And affectionate mother,

" G. WILKINSON."

London, Apr. 5, 1763.

Theſe ſhort letters, it is true, have no particular connection with the work; but the contents flowed from a pen of ſuch true worth as will render them far from unacceptable to every worthy mind, whether depreſſed or exalted, as " Nature " ſpeaks with moſt miraculous organs."

My benefit was Monday, April 11;—and on Wedneſday the 13th of April I acted Douglas: I alſo ſpoke Bucks have at ye All, and performed the uſual parts in the Minor. Sufficient duty for one night, well or indifferently manœuvered: for

I was threatened with ſtrong marks of reſentment, and they were in reality very angry; ſo I was prepared for, and expected it. Yet I was ſuch a favourite, that when I made my appearance their good-nature got the better of their diſguſt, and I was aſtoniſhed at receiving my uſual good welcome; not a *ſingle mark* of *diſapprobation*. Thurſday the 14th I played Mrs. Amlet, and, for the firſt time, Hartop in the Knights; Sir Gregory Gazette, Mr. Weſton; Tim, Mr. Dodd. On Saturday the 16th was advertiſed my laſt night of playing: I ſpoke Bucks, and repeated Hartop: The comedy I was not concerned in—it was Rule a wife and Have a Wife, acted purpoſely to introduce Mr. Larry Kennedy; and was the only night the manager, Mr. Ivory, had left (as manager): the regular courſe of benefits beginning the Monday following.

Two offences *more* in the courſe of the week I was informed I had committed, but indeed very innocently. It was at that time not only the cuſtom there (and a horrid cuſtom it certainly was), but alſo at York, Hull, &c. &c. for the performer, whether man or woman, to attend the playbill-man round the town, knock humbly at every door honoured with or without a rapper, and ſupinely and obediently ſtop at every ſhop and ſtall to leave a playbill, and requeſt the favour of Mr. and

Mrs. Griſkin's company at the benefit. The heroine (if unmarried) was equally reſponſible for ſteering her ſteps—no matter whether the Juliet, the Cleopatra, the Lady Townly, or the Queen Elizabeth: no dignity of any kind allowed for ſuch an omiſſion, without being conſtrued a violation of duty; that ſevere law of cuſtom then in force muſt be complied with, or looked on as an infringement of rules and reſpect, and would incur cenſure, with the appellation of pride, impudence, inſolence, and want of reverence: no matter how ſevere the weather, if froſt, ſnow, rain, or hail, Jane Shore and the proud Lady Macbeth were expected equally to pay the ſame homage. If the Lady Turtle Dove was bleſſed with a loving mate, her attendance was diſpenſed with, but not otherwiſe on any pretext whatever; in that caſe the honour devolved on the huſband. Theſe laws (thank God) I had not been accuſtomed to: and having a plentiful well-ſupplied pocket had no need to comply, or trouble myſelf to uſe ſuch a practice; which I dare ſay ſuperior minds to my own have, from the dictates of prudence and neceſſity, againſt their will too often complied with; and the produce of my houſe proved ſuch degrading rules were better broke than kept for the credit of the actors. And bleſſed be the times to ſay what I relate had better not have been mentioned,

but be buried and forgot: But there are thoſe who can vouch to the inglorious and diſgraceful truth, and I can boaſt as being one of the firſt who relieved my brethren in the country from ſuch ſlavery.

Another cuſtom was, after the play the performer was to return thanks, and if married, both huſband and wife to appear. Mr. Frodſham once at York ſpoke a comic epilogue on his benefit night, and actually carried his wife (now living) on and off the ſtage on his back, to comply with the expected homage:—on particular occaſions four or five children to make up weight, courteſying and bowing in frocks, had a wonderful effect, as the audience in general, and the ladies in particular, prided themſelves upon beſtowing their bounty on ſuch a pains-taking man, or ſuch a pains-taking couple as they proved themſelves to be. Tho' I had heard ſo much of thoſe cuſtoms, yet I was honourably received after all my alledged ILL-BEHAVIOUR *at Norwich*, as uſual, with much pleaſantry and good humour. The laſt night of my acting there I made as polite an acknowledgement as lay in my power, and meant what I ſaid, that I really thought myſelf, as a ſtranger at Norwich, particularly honoured and obliged; which coming unexpectedly was received with double effect, and I was diſmiſſed with great glory and marks of ap-

probation; and the audience were not a little pleased that I confessed myself indebted to them for the favours they had conferred on me.

Now, after such particulars, it is really astonishing how such falsehoods to the contrary could be propagated and believed from that time 1763, and never cleared up till 1787, when I was last at Norwich, and will be much more so by this faithful account. Another strange custom they had at Norwich, and if abolished it has not been many years, which was for a drummer and a trumpeter (not the King's) in every street to proclaim in an audible voice, having been assisted by his shrill notes to summons each garreteer, without which ceremony the gods would not submit to descend from their heights into the streets to inquire what play was to be acted, nor ascend into the gallery.

A custom of this kind prevailed so far with a Mr. Herbert's Lincolnshire company in the time of our revered, well-remembered, and beloved Marquis of Granby, that when at Grantham the players determined to omit the usual ceremony of the drum, wishing to grow more polite; and by obstinate perseverance, Lady Jane Gray, Mary Queen of Scots, King Henry the Eighth, the King of France, nay even Cardinal Wolsey had no command, attraction, or power over the populace when they lost their accustomed and so much

loved ſound of the drum and trumpet. The ladies were obſtinate, tho' they could not by all their arts, or by all their charms, obtain a livelihood; and their heroiſm was ſo great, that they preferred death, honourable death, rather than ſubmit to ſlaviſh terms. The Marquis of Granby ſent for the manager of the troop, and ſaid to him, "Mr. Manager, I like a play; I like a player; and *ſhall* be *glad* to *ſerve you*:—But, my good friend, why are you all ſo ſuddenly offended at and averſe to the noble ſound of a drum?—I like it," ſaid the Marquis, "and all the inhabitants like it: Put my name on your play-bill, provided you drum, *but not otherwiſe*. Try the effect on to-morrow night; if then you are as thinly attended as you have lately been, ſhut up your playhouſe at once; but if it ſucceeds, *drum away*." The manager communicated this edict to the princes, princeſſes, *peers* and *peereſſes*; and not only they, but even the *ambitious ſtep-mother*, gave up all ſelf-conſideration for the public weal; and it was after ſome debate voted *nem. con.* in favour of the drum: they deigned to try Lord Granby's ſuggeſtion, and to their pleaſing aſtoniſhment their little theatre was brim-full on the ſound of the drum and Lord Granby's name; after which night they row-di-di-dow'd away, had a very ſucceſsful ſeaſon, and drank flowing bowls to the health of the

noble Marquis. They left Grantham in great credit, without being drummed out of town, tho' accompanied by their friend the drummer; and I am told the cuſtom is continued at Grantham to this day. This is a ſtrong proof how difficult it is to ſurmount prejudices, whether in religion, politics, or even ſo trivial a matter as the ſound of a drum; for rumour has fewer tongues than ſhe has ears.

But, my good reader, obſerve, I have not yet in my Hiſtory got from Norwich:—if you will kindly look back to Mr. Kennedy's acting Leon the laſt night I played there in 1763, I muſt faithfully inform you, that after all my quarrels, &c. with Mr. Foote, however contradictory to my reſolves and Mr. Foote's repeated declarations, he had ſecretly ſent Kennedy to Norwich as an ambaſſadour with credentials, neither more nor leſs than not only to preſent articles of peace, but for re-uniting our forces, and to engage Weſton for the enſuing ſummer at the Haymarket. Mr. Kennedy was commiſſioned to aſſure me, that Mr. Foote was much concerned for the miſunderſtandings and miſtakes which had ſubſiſted between us for no leſs than *five years*; that he wiſhed Mr. Kennedy, as an acquaintance and friend of both, would inform me I might depend upon his being ſerious and honourable in mean-

ing an engagement, which he hoped would prove laſting and advantageous to both; that in many pieces, dividing the parts, would be better for each of us; for however clever he might flatter himſelf to be from his own opinion and the partiality of the public, he was convinced one perſon perpetually before the audience, be he ever ſo excellent and meritorious, had not ſo great an advantage as by a little ſpace ere he was ſeen again: (a certain good remark for me then, and many young performers now, to remember). His letter added, that he had wrote a part purpoſely for me in a new farce called The Mayor of Garratt, which he ſhould cut out, unleſs I would conſent to perform it;—alſo a diviſion between us in Tragedy A-la-Mode, and that I ſhould play Hartop in the Knights, and he would act Sir Gregory, &c.—He aſked what I deſired for every night, not only when I acted, but every one that his theatre in the Haymarket was opened; and that I might take my benefit at three weeks notice whenever I pleaſed in his ſeaſon, and be allowed to revive or act on that night what I thought proper, and that it ſhould be clear of all expences whatever; and concluded with aſſuring me, he ſhould not only be hearty and ſincerely glad to ſee me as a performer, but as his particular friend; that his houſe and table ſhould be always at my ſervice, if I

would do him the favour to make it my home whenever not better engaged.——This was a change! and it was flattering, profitable, and reputable.—I inſtantly made propoſals, which were immediately agreed to, by a letter that reached me on my arrival at York, and the firſt week in June I was to attend the Haymarket theatre.

What made Mr. Foote ſo very generous, open, and explicit, was, that he judged it would be lucrative to him if he complied as to terms.

So it plainly appears that a war of five years was amicably and honourably concluded, with a peace not inglorious, but equitably adjuſted for the advantage of both parties, and from that time not any bickerings or breach of treaties happened between us to the time of his death, in the autumn ſeaſon 1777.——Peace to his manes! His entertaining qualities and univerſality of executive and aſtoniſhing genius are too well known, eſtabliſhed, and acknowledged, to need any eulogiums from my weak abilities. He was not without virtues, though he had thoſe foibles and faults to which human nature is too ſubject.—So Foote farewell——.

> All thy good now blazes,
> All thy ill be buried in thy grave.

From Norwich I took a trip to York, where I had never been, and entered into a treaty with Mr.

Baker for six nights. Mr. Baker was the gentleman I named as manager of the York theatre, with whom I had previously formed an intimate acquaintance, as before-mentioned, at Mrs. Wier's, in the autumn 1758.

As my Norwich engagement finished on Sunday April the 16th, I intended quitting that place on the Monday morning following; but as I had grown rich, I at that time was, wonderfully prudent, and determined on a saving scheme: So I gave up all idea of travelling so far as York, and rolling all the way in a post-chaise. Therefore the only prudent method was to go in the Monday morning's coach as far as Newmarket, but I could not be permitted to take a place for half way, unless they were left empty for want of London passengers; which was and is, I believe, still the constant custom. I was called up early on the Monday morning to be ready for the coach; but judge my disappointment and chagrin, when on my approach I found it chuck-full, as is often said at the theatre. What was to be done? A post-chaise I could not think of, on account of the charge:—There was no time allowed for consideration, as all was prepared and ready at the Maid's Head for instant procedure. I determined to leave Norwich most triumphantly, and at an easy expence—two points not always in the power of us mortals—by

exalting myſelf on the coach-box; a ſituation I was as unfit for as the undertaking to ride on horſes at the Royal Grove: —But previouſly I had petitioned, reaſoned, urged, and intreated, but all to no effect; I could not make any impreſſion on the obdurate ſouls, who, proud and ſulky, kept eaſy and firm poſſeſſion of their ſeats, and hardly deigned to anſwer when I requeſted permiſſion to be ſqueezed in, but could not ſoften their hard hearts: and under the roſe be it ſpoken, no hearts are harder than thoſe of travellers in ſtage coaches, diligences, &c. and not without ſome reaſon; for if not guarded by hearts of ſteel, it would, with the conjoined intereſt of inn-keepers and poſt-boys, be a perpetual tax upon our good-natures, our convenience, and our pockets, as we ſhould pay for what we did not poſſeſs. However, the inſide paſſengers on that occaſion called aloud on Mr. Whip to drive on; ſo my trunks, &c. were left in the baſket, and I was hoiſted on the coach-box as the only alternative: but on the firſt movement of the vehicle, if it had not been for the arm of the coachman, I ſhould have been inſtantly under the wheels in the ſtreet, as I had not the leaſt notion how to keep my ſeat; therefore the enraged travellers were under the neceſſity of once more being detained till I was relieved by the help of the hoſtler and ſervants of

the inn, who were there and full ready to aſſiſt: I was received into their arms from the coach-box, and chucked into the baſket as a place of more ſafety, though not of eaſe or comfort, where I ſuffered moſt ſeverely from the jolting, particularly over the ſtones; it was moſt truly dreadful, and made me ſuffer almoſt equal to the ſea-ſickneſs I had experienced on board the pacquet in a ſtorm: however, as I had lived well at Norwich, the coach emetic did me no harm.

The ſtage coaches then were not hung on ſprings as they are at preſent, nor were the roads near ſo good:—The coach was then double the time in performing the journey. We arrived at Newmarket, where, though I produced myſelf as an outſide paſſenger, I was permitted the honour of being treated at table as an inſide gueſt; for they all knew me and pitied my ſituation, but naturally preferred my ſuffering ſome torment, rather than being miſerably ſtowed themſelves by cramming the vehicle as if loaded with Norwich turkies at Chriſtmas, and that merely to accommodate a ſtranger. We of the coach all ſupped together, ſeparated for bed, wiſhed each other a good night, with pleaſant and ſafe journies to our different deſtinations; they to London, myſelf to croſs the country till I got to the great North road.—On inquiry I was informed a ſtage croſſed from

either Ipſwich or Bury (I forget which) the next day about twelve, which I determined to wait for; and I conceived it a matter of pleaſing intelligence, for it had a delightful convenience as to the hour of its coming, as it allowed me a long time to reſt before it arrived. After I had breakfaſted on Tueſday the coach ſtopped, and from out of it, to my infinite mortification, came no leſs than ſix paſſengers; therefore I thought of nothing but ringing the bell and having immediate recourſe to the agreeable though expenſive poſt-chaiſe; but on inquiry one of the perſons had only taken a place to Newmarket, in order to be in readineſs for the next Norwich coach to London. So after an hour's baiting for the gueſts and horſes, we took poſſeſſion of the vehicle, proceeded ſlowly, and arrived about three o'clock at Cambridge; where finding not any other carriage croſſed on to the North road, I ſat myſelf down at the inn (a very indifferent one) and ordered whatever was ready to be produced for my immediate dinner.

While I was regaling over my pigeon pye, &c. a very decent elderly looking kind of man, a farmer, made his appearance, ſeemingly communicative and intelligent, I aſked him queſtions relative to the diſtance from Stamford, and what places were

beſt worth ſeeing at Cambridge. This formed an intimate chat; and he accepted part of my bottle of port. When I thought of ordering my chaiſe after a little walk to view the gardens and buildings of the place in a curſory manner, and taking my leave of the farmer, who had been very attentive to my ſtory, and relating to him my manner of travelling from Norwich to Cambridge, he ſaid after carefully viewing me, that he kept a traveling weekly cart, which he came with from Stamford: He was not fond of truſting ſtrangers, as appearances often were wrong; but, if inſtead of the expence of a poſt-chaiſe, I would accept his horſe at a moderate price, and go that night to Huntington, the poor beaſt was at my ſervice for the journey, and he would himſelf with my luggage go in his cart, which his man would conduct. I reliſhed the ſcheme mightily, and judged I was undertaking a Quixote exploit by my attempting to ride a horſe ſixteen miles. This great matter was that afternoon put in practice, and I ſet off on my Roſinante and achieved my exploit by actually going the ſixteen miles without any danger whatever, and fancied myſelf a complete horſeman; but muſt obſerve, what with the delay in point of time, the ſtopping all night at Huntington, &c. my ſcheme of œconomy was only viſionary, for the etceteras would

have been more comfortable and actually leſs expenſive, than the laborious and mean plan I in my wiſdom had entered upon. The carrier however honoured me ſo far with his good opinion, firſt ſecuring my luggage, that he went off at ſix in the morning for Stamford, and left me and the horſe to take our leiſure, having firſt very kindly invited me to dine with him at Stamford. When I got there I called to ſee him, and he really expected me as his gueſt; but that I avoided, ſent a porter for my luggage, thanked the carrier, and once more became the gentleman at one of the principal inns, waiting for the York coach, with ſtrict orders at night to be called up at five for the purpoſe of ſecuring a place; but after lounging my lonely day at Stamford, and being ſummoned to be in readineſs for the coach, here my unfortunate ſtars again purſued me; for lo the coach was full, with three officers and three inſignificants. In that bewildered and perplexed ſtate what was to be done? Why, give a ſtrong proof of perſeverance, and in defiance of danger, and like a great little ſoul (for ſurely it was a meanneſs) once more throw myſelf into the arms of my old friend the baſket. It was very ſharp, windy, cold, diſagreeable weather, and the jolting over the ſtones in every country town in that captive ſtate might be deemed truly dreadful, both as to pain and fatigue.

The officers, who in general are polite, friendly, entertaining, and agreeable, ſoon recognized me, and profeſſed being hurt at my diſagreeable ſituation, but their feelings were not ſo exquiſite and humane, but that laughter evidently was victorious on the occaſion; to me jumbling through Grantham was terrible, and equalled to my fancy that of Algerine ſlavery: yet though I appeared to myſelf like a vagabond paſſing by act of parliament from pariſh to pariſh, and felt great cold without, I had ſome amends by being admitted as one of their own party at every ſtage, within, or where any refreſhments were taken, which was ſome alleviation to my ſorrows, though not ſatisfactory; for thoſe ſorrows, (as too often is the caſe) were of my own bringing on; as fooliſh indiſcretions often give a ſtrong colour to appearances that ſerve to corroborate as facts, which originate every one of them perhaps from a trivial and undeſigned chance that tumbles blunder upon blunder till it forms a ſomething, which if properly known would end like the air-blown bubble of the day.

So was I rightly puniſhed in my journey to York, by undergoing ſhame, fatigue, and the hazard of my health, while I poſſeſſed a plenty to have prevented any one of thoſe vexations; for I ſuffered myſelf to be hoiſted from my dog-kennel for two days, ſtage after ſtage: but as under the

greateſt afflictions ſometimes a gleam of hope will ariſe, though ſoon again to vaniſh, ſo in this journey on the firſt night, the three officers at ſupper agreed to take a chaiſe at Ferrybridge, and quit the York road for that of Boroughbridge, and proceed on to Scotland. This gave me great ſpirits as it inſured me an inſide place, for my firſt entrance into the city of York; where rather than arrive baſketted, I would have entered triumphantly in my carriage to breakfaſt the next day; but all my hopes were fruſtrated by a change of their intentions, and on they would go to York as their places were taken. So far the reader may ſuppoſe I am not adhering to truth, when I mention we were two days in going from Stamford to York; but in the year 1763, the roads were ſo bad at particular ſeaſons of the year, that they were for want of proper forming almoſt impaſſable; and it has been known in the winter to have been eight or ten days journey from York to London. At that time it was not ſo familiar as it now is for ladies and gentlemen to fly like air-balloons, from the fartheſt points of eaſt and weſt, and from north to ſouth. For a lady now thinks not of hardſhip but of pleaſure, when ſhe equips herſelf *en militaire* for a voyage to the Eaſt Indies, either with a huſband or for a huſband. There is not at preſent half the preparation to quit York-

ſhire for a few weeks and trip to Paris, as there was ſixty years ago, to go only from York to London. Cibber's John Moody gives an excellent deſcription of that matter. Fathers and mothers, then, made their wills ere they ſet forward; and the leaving a darling pet ſon either at York or London, to learn politeneſs, education, and good manners, not forgetting the faſhions, were matters required more than common fortitude. In ſhort, two hundred miles, in this enlightened age, is no more conſidered as a journey, than formerly to dine at Windſor from London was; which could hardly be done with the aſſiſtance of four horſes, and a moon-light morning.

The old ſaying at London, amongſt ſervants, was, "I wiſh you were at York!" which the enraged female cook now has changed for, "I wiſh you were at Jamaica!" Scotland was then imagined by the Cockney as a dreary place, diſtance almoſt as the Weſt Indies: now an agreeable party may with the utmoſt eaſe dine early in the week in Groſvenor-Square, and without diſcompoſure ſet down at table on Saturday or Sunday in the New-Town of Edinburgh.——So did I attain the journey in the baſket in ſevere weather, and jolting till the coach ſtopped at Ferrybridge, when to my joy and great comfort the officers took chaiſe, and I got into (as I at that moment

thought) the moſt elegant, delightful carriage I ever ſtepped into in my life. I arrived ſafe at York, and ſupped with Mr. Baker. That worthy man received me like a parent, would not ſuffer me to be at an inn or hire a lodging, but yielded up his own convenience of bed-chamber for a very inconvenient ſituation in point of compariſon; and unleſs I ordered what I liked for dinner the family might have been ſtarved, the old gentleman was ſo very attentive and earneſt to make it pleaſant to his young gueſt.

Saturday, April 23, 1763, Romeo and Juliet, with the Frenchified Lady never in Paris, was plaiſtered on the walls, for the benefit of Mr. Buck. This year was the firſt Spring Meeting that ever had been attempted at York. It did ſomething as to reſort of company, but the year after it ſunk entirely, and was not again revived till within a few years back; at preſent it ſeems to promiſe a laſting eſtabliſhment.

My firſt appearance was on Saturday, April the 30th, in the Minor, which was acted after Richard III.; and on Tueſday, May the 3d, for the ſecond time, after the Buſy Body—Marplot, Mr. Frodſham: I was well received by a very genteel houſe. The ladies of York, without any compliment, have a grace, a manner, a decorum, not often met with out of the Metropolis

(Bath excepted); for York certainly boasts a pre-eminence, when the boxes on public weeks are crowded, that dazzles the eyes of a stranger; and no wonder, for as London and Bath culls the choicest beauties from the three kingdoms, so does ancient York city at times, allure them from Hull, Leeds, Doncaster, Wakefield, Pontefract, and every part of that noble, spacious and rich county. And I am free to declare, that the ladies of York (in my judgment) never shew themselves to such advantage as when they fill the boxes of the York theatre; and for the sake of a person that shall be nameless, I should be happy in having the honour of seeing it so graced and enlivened much oftener than it is.

My next appearance was in Cadwallader—Mrs. Cadwallader, by Miss Philips, my old acquaintance in Dublin, in 1758. Miss Philips was when I first acted at York in great esteem with many genteel persons; and she was so kind as to assure all her acquaintance that I was no impostor, but the true Don Philip, she having played for Mr. Wilkinson's benefit in Dublin, when the pit and boxes were thrown together. If that favourable information was not of real service, it was meant well, and could do no harm; but indeed I may affirm it deserves even now an acknowledgement for

her good report, though *she hears it not, nor sees it not.* She meant well—who can do more?

Miss Warnford was then at York, who was a kind of patroness to her; and I believe to her fair account of me to that lady, I must set down myself a considerable debtor to Miss Philips. Miss Warnford has been many years married to Mr. Sitwell, a gentleman of large fortune, whose integrity and good qualities are so generally known, as to render any panegyrick impertinent; but the ever constant and benevolent acts of friendship I have experienced from Mr. and Mrs. Sitwell, would sink me into ingratitude did I not thus present my small tribute to their worth, and sincerely assure them how much I esteem myself honoured and obliged.

My third character was Bayes, in the Rehearsal, which was judged a service of danger, Mr. Frodsham, being esteemed capital in the part; but there opinion was wrong, for I had been so familiarized to that kind of playing, and was so much better stage acquainted, that I obtained a complete victory in spight of partiality, which in general is obstinate; yet must be allowed often praise-worthy. Indeed Mr. Frodsham was totally unfit for that character, and his friends as well as the rest of the audience would have found that out, had not five out of six subscribed to whatever he

did was quite right, without even consulting their own judgments. I repeated the Minor, on Saturday; and on Wednesday the 11th of May, I acted King Lear, and Frodsham, Edgar; in the mad scenes he was the best I have seen, though I remember poor Reddish whilst I am relating it. My Lear was greatly received as it did not interfere with their darling Frodsham, and both being in the same play gave much satisfaction.

Saturday, May 14, the Fair Penitent—Horatio, Mr. Wilkinson; Lothario, Mr. Frodsham; and the Minor.——Tuesday, May 17, 1763, the season finished for my benefit, with the Jealous Wife, and Duke and no Duke.——I acted Oakley and Trappolin; but depended on the success of my never failing Tea as to attraction.——I was favoured with a crowded audience, both before and behind the curtain; for the stage was filled with gentlemen *; but my Tea scalded their mouths, and though they were not ready to set the hue and cry after me, as at Norwich, yet they grumbled much, and the next day I heard of nothing but what a shame it was to have made Mr. Wilkinson so fine a benefit, and in return he only *laughed* at and insulted them with *hum*, *hum*, *hum*. In short, it was evident in

* At that time admittance behind the scenes was allowed, not only at benefits; but in general to the gentlemen who frequented the boxes.

the opinion of every body, I only ſneered at the York audience, and that it was little better than picking their pockets, and a great deal more and worſe; for ſlander is told readily, and ſwallowed glibly——

——————— Slander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Out venoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world, kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons; nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous Slander enters.———

This was certainly irkſome, but patience ever was my badge, and what I had done deſerved praiſe, though they had not done me juſtice; for as I had gained laurels by my endeavours, and dint of hard labour, for which though I own I got money, and in that material point was well ſatisfied, yet all my glories withered, and every wreath was torn from my brow; ſo, inſtead of a triumphal exit, mine was certainly a degraded one: however my pocket was full, my health was good, and my ſpirits were great, and not aided, but rather leſſened by too much of the grape; therefore a fig for care!

After my northern expedition I had twelve or fourteen days to ſpare for relaxation, ſo I pocketed my affronts, and proceeded to ſee my friend

Daniel Smith, at Cheſter, where I drank the health of all my York friends, not in Tea, but over a bottle (perhaps two or three) of claret, with Mr. Wilberham, and ſeveral others of that place, and a very happy viſit it was to me, though not without fatigue; for what we generally term pleaſure, by a miſtaken uſe of the idea is perverted too often to the contrary effect, by not letting reaſon give it its boundaries: however I recollected buſineſs muſt be attended to, as without the means I well knew pleaſure and friends would be very diſtant; for independence creates complacency, and eagerneſs to pleaſe, which dependance in a few days deſtroys. So I veered about like the weather-cock, from weſt to ſouth, to viſit once more my native home, old London city, "where every one is witty, and all the ſtreets are paved with gold," and to renew my acquaintance with my *new* old intimate Mr. Foote, whom I had not ſpoke to for ſome years.

When I arrived at my lodgings, I need not repeat the anxious mother was not only rejoiced, but almoſt ſpeechleſs to ſee her ſon, after an abſence of ſeveral months, and the more ſo on account of her late illneſs, before elated by letters to Norwich, &c. After a few days ſolace on my own ſpot of birth, parentage, and education, I paid my devoirs to the manager at the Hay-Market theatre,

where I found Mr. Foote earneſtly employed in a work of training his militia company to prepare for a ſummer campaign. He ſoon eſpied me in the orcheſtre, where I had obſervingly placed myſelf; the Rehearſal was ſoon finiſhed, I mounted the ſtage, and after a moſt friendly greeting, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, the moſt amazing coalition of intimacy made its wonderful appearance, and equalled any change politics had ever preſented to view. The troop was mute, glad, but more ſurpriſed when the carriage was ordered, and Mr. Foote inſiſted on my dining with him that day, as a large party of the firſt perſons were to be at his table. I did not expect ſuch civility; but it may eaſily be ſuppoſed I could not reſiſt. It alſo ſeemed to augur an intention of good will at leaſt; and if not, a good dinner, good company, and Mr. Foote at the head of the table, few perſons even of rank would have diſliked; beſides it placed me not only on a footing of ſuperiority, but prevented any ſuſpicion in myſelf, as to ill-treatment from Mr. Foote, of which I had not entirely diveſted my mind. He was then preparing his Mayor of Garratt, in which piece he had wrote a part, he informed me, that was in fact abſtracted from the piece, and that he could do with or without it. It was impoſſible for himſelf to do it; for with a falſe belly for his intended

Major Sturgeon, and to undreſs for Matthew Mug, it was not practicable. The part was entitled Peter Primmer, intended as a ſtroke of ſatire levelled at Mr. Sheridan, ſenr. who about that time had buſied himſelf much with delivering lectures on oratory, and propoſing a plan for the eſtabliſhment of an academy, for the teaching of pupils the true art of public ſpeaking.

Mr. Foote mentioned our appearing together in the piece of the Minor: for ſaid he, the public will be better pleaſed with having both than one; and added, however partial the town might be to him as author and actor combined, yet the ſame perſon being perpetually in ſight is cloying; and indeed I have often thought that admirable character of Othello, would be better for the actor if not ſo inceſſantly in ſight; more pity and leſs fatigue to the performer would have been the conſequence, had Shakeſpear ſo contrived; but his writings are ſo noble, wonderful, and natural, that I do not approve of the liberty I have taken, but will remove my remark more ſtrongly upon my favourite character of Zanga; which is finely drawn, and a charming part for the actor, but is much hurt by his beginning and ending almoſt every act of the play; and though it muſt be granted the poetry is fine, yet as it owes its beauties to the production of art, not that of

nature, it makes the Revenge a heavy, laborious, tireſome play, though Alonzo, Carlos, Zanga, and Leonora, are all good parts for the performers; Zanga particularly ſo.

Well, I muſt return to Mr. Foote, with whom I dined, and it was agreed, the Minor ſhould be the opening piece, early in June 1763: Shift and Squintum, Mr. Wilkinſon;—Mrs. Cole and Smirk, Mr. Foote;—with the new farce of the Mayor of Garratt. My Shift, with the imitations, was extravagantly well received, and was repeated ſeveral nights.—The Mayor of Garratt had great ſucceſs, and a run of almoſt every night in the ſeaſon; it met with ſome oppoſition, which in general only gives a whet to the appetite of thoſe who chuſe to approve and ſupport.

Peter Primmer, I dreſſed with an old tye-wig, like the Barber's in the Upholſterer, a long band neckcloth, a large rod in my right hand, and a Scotch-plaid night gown, and had ſix boys with primmers and rods, and ſix girls with horn-books, as my attendants in proceſſion, as the candidate for being choſen Mayor of Garratt. My likeneſs was ſtrong, and it was well taken; and as a ſchoolmaſter at Garratt near Wandſworth, the dreſs was ridiculous, and not totally improper; but as a reſemblance of Mr. Sheridan,

who always appeared at his lecture, and every where as a gentleman my being *too comical* deſtroyed the effect; therefore it was judged much better to anſwer the purpoſe intended, to dreſs it in black, and a bag-wig, &c. That alteration gave the people a ſtrong conception of him they knew; whereas the ridiculous wig and gown deſtroyed every part of the imitation by the abſurd appearance. The part I have entirely forgot, and only remember it concluded with my ſpeaking the following verſes, as an ode from the old hornpipe ſong of Nancy Dawſon.

Of all the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance and prance it up and down,
There's none like Nancy Dawſon.

Her eaſy mien, her ſhapes ſo neat,
She foots, ſhe trips, ſhe looks ſo ſweet,
Her every motion is complete;
I die for Nancy Dawſon.

See! how ſhe comes to give ſurpriſe,
With joy and pleaſure in her eyes,
To give delight ſhe always tries;
O Charming Nancy Dawſon, &c.

The above ſong ſpoken ſeriouſly, with exact tone and manner, had an admirable force on the riſibility of the well-pleaſed audience.

Mentioning my mock ode, as Peter Primmer will not let me omit, what at preſent gives me great pleaſure, from the lately ſeeing and hearing Mrs. ESTEN recite that excellent compoſition, Collins's Ode on the Paſſions.——But as her ſtage performances cannot with the leaſt degree of propriety be here inſerted to accord with my propoſed plan; and as the actors and actreſſes of the York theatre, will make an appearance in print hereafter, with their regular progreſſion, alſo the London, and other performers, &c. &c. I will, by way of a Sandwich, halt for a few minutes refreſhment, and preſent the reader with *our York Woodfall's* opinion, relative to the high promiſe to the public at large, from that Lady's pleaſing and extenſive abilities. After an Eulogium on her repreſentation of Monimia and Roſalind, he ſays—" of her delivery of Collins's Ode on the Paſſions we know not how to ſpeak, it was ſo truly perfect. We have heard it given before from a performer on the York ſtage with unuſual effect; by ONE *we are certain* Mrs. ESTEN *has obſerved.* We do not heſitate to preſent our readers with the following elegant lines from the pen of a gentleman, to whom the WORLD is indebted for many maſterly effuſions, and whoſe ſentiments may juſtly be applied to Mrs. Eſten.

BENEATH a ſad and ſilent ſhade,
Afflicted POETRY was laid;
The ſhepherd train, the Virgin choir,
No longer liſtened to her lyre;
But all neglected and alone,
Her feeling and her fire were gone;
No Zephyr fondly ſu'd her breaſt,
No Nightingale came there to reſt;
The fading viſions fled her eyes;
The viſions of her ecſtacies;
And if perchance ſhe ſought delight,
It was amid the gloom of night;
It was to hear the ſcreech-owl's cry,
Or whiſtling whirlwinds rend the ſky;
To pour her melancholy ſtrain,
And catch a pleaſure from the pain.
ESTEN beheld her haggard air,
At twilight as ſhe wander'd there,
And felt the ſympathetic woe
That Taſte and Genius ever know.
Then eager ſought the City's throng,
To vindicate the force of Song—
She choſe an Ode divinely wild,
Wrote by the Muſe's fav'rite child;
From COLLINS was the magic lay,
That ſubject paſſions all obey.
The Crowd a varying influence prove
Of Rage, and Ho e, and Fear, and Love.
And ſtill implor'd him to rehearſe,
And own'd the thrilling pow'r of Verſe.
O; thou, ſweet Bard! who now may'ſt be
A ſhadow fleeting o'er the ſea,

A vapour on the morning roſe,
A whiſp'ring wind at ev'ning's cloſe;—
Or if thy ſpirit love to dwell
A while within the vi'let's bell
Then in beatitude of change,
From ſtar to ſtar exulting range,
Live in the luſtre of the day,
Or float upon the lunar ray;
Or rapt'rous join the hallow'd voice,
Where endleſs Seraphim rejoice.
O! COLLINS? whatſoe'er thou art,
Deign, deign to bleſs thy ESTEN's heart!
A portion of thoſe joys reveal,
Which ſure ſhe well deſerves to feel!

"Of the perſon of Mrs. ESTEN we will venture to ſay, that it is truly captivating; that ſhe is happy in the diſpoſition of it, ALL muſt acknowledge; bleſſed with a ſet of features uncommonly lovely and expreſſive; a voice at once powerful and plaintive, cheerful and mellow: her merit, as far as we are able to judge from what we have hitherto ſeen, is nearly equal in the grave and in the gay—and yet, *wonderful to relate!* with all theſe perfections ſhe is ſcarcely known in London, and, as we are informed, not even engaged there."

Mr. Foote all that ſeaſon continued every act of civility in his power; his table was my conſtant reſort (when not engaged) either at South End,

or at his lodgings in town; for the Hay-Market theatre, then, was on a ſmaller ſcale, and the dwelling houſe in Suffolk-ſtreet, did not appertain as now to the theatre. I ſuppoſed he judged it his intereſt to be on terms, and I was ſuperior to any ill treatment, being in fact the richeſt man of the two: I was getting money perpetually, did not owe a ſhilling, and was in poſſeſſion of ſome hundreds, therefore was an independent gentleman. Mr. Foote now and then got a great deal of money, which was ſoon expended; the theatre only by permiſſion from the Lord Chamberlain during pleaſure, and he owed many hundreds; nay, even at laſt, I am afraid, I relate a truth when I affirm, his funeral was at Mr Jewell's expence; for notwithſtanding his income from Mr. Colman was not leſs than ſixteen hundred a-year, beſides profits on the nights he acted, yet I have been informed he had not effects by any means equal to the payment of his debts. It ſhocks me to have related an account of ſo many ſtage ſtruck gemuſſes of birth and talents, that have fallen a ſacrifice to grinning poverty, and incurred neglect and ignominy with great incomes. Pray God to allot me a more fortunate *finale*, be its ſtatement appointed for a longer or a ſhorter date.

But to proceed with a more particular account of our Haymarket ſeſſions.—I gained ground with

the audience weekly:—my benefit was fixed on the 20th of Auguſt, on which night I revived the Rehearſal, and acted Bayes—the houſe overflowed from every part—no ſuch receipt the whole ſeaſon. Mr. Garrick was in Italy, and had not acted Bayes for ſome years.——My imitation of Holland in the following lines——

> How ſtrange a captive am I grown of late?
> Shall I accuſe my love? or blame my fate?
> My love I cannot: That is too divine!
> And againſt fate what mortal dares repine?

had ſuch a ſudden effect, that Mr. Churchill who ſat in a balcony with the late Lucy Cooper, after laughing to a very violent degree, moſt vociferouſly encored the ſpeech, which was echoed by the whole voice of the theatre, and complied with by me of courſe with great pleaſure. Mr. Churchill ſaid, that he was convinced I was not a mimic's mimic, for the imitations were palpably my own.—He alſo encored my mock hornpipe, which was a reſemblance of the manner of ſtage-dancing. The whole play went off with univerſal ſatisfaction, and I was highly delighted. Mr. Foote that night was not pleaſed, but rather chagrined at my good fortune:—theſe things will happen, and ſtage minds in general are ſooner irritated and hurt than any other ſet of peoples'; but a theatre is the temple of Vanity, and Vanity and Envy are its conſtant reſidents.

The farce on my benefit was the Mayor of Garratt, in which Mr. Foote of courſe played his Major Sturgeon.

Mr. Mendez, a Jew and an appraiſer in Bow-ſtreet, was the treaſurer that ſeaſon: On his benefit he requeſted me to repeat the character of Bayes, which entreaty I granted:—he had a full houſe, and the comedy received additional credit. I had very near been deprived of the play, as Mr. Foote's theatre at that time merely conſiſted of a few trumpery ſcenes, no wardrobe but ſuch as was hired from Mr. Barber's in Monmouth-ſtreet: and as to ſtage properties, they were leſs known there than in the moſt diſtant ruſtic company that ſcoured the country round. I was quite out of favour at Drury-Lane, ſo had no hopes of aſſiſtance from that quarter: but Mrs. Rich, on application being made to her, ſupplied me with thunder, lightning, earth, moon, and ſun; alſo ſent to my aid a full troop of horſe: they had been well trained, were very quiet, and of a great age; were never turbulent, tho' ſometimes troubled with headſtrong wanton riders. It was a cuſtom for the gentleman and his lady, who were proprietors of the Haymarket theatre, to reſerve a box for themſelves, of which they kept the key. I ſent a card the week of my benefit requeſting the favour of that box, as all the others were diſpoſed

of: A very rude refuſal was ſent back; at which time Mr. Ruſpini, now of Pall-Mall, and ſome gentlemen were with me, and complaining of not being able to procure any box whatever. On my receiving an uncivil anſwer, I ſaid, "Damn this Mrs. Proprietor! it would ſerve her ill-natured ſpleen right to break open the door and fill the box." The hint was no ſooner given than ſeriouſly taken and put into practice; for as ſoon as the doors were opened a large party paid, and finding every place was taken, except the Proprietor's, which the box-keeper aſſured them could not be opened on any pretext whatever, they unanimouſly burſt the old lock and filled the whole box, nor had the turnkey of the Receſs rhetoric ſufficient to have the leaſt effect, for expoſtulation did not ſignify; ſo they remained ſole maſters, and ſat in triumph till near ſeven, when the play was going to begin; at which inſtant up came a limb of the law, no leſs a perſonage than Mr. George Garrick, eſcorting the Lady Proprietreſs with a large party *gratis*, who ſummoned the garriſon to ſurrender and be treated as priſoners of war; but they were as obſtinate as Turks, and determined to defend the citadel ſword in hand. The Lady Proprietreſs was aſtoniſhed at the rudeneſs committed, and inſiſted on her privileged right; then tried angry and ſoothing words; but neither her

perſuaſive eloquence nor the authority of Mr. George Garrick, aided by John Doe and Richard Roe of Weſtminſter-Hall, with all their united proweſs, could by any means avail. The poſſeſſors of the inſide works defended their intrenchment from any breach, and they only in exultation laughed, and told Geo. Garrick if himſelf and party would pay a crown per head they ſhould be admitted, not otherwiſe. It cannot be imagined that it was an eaſy matter to extract coin from a lawyer's pocket, conſequently the Lady, George Garrick, and party, finding it ineffectual by ſtaying in the box paſſage, retreated in diſgrace, but denounced vengeance on Wilkinſon. For my own part I chuckled at the adventure, not ſo much for the trifling pecuniary advantage I had gained, but at that time I ſhould have diſliked the curious Garrick's party *gratis* over my head more than any other. Next day the enraged lady waited on Mr. Foote (who loved miſchief and deſpiſed his landlady), where ſhe gave an ample ſcope to her anger, and repeated her wrongs: but Mr. Foote told her it was impoſſible to prevent what had happened; as to the improper conduct reſpecting the box, he could only ſay he was ſorry for her diſappointment; and as to Mr. Wilkinſon's rudeneſs he wiſhed to excuſe it, but he had not ſufficient authority to whip him for his fault, and there the matter reſted,

ending evidently to my advantage; for I muſt mention that the year following the lady herſelf ſent permiſſion for me to let her box to any particular friend of mine, if the boxes were ſo taken as to make ſuch permiſſion neceſſary on my benefit night.

Early in September (as is cuſtomary), on the approach of the royal theatres opening, we finiſhed our ſummer's campaign, which ended glorioufly, not a little aided by the aſſiſtance of our militia Major Sturgeon.

The night of my departure, when I went to receive my bleſſing and take leave of my mother, ſhe had ſunk her ſpirits ſo low with the ſtrong prognoſtic of her departing from this life, that ſhe had been obliged to retire to bed; and her feelings were ſo affectionately ſtrong, ſhe could only embrace, kiſs, and bedew me with her tears, and inarticulately ſay, "O Tate! my dear ſon! I ſhall never ſee you more." Her words were indeed truly prophetic, and from that awful and diſtreſſing moment——I will relieve my reader and myſelf from the ſenſation which muſt occur—— I departed heavily, but got into the carriage and proceeded immediately for proud Salop, known better by the title of Shrewſbury.

Mr. Whitley was manager of that company, and a man well known as an extraordinary cha-

racter of oddity and rudeneſs in his traffic with actors and actreſſes for his imaginary dominions, which domains were here to-day and gone to-morrow. At that place the facetious, the witty, the generous, the good Chace Price, of revered memory to all who knew him, was appointed commander of the Shropſhire militia, which had not been embodied (as I was informed during the whole war which had then providentially ceaſed) till the month of Oct. 1763, owing to ſome diſpute and diſguſt with the inhabitants of that county, who had univerſally judged their young men illuſed, as they had ſome years before this mentioned period thought themſelves highly injured by government, as they had raiſed a regiment for home defence, truſting on that pledge of honour which was broke in a cruel manner, as they were marched off to the ſea coaſt, were there ſurpriſed, forced on board tranſports, and ſent to the Indies, and all ſpoken of as creditable farmers ſons.—That obſtacle, as the ſtories of the day went, was given as the reaſon why the Shropſhire regiment had not been raiſed in common with thoſe of the other counties, and all theſe difficulties had not been overcome till October 1763. Shrewſbury, to all who know that ſpot, I need not ſay is ſurrounded by a moſt pleaſing country:—Captain

Plume ſpeaks well of it in the Recruiting Officer, and the Raven Inn or Tavern therein mentioned I believe to this day is the favourite and faſhionable houſe of reſort. I acted in that town with Mr. Whitley's company ſix or ſeven nights for a clear benefit, which was my firſt point for ſtriking at, and it proved very lucrative; but I ever worked like a horſe at a mill to deſerve my engagement, whether in town or country. My benefit was appointed, at my deſire, on Monday, October 3. That day I beg the reader will notice was the firſt day of the militia's aſſembling, and what was really extraordinary, happened on the annual fair for cattle at Shrewſbury; and it is no more ſtrange than true that they were to aſſemble in the market-place. The clouds approved it not, for it was as dreadful and rainy a morning as ever poured upon the earth; the pavement rattled with the burſts of heavy rain and hail, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The officers judged it prudent to file off, and the young cackling recruits from inſtinct followed at the very time the oxen, cows, ſheep, horſes, &c. were muſtering for the fair, and with the variety of collected captains, ſerjeants, country bumpkins, &c. it occaſioned an uncommon tumult, noiſe, and diſtreſs to thoſe concerned without doors, but to the ſpectators who were ſo happy as to poſſeſs a warm room with

a good caſement, it afforded a very whimſical morning's view, from the apparent ridiculous diſtreſs of the various parties interwoven of men and beaſts, &c. as the oxen ran helter ſkelter amidſt the ſoldiers, populace, &c.——My benefit bill of that night was nearly as follows:

The laſt night, Monday, October 3, 1763, The Rehearſal: Bayes, Mr. Wilkinſon. End of the play, by *particular deſire*, the principal ſcene from the new farce called The Mayor of Garratt; the character of Major Sturgeon (of the Weſtminſter militia) by Mr. Wilkinſon: alſo a ſcene from the Orators; Peter Paragraph, by Mr. Wilkinſon; with the farce of the Citizen: Young Philpot, Mr. Wilkinſon.—Surely I gave them enough for their money, whatever it might want in quality. The houſe was crowded in every part, particularly the ſtage, by gentlemen for want of room in the front of the houſe: The officers of the new militia were all there, and at their head the ever-entertaining Chace Price, whom I rejoiced to ſee: he had ſent me a compliment at noon (being my benefit); and was between the acts in great ſpirits, chatting with me and others. At the end of the comedy of the Rehearſal he deſired to wiſh Mr. Bayes good night, as he found himſelf much fatigued with his journey, and expected a ſevere bout the next day with the bottle at the meſs where he

was preſident; he ſaid he would get a good night's reſt, having travelled from London to Shrewſbury without going to bed. On his departure I retired to dreſs for the new part of Major Sturgeon; (the reader will obſerve that farce was not then in print.) On my appearance behind the ſcenes as the Major, I thought the countenances of ſeveral of the officers did not augur a pleaſing effect to my intended performance; but not ſuppoſing any violent anger could poſſibly ariſe without a ſufficient cauſe, hoped I ſhould be made ample amends, by the ſmiling faces and laughing cheeks in front of the theatre. But the new commanders not having been at that juncture in London, when Mr. Foote's Mayor of Garratt was acting, they knew nothing of its faſhionable ton there, or if they did, would not allow that as a ſufficient plea for them as men of valour, why they ſhould not reſent an injurious affront, from what they looked on as an unjuſtifiable and intentional inſult; they therefore one and all preſſed ſo hard and cloſe together at the firſt wing where I was to make my entrance, as to prevent the poſſibility of gaining admittance on the ſtage; and had not Roger the Bumpkin, ſervant to the Juſtice, Sir Jacob Jollup, cryed out on the ſtage, "Pray ye gentlemen, pray ye, let Major Fiſh come to viſit

my maſter," they actually would not have ſuffered me to paſs; but from conſcious ſhame, and the hiſſing of the audience, I was at laſt (but not without much difficulty) permitted to enter; and I verily believe had they not ſo pointedly marked their indignation, the bulk of the hearers would have paſſed the ſecret over as incomprehenſible; but ſuch a remarkable and violent contempt offered to me was eaſily perceived by them, and once conceived their ideas ſwiftly communicated like gunpowder, when I came to the paſſage where Major Sturgeon relates to the Juſtice——

"On we marched, the men all in high ſpirits, "to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; "but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as "it might be about there, in order to poſſeſs a "pig's ſtye, that we might take the gallows in "flank, and at all events ſecure a retreat, who "ſhould come by but a drove of fat oxen for "Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the "dogs barked in the rear, the oxen ſet up a "gallop, on they came thundering upon us, "broke through our ranks in an inſtant, and "threw the whole corps into confuſion."

Now reader, conſider, that however *outré* and ridiculous this ſpeech from fancy was formed, by the author Mr. Foote, the whole circumſtance

had in ſimilarity happened that very day in every ludicrous point; and in conſequence, the offended party ſwore, that particular paſſage muſt be the offſpring of my own brain, and done as an impudent and intentional diſgrace to them; and when the tumult of laughter from the audience allowed permiſſion for me to proceed with—— "The Major's horſe took fright, away he ſcoured "over the heath. That gallant commander "ſtuck both his ſpurs into the flank, and for "ſome time held by his mane; but in croſſing "a ditch, the horſe reared up his head, gave the "Major a dowſe in the chops, and threw that "gallant commander into a ditch near the Pow-"der Mills."

The officers were incenſed to ſuch a degree that they left the theatre in dudgeon, vowing vengeance. When I was undreſſed, and prepared to go to my own lodgings, I had information that a ſerjeant with five or ſix ſoldiers were in waiting with orders, not only to beat unmercifully, but to duck poor Major Sturgeon in the river: ſo inſtead of being lighted home, I acted as ſervant after all my fatigue, and lighted others. I got to a houſe where Mrs. Price and a Mrs. Lewis lived, and ordered the account of the houſe to be brought there and ſettled. Mr. Littlehale, a friend of mine, well known at Shrewſbury, was there. He

was alſo intimate with Chace Price, Sir Francis Delaval, &c. Dame Price (my tragedy queen at Portſmouth, in 1757) eſcorted us upſtairs, the kitchen had an entrance on each ſide of the houſe. She had undertaken as my old acquaintance to look well to my playhouſe doors, and with an obſervant eye mind, all was honour bright, where that tempting ſituation of taking money was tranſacted, that eſſential article for real kings, queens, generals, fine gentlemen, and fine ladies; for be it known, there is as much anxiety and ſuſpicion on a benefit night out of London, and it is looked on as neceſſary to be as well guarded as the Bank of England, when threatened with conflagration and a riot. Any gentleman who holds half an hour's noon-converſation with an actor in the country, muſt have obſerved the following remarks and anſwers—— *The houſe on ſuch a night was not well counted.*—*Such a night the houſe was not well gathered.*—*The checks were not right.*—*One of the door-keepers was ſeen to let up ſeveral without taking any money.*—*Another door-keeper took ſix ſhillings; but returned two to prove his honeſty.*

Theſe ſayings are often without foundation, but I am afraid at times are known to be *too true*. So Mrs. Price's inſpection into the deeds of the door-keepers, with thinking eyes, was truly ne-

ceſſary; but Mr. Littlehale and I, had not regaled an hour before every window below ſtairs were ſuddenly broke. The militia officers, at the head of ſome myrmidons, ruſhed into the houſe, and furiouſly demanded Wilkinſon; being aſſured I neither lodged or viſited there, they retired eagerly through the oppoſite door of the kitchen in determined ſearch of their deſtined prey, having been at my lodgings firſt. However on their departure, I had that great reſtorative elixir, thoſe golden drops, as Major O'Flaherty ſays, which healed all my grievances; for out of an old crazy tin, and ſome wooden boxes, I poured a plentiful libation of gold and ſilver coin, the produce of Mexico and Peru, which preſented as charming a lava as can be conceived, for a *quantum ſufficit* will make *black* WHITE; FAIR, *foul*; *wrong*, RIGHT; *baſe*, NOBLE; OLD, *young*; and a *coward*, VALIANT.

After my incredible fatigues and a comfortable bowl, I got ſafely to reſt, and late the next day attended my good friend Chace Price: He declared he ſaw me with the utmoſt regret and chagrin, lamented his early departure from the theatre, as had he ſtaid he would have effectually put a ſtop to ſuch brutiſh outrage; hoped I would think no more of it: If I imagined, he ſaid, that the officers beſpeaking a play with his name at the head would be of ſervice, he would exert all his

intereſt. I told him the accidental affray the night before dwelt on my mind with very diſagreeable reflections, as the conſequence might have proved dangerous: As to the play the next night, I deſired it might be underſtood I had no advantage from it, nor would I receive any; but as it would certainly ſerve the company, I accepted it ſo far as a compliment, and my ſervices that evening he might command. He replied, "he was obliged to me," and ordered the players to perform the Recruiting Officer, as the ſcene lay at Shrewſbury, and deſired I would repeat Young Philpot in the Citizen: He appointed Thurſday inſtead of Wedneſday; as on the Wedneſday, he had a veniſon dinner, and devoted the day to his friends, amongſt which number he honoured me, and inſiſted on my dining with him at the Raven on that occaſion. I made my compliments in return, and aſſured him I would attend his ſummons with infinite pleaſure. I was on that day a little after my time, a fault I have been often told of; but on his left hand, at the upper end of the table, the head ſeat had been purpoſely reſerved for me, and the apparent intimacy and reſpect he honoured me with, made the officers ſtare and think they were in the wrong box, by the contempt they wiſhed to have ſhewn

the player. The dinner was good; the wine was good; but Chace Price was ſuperior to both. Mirth went round, enjoying the feaſt of friendſhip, and the flow of ſoul. Singing was mentioned; Chace Price ſaid humouroufly he muſt firſt have a rehearſal; for as his friend Wilkinſon was going to leave Shrewſbury in a few days, without one he ſhould be imperfect and forget his part, and begged the favour of me to repeat his favourite ſcene from the new farce of the Mayor of Garratt, and if I would act the Major, he was certain he could recollect Sir Jacob Jollup, as he had ſeen it that ſummer in London ſo often; which was ſtrictly true. His memory was excellent, and he was frequently at Foote's, and was the only man of true wit I ever heard Foote allow to be ſo, or laugh with and liſten to with pleaſure; nay, Foote actually praiſed Chace Price behind his back.

Well, we acted the ſcene, which was highly reliſhed. The good humoured intention was ſmoaked, and it ended with an afternoon, and evening all in perpetual harmony; animoſity or diſcord was no more thought of. I believe the R——— H———, then in the militia, is the gentleman, who of late years has changed red for *black*, and has been enliſting recruits for another world, as an eminent orator, ſince his altering

his theatrical attendance for that of the tabernacle. Whether he has been the saving of many poor souls or the contrary, will be one day determined.—Methodists are numerous, therefore there will be no want of witnesses. God bless and forgive that sect say I; but fear they will not be so charitable as ever to return me the compliment, as I never observed humanity in their creed.

The officers came to the play on the Thursday; I dined once more at the Raven, and on the Saturday left Shrewsbury, for my favourite old city of Chester, where I made a stay of fourteen days. I had received pressing invitations from Mr. Barry; and at the expiration of my Chester visit, set off for Holyhead, once more to visit dear Dublin. The day before I went was my birth day, November the 7th, 1763; and that very day I received the following short letter from my beloved parent.

"MY DEAR TATE,

"I have been in my bed very ill, in the bilious "cholic these three days; as soon as please God "I am able, will answer all your particulars, but "shall be at a loss to know whether to direct to "Holyhead, or Dublin, or where. With all "God's blessings from

"Your ever affectionate mother,

"G. WILKINSON."

I flattered myself, though it was an illness perhaps very severe at the time, yet it might soon amend; but God ordained it otherwise—in whose presence, I doubt not, she at this moment stands, pleading for his mercies on her son below.

I set off from Chester, and journeyed through Wales, and from thence got once more to Ireland; but previously had taken a benefit night at the Exchange-Hall, Chester, which was numerously attended. I must remark an odd circumstance relating to my success at Chester:—I acted twice there at the theatre and never had a good benefit; but at the rooms, dependent only on myself, I received on one occasion upwards of 40*l*. Not that I ever attended Chester with a view for emolument of any kind whatever, but being frequently at that place, did occasionally, as opportunity offered, try the experiment, as I went to and fro so frequently.

Barry gave me a sum and my benefit, to be clear of all expences, when I chose to take it, so there needed little invitation to induce me to visit my good Dublin friends.—And I should now rejoice could I change that disagreeable part of conveyance thither, the sea voyage; but indeed I should be making so many excursions to Ireland, was that obstacle removed, that I should be ruined with post-chaise hire; so I must be contented like Pan-

glos, and perſuade myſelf all is for the beſt. I went over in a dreadful ſtorm; they talked of cutting the horſes throats; I really thought they would have kicked the ſhip's ſides into the ſea: However the voyage was with difficulty accompliſhed, and when on ſhore my gratitude and dangers were too ſoon forgot. When I was well refreſhed I waited on the attractive Mr. Barry, with whom all was ſoon ſettled, for his manners were irreſiſtible. My firſt appearance was fixed on for Bayes, which was to be as ſoon as the play could be got ready. In the courſe of the firſt week, having an idle morning, I judged it would be pleaſant, reſpectful, and right, to ſtretch a walk to viſit my old friend Mr. Macklin, who then lived at the upper part of Drumcindra-Lane, the very out-ſkirt of Dublin, and almoſt in the country; though perhaps that ſtreet at this time is ſituated in the middle of Dublin, as the village of Marybone is in the city of Weſtminſter. After my rat-tat at the door, a lazy ſervant at length opened it. (Servants in general there are by no means ſo alert as in England)—I inquired if Mr. Macklin was at home? He anſwered, "No, Sir, indeed he is not." I left a card and my compliments, "Mr. Wilkinſon from England," but had not gone many yards on my return before the faſh of

the dining-room window was thrown ſwiftly up, and Mr. Macklin, in his red night-cap, loudly cried out, "Wilkinſon! Wilkinſon! I am at home! I am at home! come back, I want to ſee you." I returned on the ſudden invitation, the door was opened, and up ſtairs I mounted, was eſcorted into the dining-room, where I had no ſooner entered than inſtead of Mr. Macklin *ſolus* as I expected, behind the door (which opened inward) ſtood Mr. Moſſop erect, with a ſword by his ſide, and in full dreſs. After the uſual ſalutations and obſervations on the weather, and how all went on in England, &c. Mr. Moſſop ſaid grandly, he was very happy in having that opportunity of meeting me, as he wanted to mention ſuch propoſals for his theatre for the ſeaſon as he was certain muſt meet with my approbation, for they would prove to me moſt eligible, agreeable, and highly profitable. Mr. Macklin urged the matter as his advice for the good of us both, and ſaid he was willing, on his part, to contribute all in his power to add to the propoſed union, and for the general good. Mr. Macklin was at that time engaged with Mr. Moſſop. I was ſo circumſtanced as impelled me to declare myſelf obliged to Mr. Moſſop for his offer, but was under the neceſſity honeſtly to tell him it was then too late. I had come over to Dublin not poſitively engaged it was true: I had

received in England letters from Mr. Jefferſon firſt, then from Mr. Barry while at Cheſter, but had not entered into actual agreement till three days previous to that preſent one; ſo that I had ſigned and ſealed, and the matter was irrevokeable. Mr. Macklin pauſed, looked diſappointed and ſorry.—Moſſop breathed hard, rolled his eyes, and ſnuffed the air; ſpoke not, looked not, ſmiled indignant, and with reſentment put his hand on his ſword; his eyes looked terror; all was ſunk in ſilence; I judged it very improper haſtily to depart, and he ſeemed determined not to move and leave me with Mr. Macklin. I was really in a puzzling ſituation, being actually engaged with company at four o'clock at the worthy Cornelius Kelly's in Capel-ſtreet, who was then beloved and known by every body, and I believe is yet living, and muſt be a ſurpriſing age. However, I ſat at Macklin's till five, when looking ſuddenly at my watch I ſeemed much ſurpriſed at the time having paſſed ſo ſwiftly; that I had ſtrangely and rudely forgot myſelf, as I was an hour beyond the time of my engagement in Capel-ſtreet, and made my bow of departure; when Mr. Moſſop roſe up ſuddenly and ſaid, "Sir, I wiſh to attend you." On croſſing the channels, which were remarkably dirty, he offered me his hand very politely, then ſuddenly walked on for the ſpace of five or ſix

minutes, when after a tragic ejaculation he ſtopped and ſaid, "Sir! Mr. Wil—kin—ſon! how do you dare to live, Sir?"—"Why, Sir, I do not think it ſtrange my daring, but liking to live, having ſuch plentiful tables where I am daily made welcome in Dublin with ſuch a number of reſpectable friends."—"Sir," ſaid Moſſop, "you are going to play in Crow-ſtreet theatre with Barry, Sir,—and, Sir, I will run you through the bo—dy, Sir, if you take the liberty to attempt my manner by any mimicry on the ſtage. You muſt promiſe me, Sir, on your honour you will not dare to attempt it: If you break that promiſe, Sir, you cannot live; and you, Mr. Wil—kin—ſon, muſt die—as you muſt meet me the next day, and I ſhall kill you, Sir."——I told him it was impoſſible to comply with that his mandate, as his threats would of courſe from neceſſity and policy have a contrary effect than what he expected, as by entreaty he would have been more likely to have carried his point: for if it once came to be known how he had worked upon my fears, there would not be a carpenter or dreſſer in the Dublin theatre but would kick me; and as I eſteemed Mr. Moſſop as a gentleman and as an actor of the firſt eminence on any ſtage, if he inſiſted on the diſpute being ſeriouſly terminated, it would be my ultimate wiſh, my *omnium*, to have an affair of

honour with him in preference to any other gentleman whatever, on account of his theatrical conſequence; as if I was fortunate it would deter many from being impudent, and if I fell in battle it muſt be with eclat, as it would be by the hand of ſo celebrated a tragedian. The coolneſs and ſerious manner, blended with ironical humour, with which I delivered that ſpeech to Moſſop, abſolutely ſtaggered him with ſurpriſe, as inſtead of the crouching he expected there was an apparent calmneſs, ſteadineſs, and determination in what I ſaid. At laſt he ſpoke the following words: "You dare not take me off, Sir; or if you do, dare not to take me off more than a *little*; if you do more, Sir, you ſhall die."—He then inſtantly departed as majeſtic as the ghoſt of Julius Cæſar. I very ſwiftly poſted and wiſhed for wings to arrive at Capel-ſtreet, where I was in good Engliſh and Iriſh well lectured, without any opportunity for a long time of making any defence; but when breathing-time allowed a poſſibility for me, the culprit, to make any vindication, and requeſting a fair trial and a benevolent jury, and relying on the laws of the country for an honourable and juſt examination, though at that time under ſevere condemnation; yet truſting I might be indulged with a candid hearing in my own juſtification, I was not only liſtened to, but moſt honourably

acquitted, and with great approbation; for Moſſop's pride was ſo well known that they enjoyed his mortification; and, bleſſed be God, my veracity was ſo well believed, that though the dinner was ſpoiled, (a material circumſtance againſt me, and to the feelings of each craving ſtomach) we had a moſt remarkable cheerful day. When the evening grew late, Mrs. Wilſon, a ſiſter of Mrs. Kelly's, who lived as a companion from her childhood with the late Dowager Lady Granard, ſaid to me, "Come, Tate, you have been uncommon good company to day; I will not have either chair or coach, for I want you as my guard from Capel-ſtreet to Stephen's Green;" which is near the diſtance from St. Clement's church to Soho-ſquare in London. We ſet off on our parade, as ſhe ſeemed determined to walk, it being moon-light, and the ſtreets alſo well lamped, though a coach or chair was as eaſy to command as in any part of London. She often halted as if not well, and ſaid ſhe had ſomething to tell me: I urged her often to inform me what had ſo apparently affected her? ſhe anſwered ſhe would ſatisfy my inquiries if I would firſt eſcort her to Lord Forbes's in Stephen's Green. I perceived her as walking up Dawſon-ſtreet particularly agitated, and when croſſing the walk of Stephen's Green (the St. James's Park of Dublin for Promenade) ſhe com-

plained of being ill, and begged to ſit down on one of the benches, which I complied with; and after much apparent ſorrow ſhe ſaid, "My dear Tate, faith you have been ſo lively and entertaining this day, and made ſo many of my friends happy to ſee you in ſuch great ſpirits, you muſt have noticed ſurely every perſon's care and kind attention to you as more than common, though they are your ſincere and good well-wiſhers; and not being by any means willing to diſturb the pleaſant party at my ſiſter's, I put on a pleaſing countenance with an aching hear of ſorrow, therefore the lot of conveying ill news is reſerved for me." She then burſt into tears and ſaid, "My dear Tate, I have received a letter from your mother's deareſt well-wiſher, Lady Forbes, truly lamenting the loſs of her agreeable intimate friend and old acquaintance, your *dear* and *revered* mother, with whom ſhe has known many happy days. Her Ladyſhip deſired me to aſſure you, Tate, that every attendance a perſon of the higheſt rank could have required had not been wanting to relieve, aid, and ſupport her tottering impaired ſtate of health."—Her Ladyſhip had added, that ſhe would herſelf have been at the expence of ſending for me, but that my mother had thanked Lady Forbes for the favour, and ſaid, as my ſeeing her agonies could only afflict her ſon, and would add to her own

pangs, without anſwering any purpoſe, ſhe eſteemed it as a bleſſing from God that Tate was at a diſtance inſtead of being preſent; at the ſame time imploring every benediction on her ſon's head from the Almighty, and declaring that her offſpring had behaved nobly in his allowance for her comforts of life; and to add to his expences, or imbitter his mind with ſorrow, would prevent that peaceful exit to God, which ſhe did not dread, but approached with reverence and hope; awfully relying on his all-gracious mercies, and ſhe felt conſolation in her quitting this earthly abode of ſorrow: That I was then under the patronage of my Dublin wonderfully good friends, and that ſhe in her ſon's proſperity had INHERITED the utmoſt wiſhes and buildings of her fancy. Lady Forbes honoured me ſo far as to take every care of the funeral, &c. herſelf. My mother requeſted, if it might be granted without any extraordinary expence, to be laid in the vault of the Savoy Chapel, where my father had ſo many years been a miniſter; but the Rev. Mr. Wilmot, then my father's ſucceſſor, refuſed the grant, unleſs the expenſive fees were complied with, which my good mother had prohibited being acquieſced with on any account, as ſhe thought her huſband, who had ſo long been miniſter, and a grace and honour to the pulpit as a preacher, her having an elder ſon

and two daughters in that vault, humanity, charity, pity, and religion, might have granted a wife and mother, of moſt amiable and virtuous character in every true ſenſe of the word, ſuch a boon: but to the ſhame of the miniſter, Chriſtianity, and common feeling, it was denied; and ſhe was decently, and truly mournfully attended by reſpectable perſons, and ſuch true friends as were not aſhamed to pay a tribute to a woman of as good qualities as ever exalted or honoured Human Nature.—Were it poſſible a religious and amiable mind could procure happineſs for another in this world, my mother's true prayers and petitions preſented at the High Throne of Mercy in my behalf would at this time, with the Almighty's will, have made me one of the moſt bleſſed men in this life:—But we ſhould work ourſelves and not truſt to the labour of others; as the beſt find that "ſtrait is the gate and narrow is the path which leads to Heaven."

Mrs. Wilſon alſo delivered me a paper incloſed from Lady Forbes, wrote by my mother to the following effect, which I, replete with grief, thruſt into my pocket, being full of diſtreſs and agitation, for Nature will be Nature; but her letters to me at Norwich, my laſt farewel, the epiſtle to Cheſter, &c. had in ſome meaſure prepared me for an event expected, though not ſo ſuddenly; but when

choaked with agony at my laſt ſeeing her in London, ſhe had, ſpirit-like, awfully informed me ſhe ſhould never behold me more; ſo that altogether they had certainly been preparatives for the greateſt loſs that can be known, that of an indulgent and good parent. As a ſon I can repeat with truth that I was dutiful and reſpectful; but when children ſlight an affectionate father or mother, they not only give a ſtab to the parent, but open a ſluice in their own hearts for the admittance of every iron corroſive and melancholy quality, the which will to a certainty one day or other ſoften what was hard and obdurate, and make them truly reflect with Shakſpeare———

> How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankleſs child.

Indeed misfortune ſeldom pays a viſit alone, but is too often attended by a crowded proceſſion of ills and vexations, which anſwers one good purpoſe, as it prepares the mind for ſubmiſſion and a proper reſignation to quit a life, which otherwiſe with health, attended by the gaudy pleaſures of the world, Nature tugs and makes us unwillingly give up.

I retired home to Mr. Chaigneau's houſe in Abbey-ſtreet, where I then was till I ſuited myſelf with a lodging to my mind, Mr. and Mrs. Chaig-

neau being that winter at Bath. I could not reſt, but run over the many good acts my mother had done, and the many ſufferings ſhe had undergone; but feeling that truly happy and glowing ſenſation, the inſpiration of the Almighty, that told me I had acted dutifully and right by having ſupplied her wants, and that her laſt years were by her confeſſedly years of happineſs and content, it reconciled me to myſelf; and when the morning gave a ſufficient light, I earneſtly looked over the paper encloſed to me by Lady Forbes in my mother's hand-writing, great part of it is here inserted:

MY DEAR TATE,

"HAVING ſuch frequent returns of this giddy "diſorder in my head, though well and free from "any complaint at this time, yet I muſt look upon "theſe ſudden attacks as moſt proper warnings "that I may reſign life in one moment, therefore "leave this ſhort memorandum of my wearing "apparel. I would have you divide it between "Mrs. Judkins and Mrs. Jack:—I mean my "common gowns, linen, and ſuch as may be "proper for them, at your diſcretion; alſo ſuch "petticoats, cloaks, &c. as may be warm to that "poor old woman, Mrs. Jack.—I have nothing "worth leaving to my beſt friends. As you "know them all, if any little thing will be accept-

" able, let the offer come from you, particularly
" to Mrs. Batt and Mrs. Hutchinſon. Whether in
" ſickneſs or in health I feel no reluctance at
" quitting this world but the ſeparation from my
" dearly beloved Tate.—If in my ſenſes my laſt
" breath will be imploring God's bleſſings for all
" that is truly good to you, that the ſame good
" Providence may ſtill attend you, and that you
" may ever be defended from all the evils and
" dangers of the world. I pray God to conduct
" you through life; and as I am happy in believ-
" ing you are bleſſed with an honeſt good heart,
" ſo doubt not but you will give due attention to
" the plain and eaſy duties of religion, which will
" be the certain way to ſecure the favour of God
" both here and hereafter; where may we meet to
" live for ever in heaven, through the merits of
" Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

" I deſire no mark of folly or ridiculous pride
" may attend me to my bed of duſt; plain and
" decent as poſſible; neither any dreſſed up cata-
" logue of virtues in the news. I am at this in-
" ſtant well, calm, cheerful, and happy; in good
" health and ſpirits, and, whilſt in this world,

" Your moſt tender

" And affectionate mother,

" G. WILKINSON."

That day I kept closely at home; but as soon as I was mournfully equipped, and could appear with decency, I went abroad. After what had passed with Mr. Mossop, Mr. Jefferson insisted on my not appearing in the streets without a sword, which I complied with. Those who know me will laugh when they figure to themselves Wilkinson in a black scratch wig parading Dublin streets with a glaring silver-hilted sword:—To those who do not recollect or know me, I refer to Mrs. Bellamy's description in her 6th volume.—She says, "I will here take the opportunity of adding a short description of the figure, manner, and deportment of the gentleman who had been the subject of the foregoing anecdote. His person is tall, his countenance rather sportive than beautiful, and his manners agreeable. As to his theatrical talents, they are far above the common rank; he has infinite merit in comedy, and excels in mimicry.

His first appearance was in Dublin in the year 1757, where he remained till the following year. He joined the Edinburgh company in 1764, during the time I had a share in the management of it; where, by his unremitted application and great merit in every line of the drama, he rendered himself a valuable acquisition to the community. To sum up the whole of his character in a few words,

he has always been juſtly admired as an actor, beloved as a man, and eſteemed as a friend."

Well ſaid, Mrs. Bellamy, THAT I read much more palatably than the *unaſked opinion* of Mr. Stephen Kemble, who honoured me with the following from Exeter :

"My apothecary at Exeter, who is one of the beſt creatures in the world, and never charges for his phyſic, ſays, he remembers you at Exeter when you was a handſome looking young fellow ! !—I ſaid I thought he muſt be miſtaken in the perſon, or that at all events it muſt have been long ago !—Indeed there is a particular time of life when every body looks well at leaſt, if not handſome.—Though I muſt confeſs he is the only perſon whom I ever heard connect the word handſome with Tate Wilkinſon ! !—For my part I think you as ugly as any ſubject in his Majeſty's dominions :—but as I obſerved before it might be then your well-looking time.

"This paragraph, for fear you ſhould think me impertinent, I ſhall not ſign Kemble, but

"VERITAS."

I ſhould have imagined Mr. Kemble's letter meant rudely, but that it contained matter of importance to him and me, being no leſs than the foundation for a treaty that was afterwards nego-

tiating ſeriouſly for all my theatrical property; but that gentleman not approving what I aſked, and myſelf not reliſhing by any means the ſums he offered, the matter dropped after a few weeks conſideration. Mrs. Wilkinſon has ſeen, luckily for me, with my eyes, not Mr. Kemble's, which undoubtedly is *a bleſſing to herſelf.*

Digreſſion is ſo natural to my diſpoſition, it is in vain for me to attempt correcting it, ſo little are we acquainted with our own peculiarities. I had not known a wandering imagination poſſeſſed me in ſo ſtrong a degree, had not Mr. Robertſon, late of the York company, (in high eſtimation as a worthy, well-educated, ſenſible man, and was a moſt excellent comedian) frequently warned me of it in my memoirs. So a ſtranger need only take up Mr. Foote's comedy of the Cozeners, and in Mr. Aircaſtle, as drawn by that gentleman, he will find a ſtrong trait of Tate Wilkinſon.—The following lines of Mr. Aircaſtle's are a ſpecimen, and I often have recourſe to that comedy for a peep at my own ſingularities.

The COZENERS.

"Aye, aye! you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country. I remember Enſign Saſh about ten years ago—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Trea-

cle's the great ſugar-baker's, who had a houſe in St. Mary Axe—he took the leaſe from Alderman Gingham, who ſerved ſheriff with Deputy —— There was tight work on the huſtings.—Though when I firſt came to the Temple there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality-Court that I was exceedingly fond of.—Her huſband came home one night, and I crept under the bed, where I ſhould have remained concealed but for a little dog of Charles's breed; he went bow, wow, wow. Indeed a man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudiſh. I own by ourſelves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amuſement enough. Tom Teſt of our town uſed to ſay his wife was a Devonſhire girl, if I am not miſtaken, from Plymouth. There by the bye they have the beſt John Dorees in England. Old Quin, one ſummer went thither on purpoſe."

When the gloom of the melancholy event, and my natural reveries had ſubſided, I went eagerly to work in preparing the Rehearſal, and myſelf in Bayes. When I firſt acted it at Crow-ſtreet, I gave a likeneſs of Moſſop in the lines of—"So boar and ſow when any ſtorm is nigh, &c."—which being well executed of courſe had good effect.

In act the third, where I was correcting an actor, I hit off ſome words and directions pointedly

in the manner of my friend Mr. Macklin, not supposing but he would laugh at it, as he had often encouraged me to proceed with my mischievous tricks, and I used to entertain him with such matter:—It was immediately noticed and well taken. The next day Mr. Barry sent for me to give me information that Mr. Macklin, armed *cap à pè* on horseback, had called on him, and addressed him in the following words:—"Sir, I hear Wilkinson took some liberty with my manner of acting last night on your theatre: I do not trouble myself about the boy, for every affront or joke passed on your stage I shall look upon as authorised by you; and if such a practice is again repeated or attempted, I shall seriously expect you to answer for it." Barry assured him he might depend on Mr. Wilkinson's being informed of his complaint, and might rest satisfied no repetition of the sort should be again exhibited. On which Mr. Macklin remounted his rosinante, and like Don Quixote, having killed his puppet giant, he returned in triumph. Mr. Barry informed me he had pawned his honour as surety I would not be a naughty boy a second time. "Now, my dear Wilkinson," added Barry, smiling, "I beg you will be observant, and let me really depend on your not drawing me into a scrape, particularly as I hint to you I think Macklin will come to church

again;" which the next ſeaſon actually happened, as he once more acted his Sir Archy to Barry's Sir Callaghan, which was excellent. I re-aſſured Mr. Barry he need not urge ſeriouſly what was my wiſh to comply with, as for Mr. Macklin I retained the higheſt regard, and he had ever been kind and improving me by his advice and obſervations: and I really believe had Mr. Macklin been preſent he would have laughed inſtead of being offended; but Fame, increaſing as ſhe goes, had formed the trifle I had done, ere it reached Mr. Macklin, into a ſtory perhaps as ridiculous as falſe, and probably formed to the ſize of enormity, and there that matter reſted.

But with Mr. Moſſop I really had no mercy; and though he was confeſſedly an actor of merit and wonderful powers, the moſt melodious clear voice I ever heard, take it for all in all, yet his manner was ſo peculiar, that I fear as I got fame at his expence, I rather decreaſed than increaſed his; as it certainly led ſeveral enthuſiaſtic admirers to diſtinguiſh foibles and oddities not before ſo diſcernible. I really did expect, in conſequence of the great freedoms I had taken, Mr. Moſſop would certainly have called me to an account, and daily apprehended I ſhould have a meſſage or viſit.

Mr. Jefferſon, now at Exeter, who loved a little miſchief, ſaid to him one day, "Sir, I was laſt night at Crow-ſtreet, where Wilkinſon, in Tragedy A-la-Mode and in Bayes, had taken very great liberties indeed; and added, that the audience were ill-natured enough to be highly entertained;" on which Moſſop ſnuffed the air, put his hand on his ſword, and turning upon his heel, replied, "Yes, *Sir*, but he only takes *me off a lit—tle*," and made his angry departure. After which Jefferſon never again renewed the ſubject, but was aſtoniſhed, after his repeated and open threats of vengeance, he had not acted more conſiſtently: And after the ſaid Mr. Jefferſon's telling me that circumſtance, I never heard more of Mr. Moſſop's ſword, piſtol, or anger.

I played a great number of nights with Mr. Barry that ſeaſon, and had a lucrative ſecond engagement, as my firſt finiſhed December 19. I acted repeatedly Wolſey, Oakly, Tragedy A-la-Mode, Cadwallader, Bayes, &c.—And when Mr. Sheridan that winter, who had not been ſeen from the time of his baniſhment, occaſioned by Barry's and Woodward's oppoſition, his long abſence, and a general reſpect being paid him, gave ſucceſs to Barry, and a ſevere blow to Moſſop, as he had then loſt every tragic ſupport, Mrs. Fitzhenry having returned once more to Crow-ſtreet, and

Mrs. Abington was engaged in London. Moſſop's only ſupport was Mr. Macklin's Shylock, Love A-la-Mode, &c.; and Miſs Catley, who then occaſioned much converſation and faſhion, gave the old Beggar's Opera a new run, and allured ſeveral audiences; Macklin acted Peachum. But Mr. Sheridan, not having performed in Dublin from his deſertion in 1758 till late in the year 1763, made him not only, from grateful and honourable feelings well received (for the well-known injuries he had ſuſtained as a gentleman, and more ſo from malevolent party and prejudice, as the darling actor of the hearts in general of that metropolis:—Not that I ſhould have voted or aſſigned the chair of Roſcius (to ſpeak candidly) in favour of Mr. Sheridan againſt Barry or Moſſop, particularly not againſt the former.——Mr. Sheridan drew ſeveral overflowing houſes:—He acted Hamlet, his eſtabliſhed particular character, for his benefit by the univerſal deſire of his friends, and he actually ſent a card to me requeſting I would oblige him by ſtudying the Apprentice (which I had never played) for his night, which I agreed to with pleaſure, as I ever held Mr. Sheridan reſpectable; and indeed the conſequence turned out an obligation to myſelf, as my performing that character (though immediately after the merit of the juſtly admired Wood-

ward) was not only much reliſhed, but perpetually called for, and in London the enſuing ſeaſon did wonders for me, and might be termed my *chef d'oeuvre* there. Mr. Moſſop I did not neglect when I was in my apprenticeſhip:——And, ſtrange to tell——but men are men, the beſt ſometimes forget——Mr. Sheridan came to return me thanks for the favour, and to wiſh me joy of my applauſe, and rejoicingly told me all his friends were particularly pleaſed, and himſelf had been highly entertained with my ſtrong likeneſs of Mr. Moſſop. Here is a ſtriking inſtance of Human Nature; for if the reader will but turn his memory round to my firſt winter in Ireland, he will recollect how more than pointedly auſtere Mr. Sheridan was againſt mimicry and me, with his particular ſeverity on jokes and freedoms of that nature.

My benefit was on Monday, December 19, 1763.—The Mourning Bride: Oſmyn, by Mr. Barry; the King, by Mr. Wilkinſon; Zara, by Mrs. Fitzhenry; Almeria, by Mrs. Dancer:—With, by particular deſire, The Prodigal's Return, in the manner of the original; Tragedy A-la-Mode; alſo Fielding's Pleaſures of the Town, or the Puppet Shew.——The bills paſſed Mr. Barry's ordeal, and naturally may be ſuppoſed to have been quartered upon three parts of the Dublin inhabitants, beſides all my boxes being taken by my

friends and the public, and the great call for tickets made them more univerſally diſperſed. This, if you are a theatrical reader, I beg you will notice was the very winter Woodward had broke his connection as manager with Barry, and had ſpoken his prologue, of the Prodigal returned at London, and had been received with open arms, at his former reſidence of Elyſium. That Prologue, if I had properly conſidered, certainly was a dangerous and wanton undertaking, and therefore ſhould have required thought, as it indubitably might have drawn me into a predicament which, if taken offenſively, might to a certainty have turned out ſo ſerious, that all my friends combined, could not have extricated me from the bad conſequences, as offence is ſooner conceived than forgiven; and too many people like being offended to gratify, by ſuch opportunity, their darling ſpleen and ill-nature: and even acquaintances are liable to ſway with the opinion of the multitude to prove their impartiality; which often makes luke-warm friends the moſt dangerous of enemies that can be conceived, as their deſertion is made ſubſervient by artful inſinuations to become uſeful *for baſe purpoſes*.

About five days before my benefit, Mr. Barry called on me in great perturbation, and ſaid, Mr. Woodward had informed him by letter, that in

London, on looking over the Dublin Journal, he to his aſtoniſhment had ſeen his Prodigal prologue advertiſed to be ſpoken by Mr. Wilkinſon, and in his manner :—That he expected and requeſted to have that part of the bill expunged, as it might greatly injure him, and he alſo judged it a ſervice of danger to Mr. Wilkinſon :—He made a point of it the more as he intended (he added) to perform a few nights in the ſpring on his own ſtage in Crow-ſtreet, and he feared Mr. Wilkinſon's whim might have a perilous tendency. I felt the force of truth, and not meaning injury, ſhould have been unhappy to have occaſioned any. My bills were immediately altered, and what Mr. Woodward had ſurmiſed to be offenſive was directly taken out; and its not being in the future bills, great or ſmall I never thought more of what I conſidered merely as a trifling matter.

That night, December 23, (though I had been honoured with many good ones) notwithſtanding Mr. and Mrs. Chaigneau were abſent, was the beſt I ever had in Dublin, the receipt being 180l. The laſt muſic was called about the uſual time, and was playing to that bumper of a houſe, which finiſhed, and the curtain riſing to melting notes; and as Mrs. Dancer was impatiently expecting her uſual plaudits from every hand, ſtick, and voice, the contrary burſt forth with moſt horrid din and

vociferation, and to her aſtoniſhment the univerſal cry was—"Off! off!—Wilkinſon! Wilkinſon! Woodward's prologue," &c. Mrs. Dancer attempted to courteſy and ſpeak, but all in vain; ſhe was compelled to retire, full of grief, rage, ſhame, anger, and vexation:—For my part I was dreſſed all trim for his Majeſty, and thinking to command as a king and not be commanded. I was petrified like Lord Ogleby, and almoſt diſtilled to jelly by my fears: Barry ſummoned me in high rage, and the audience continued all the while in tumult. Mrs. Dancer flew into a violent paſſion for what ſhe had ſuſtained on my account. Barry ſaid, he was certain I had wilfully occaſioned the riot, and planted perſons to call for the prologue. I replied, on my honour, that I had ſtrictly obeyed his commands, and from the moment he had mentioned my not doing it I never more gave the fatal prologue a thought; and urged, what was truth, that my very dreſs for the king of Portugal made my aſſertions evident: therefore Mr. Glover (late Dr. Glover, in Fleet-ſtreet) who was then engaged as an actor, with Mr. Barry's directions went forward, and after much bowing, intreating, &c. was at length ſuffered to inform them that Mr. Wilkinſon was then dreſſed for the King, and actually was not prepared for the prologue, it having been judged improper in the higheſt degree, and

purpoſely omitted, not only in the bills of the day, but for the whole week paſt*: Therefore Mr. Barry and Mr. Wilkinſon reſpectfully hoped the omiſſion would be pardoned, approved, and excuſed. The anſwer was not only univerſal, but as if one determined voice—"No! no! no!—No play! no play! No benefit unleſs he ſpeaks the prologue." Barry began then to be ſeriouſly alarmed, as it bore the marks of determination not to be trifled with; he alledged, ſo ſituated, Mr. Woodward himſelf could not be angry when properly informed, and ſaid, "Well, Wilkinſon, I do not blame you—I ſee evidently it is a formed party of angry enemies againſt Woodward, ſo ſpeak the prologue as well as you can." Mr. Glover then informed the audience I would ſpeak the prologue, and endeavour to recollect it againſt the finiſh of the play, but "No, no!" was the cry and anſwer—"The prologue now, or no play." I felt myſelf in a ſituation very alarming: I had no alternative; and really not having attended to the prologue after giving up every idea of it, to recollect what I had conned over was very difficult, having never ſpoke it, nor having the leaſt imagination of its ever being ſuch a ſerious matter of contention.—Once more Mr. Glover was deputed, and underwent a peal of groans and hiſſes; but

* Benefits were then advertiſed three weeks before the Night.

being again permitted to be heard, he ſaid, if they would honour Mr. Wilkinſon with the indulgence of a few minutes to change his dreſs and collect himſelf, he would exert his abilities, and ſpeak the prologue as well as he was capable. The theatre reſounded approbation, and "Yes, yes—bravo! bravo!"—I do not think in any dramatic occurrence I ever was ſo truly overpowered: I took a half pint of Madeira, and that aſſiſtance, before I thought of the prologue, actually inſpired me to repeat theſe lines:——

——————— Valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction:
Theſe are not ills, elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt favourites and the beſt of men.
The gods in bounty work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which ſhun the day, and lie concealed
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

The above alluſion was conceited, but I was young, and the whim ſtruck my fancy. The idea of conſequence I had agreeably placed myſelf in by that repetition, however ſtrutting and fantaſtical, aided by the good heartening Madeira, tuned my mind to ſome degree of compoſure: I ſtripped with alacrity, and put on an old grey frock, a pair of blue boot ſtockings, my ſcratch wig, &c. and

quickly transformed myſelf; and thus equipped, with hat in hand, advanced to take the field: but however, quick as I had been, the patience of the audience were tired, and ſuſpecting more impoſition, as they termed it, let me know they were all there; and I naturally conceived they had not entirely forgot my ſlip mentioned in 1762, when they promiſed retaliation, which perhaps might have conſpired to render the ſaid mentioned prologue conſidered as a matter of more moment than otherwiſe it would have been: However, I was certainly the unlucky *Buſy Body*. The muſic played, and the bell at laſt was rung: They were ſoon all ſeated, and ſilence loudly proclaimed. Be it obſerved, that Mr. Woodward, when he ſpoke that prologue firſt at Covent Garden, after an abſence of a few years, popped his head on the ſtage from the door, drew himſelf haſtily away as if aſhamed of being ſuch a prodigal ſon as to leave his good friends and not know when he was well. He next crept on by the curtain, peeping, and then hiding his face again till he attained the centre of the ſtage, which was wittingly conceived, and had a happy effect. So on my approach that night I practiſed the ſame manœuvre, but as in imitation of Woodward, and not owing to my own bright thought: The audience on my firſt approach, and drawing back as above de-

ſcribed, half hiſſed—half applauded: but on my ſecond and third advance, a-la-mode Woodward, the approbation aroſe to a degree equal almoſt to Woodward's reception at Covent Garden; for they apprehended all my acted modeſty was a *natural* impromptu, and a tacit confeſſion of ſhame for keeping them ſo long waiting, and having meant artfully to deprive them of that part of the evening's entertainment, they were determined to hear, and all in compliance to the baſhaw order of the manager: however, my pardon was fully proclaimed long before I ſpoke, by peals of laughter and applauſe, and I felt very differently from the hour before that pleaſing altered ſituation; and what is no more ſtrange than true, they with infinite good humour approved almoſt every line of the prologue, as if it had been calculated to compliment the Dublin audience, inſtead of the contrary; and I may venture to ſay Mr. Woodward was certainly to blame when he wrote and ſpoke it:—

But men in rage ſtrike thoſe who love them beſt.

For though he might be right in ſound judgment to return to London, he could eaſily have ſtudied means to have paid court, and obtained pardon and ſupport on his going back to the ſtation where he had formerly been for many years an eſtabliſhed favourite, without inconſiderately and un-

gratefully throwing reflections on thoſe who had ever reſpected his worth as a man, and his merit as an actor of eminence. His view in quitting London was gain, as was his returning; and he was like to ſtand the hazard of that die, he himſelf had purpoſely thrown. As I have ſaid ſo much relative to the prologue, I will here inſert it, and I hope not with impropriety.

BEHOLD! the prodigal *return'd*—quite *tame*—
And (though you'll hardly think it) full of *ſhame*:
Aſham'd! ſo long t'have left my patrons here—
On random ſchemes—the Lord knows *what* and *where!*
—With *piteous* face (long ſtranger to a *grin*)
Receive the *penitent*—and let him in!
Forgive his *errours*—ope the *friendly* door;
And then he's *your's* 1*—and *your's* 2—and *your's* 3—as heretofore.
—Ye Gods! what havock does *ambition* make—
Ambition drove me to the grand miſtake!
Ambition! made me *mad* enough to roam—
But, now, I feel (with joy) that *home* is *home*—
Faith! they put *powder in my drink*, d'ye ſee?
Or elſe, by *Pharaoh's foot*, it could not be!
Belike Queen *Mab* toucht me (at *full o' th' moon*)
With a *Field Marſhal Manager's* battoon—
And ſo I dreamt of *riches—honour—pow'r—*
'Twas but a *dream* tho'—and that *dream* is o'er—
How happy now I walk my native ground;
Above—below—nay! faith—all *round and round*,

* 1, 2, 3, Pit, Boxes, Galleries.

I gueſs ſome pleaſures in your boſoms burn,
To ſee the *Prodigal* poor *ſon return*—
Perhaps I'm *vain* tho', and the caſe miſtake;
No—no—yes—yes—for old acquaintance ſake,
Some gen'rous, hoſpitable, ſmiles you'll ſend—
Beſides! I *own* my faults and mean to *mend*—
Oh, ho! * they ring—how *ſweet* that ſound appears,
After an abſence of four *tireſome* years—
Marplot, to night—ſo ſays the *bill of fare*! †
Now waits your pleaſure, with his *uſual* air—
Oh! may I *act* the part ſtill *o'er* and *o'er*!
But never BE the BUSY BODY more.

I thought all that prologue buſineſs well over, and was to play Cardinal Wolſey ſhortly after—Queen Catherine, Mrs. Fitzhenry; (as Mr. Foote had ſent Barry over the new farce of the Mayor of Garratt it occaſioned me a ſecond engagement with him for ten nights more). On my entrance as the Cardinal, to my aſtoniſhment there was an univerſal cry for Woodward's prologue, nor would they let me or the play proceed till I advanced and ſaid, "Gentlemen, as ſoon as I am dead I will certainly ſpeak it." The oddity of my Iriſh blunder ſet them into a laugh, and all was right till the play was over, then it was not forgot, but for fear I ſhould give them the ſlip was loudly called for.

* The warning-bell rings. † Pointing to a play-bill.

In a few days the Mayor of Garratt was ready, which, with puffing and extracts from the London papers, brought a crowded houſe. I was equipped exactly in Mr. Foote's manner for Major Sturgeon, and pleaſed myſelf with the effect my figure would have on my firſt entrance as the Major; for the piece being quite new, was a feather in my cap, and I was in high ſpirits on the occaſion; but notwithſtanding the novelty and expectation of much entertainment from the new farce, no ſooner was the curtain drawn up than that curſed unfortunate and tormenting prologue was again called for by every body, and "Wilkinſon!—Prologue! prologue! Wilkinſon!" reſounded from every part of the theatre.—A perſon not acquainted with the ſtage may perhaps not think this any particular hardſhip, but an actor will feel it to be, as I myſelf found it, really a piece of ill fortune, and very diſtreſſing. Let any brother comedian ſuppoſe himſelf well-dreſſed for a remarkable character dependent partly on that dreſs, and that the firſt night too of a new comedy, in which he expected fame and profit, and one half the effect depending on his firſt appearance.—But this prologue they would have—I refuſed—but was obliged to go on and plead:—All arguing was in vain; and what was worſe, in that prologue I was to complain of want and penury, &c. and ſhould

have been in a very indifferent dreſs; yet they wiſhed me to ſpeak it with a ſtuffed belly, roſy cheeks, and in a great pair of French boots: No remonſtrances would avail—I urged my boots as an excuſe, but they only laughed aloud and ſaid, "Never mind, Major, ſpeak it in your boots."—I thought ſome planet had unwitted men—I was obliged to ſubmit, and was ſo far in character (as the Prodigal) that I felt more inclined to cry than laugh. After that diſagreeable ceremony the farce proceeded on, was highly received, and acted ſix or ſeven nights, but never without their favourite prologue, let me have acted what I would; nay, had I played Lady Townly or Juliet, I am certain I muſt have ſpoke it. However, cuſtom reconciles many diſagreeable things in life, which at firſt appear not only diſguſtful but painful; ſo this prologue, by uſe, I at length repeated perfectly eaſy, let me be dreſſed as I would; and as "what muſt be, muſt be," I was prepared for the ſummons. Barry wiſhed me to continue, as he urged I was much more eſtabliſhed there, as a performer, than at any other period; and that favour from the public at large without being in the leaſt dependent on my particular friends: yet things happen ſo contradictory, that it muſt appear ſtrange to ſay, that the trifling prologue had ſo teized me, it was the only time I ever quitted Dublin with-

out regret, and at the very period I loved that place the moſt. At the end of January 1764, I left that city, and took my route the north road by Drogheda, Newry, Carrickfergus, and Belfaſt, to Donogadee.

But before I take leave of the prologue buſineſs entirely, I muſt beg permiſſion to give the ſequel and cataſtrophe to it, and I hope I ſhall be forgiven for my tautology and tedioufneſs reſpecting it.

Mr. Woodward went over to Ireland late in the ſpring ſeaſon 1764:—he was advertiſed to play; and, to ſecure his former footing, his firſt appearance was announced for a public charity benefit; when a rumour was whiſpered, and of courſe ſoon circulated, about Mr. Woodward's prodigal prologue, ſpoken in London at Covent Garden theatre, and ſo often repeated by Wilkinſon to the audience in Dublin during the winter months of playing. It may be readily conjectured that fooliſh buſineſs was not a little puſhed forwards by the oppoſite intereſts connected with the Moſſopian theatre; and actors can, in ſpite of nature, now and then give a lift to irritation and ſpleen in public taverns, &c. particularly if things are not agreeable to themſelves at the time. Not but there are as worthy and ſuperior minds of both ſexes to be found in a theatre as in any other ſet of people whatever: but when we judge in gene-

ral of mankind, wo be to the ſafety of thoſe who truſt their ſecurity, in the ſtate of reliance, on humanity, honour, and good-nature :—though it is ſaid charity covereth a multitude of ſins, yet Woodward's coat of mail and merit on this occaſion would not avail; it was not only penetrable ſtuff, but furiouſly threatened with aſſaſſination on all ſides, as they judged it a flimſy pretext to hide or conceal a conſcientiouſneſs of his fault, and a groſs affront to the city of Dublin at large.

The playing for a charity for his firſt appearance, was a poor ſubterfuge, and made bad worſe, as they all knew his real view and intent was profit; they therefore termed that a paltry evaſion, and a tacit confeſſion of guilt and fear, and on the day of his intended performance, the ſaid prologue was actually printed as ſpoken by the *grateful* Henry Woodward; therefore all the lines they had noted when I ſpoke it, they locked ſafe in the volumes of their brains, and ſuch as they took to be offenſive and affrontive were marked in the freſh printed ones in Italics—here *potatoes*, another line *turnips*, and at laſt *baniſhed from thoſe boards*.—The matter wore ſo ſerious an aſpect, that Mr. Woodward and his friends thought it prudent and adviſeable for him to decline playing there that night, or any other; on that he ſpeedily retreated, not making his appearance even in the ſtreets for fear of being

inſulted, nor did he ever viſit Ireland to play again.

I am vexed at relating this, becauſe it was occaſioned by a fooliſh wantonneſs on my part, attended with perplexity and vexation to myſelf, and followed with ſuch ſerious conſequences to Mr. Woodward, as never could have entered my head.—It hurt me the more, as I really regarded him much:—it occaſioned a great coolneſs and ironical diſtance between us for an interval, which was natural and unavoidable: But reflection and time made us reconciled, and reſtored us not only to our former acquaintance, but to a much ſtronger intimacy than before, and a ſincere friendſhip which truly continued till that moment which ſeparates king and people, huſband and wife, father and ſon—and all the world.

Mr. Woodward was a gentleman of true worth, and not undeſerving the ſigh of any perſon, however exalted, as he undoubtedly was an honourable member of ſociety, and an actor, while within memory, whoſe merits cannot, *muſt not*, be forgotten: His Marplot, Bobadil, and Flaſh, will be for years enrolled in ſtage hiſtory.

I now muſt travel to Donogadee, and from thence to Edinburgh; but I was obliged to continue three or four days, the wind not anſwering directly for Scottiſh ſteerage—the diſtance I gueſs

is nearly the same as between Dover and Calais; or perhaps rather more; packets appointed by Government have now rendered that passage more commodious and safe, and traverse to and fro in regular course, which affords great temptations to ladies and gentlemen not fond of a sea voyage. When I unluckily adventured over in the depth of winter, it was in a storm, accompanied by snow with all its horrid attendants, and in an open wherry; no shelter whatever from the inclemency of weather; the sailors all drunk; twenty pigs and sows, with horses, and a methodist preacher: Whether he or the possessed swine raised the tempest I cannot determine—I rather suppose the Fates. However, we rushed on the rocks on the opposite shore, which is remarkably rugged, with a force that seemed to me astonishing: they said it was the usual manner of landing at Port Patrick! Indeed, though I was six hours, the passage in general I believe is performed in less time, and I am informed is rendered pleasant and convenient for the weary traveller; and besides these allurements, its shortness and an almost certainty of safety, an accident being seldom heard of: but mine was an instance to encourage wayfarers to pass that way, as then conveniences were never thought of:—The wherry in the storm almost guided itself—a drunken crew—no shelter from

the ſeverity of climate—yet the actor, the preacher, the ſailors, the ſows and pigs, horſes, &c. all arrived ſafe on the Scotch ſhore. If the eſcape was owing to the particular good qualities of the medley groupe, I fear the drunken ſailors would have the ſuperior claim allowed to them, as they undiſguiſed expoſed their unthinking folly, while it was poſſible the methodiſt and the dramatic were both actors: had a Jew been in the boat he would probably have imputed the ſtorm to the herd of ſwine.

I do confeſs, without aſking belief, I was glad of a ſupper in an hut called an inn, and to get a night's reſt there; that ſaid hut is now transformed to a decent place of reception for ſtrangers. There was not at that period a tolerable road, or any regular track for near forty miles, nor any mode of travelling but on little ſtarved horſes and a wild guide to Glaſgow; now there are poſt-chaiſes.—However, I accompliſhed my journey on horſeback in two days, the firſt night to Aire, the ſecond to Glaſgow; it rained heavily, and was accompanied with hail, ſnow, and every concomitant ſevere weather could give: I felt much for the guide who carried my luggage, but he appeared perfectly contented, whilſt I ſeemed ready to give up the ghoſt; but the beholding the ſpires of the noble

city of Glaſgow recruited my almoſt exhauſted ſpirits, till by dint of labour I at laſt, about ten at night, arrived in that truly elegant built city:—It was far ſuperior to Edinburgh, and has greatly improved; but in point of rapid grandeur in building and improvements Edinburgh has given Glaſgow a Somerſet ſurpriſe, ſo as to baffle all compariſon, and now ſtands foremoſt as one of the moſt beautiful corporate towns in Europe.

I was truly ill when I got to the Bull Inn, and actually from fatigue extended myſelf on the carpet before the fire; but good wine, good ſupper, good bed, good every thing, made me feel in heaven. Next day I took a poſt-chaiſe, and in the evening reached Edinburgh, and ſtopped at an inn in the Graſs Market, very indifferent indeed in every reſpect as to accommodation or neatneſs, which gave me a bad opinion of the capital city of Scotland.

Edinburgh is romantically and pleaſantly ſituated; indeed more ſo than can be imagined or deſcribed; nor has even Bath, or any other town or city within my knowledge, made ſuch rapid ſtrides towards improvement as the new town of Edinburgh. The new ſtreets, hotels, ſuperb ſquares, &c. are aſtoniſhing; but, added to all thoſe elegancies, in the winter ſeaſon the town is well lighted throughout. This deſcription will make

a narrow-minded Cockney ſtare who thinks green peas were never ſeen in Scotland, and ſuppoſes all the inhabitants live on barley-broth, haggaſs, and crowdy, and has confirmed his notions by ſurmiſing Edinburgh to be a dirty, mean place; but if he will travel and take a peep, it will open his eyes, and make him confeſs with ſurpriſe, aſtoniſhment, and conviction, that it with juſtice lays claim to being placed in a ſtation that evinces ſuperiority, and demands a rank as a city of eminence, admiration, conſequence, and diſtinction: In point of elegance and ſpirit, there is no ſuch city in the kingdom of Great Britain, except London and Bath. But, reader, obſerve, Edinburgh was not in the ſtate I have been endeavouring to deſcribe when I firſt arrived there in Feb. 1764: It was then merely confined to the old town, and deſtitute of many of thoſe elegancies it now poſſeſſes—to a degree of luxury and extravagance in every reſpect. On my ſetting down at Edinburgh I neither had engagement nor acquaintance with any perſon whatever, theatrical or otherwiſe, but had gone there at hap hazard, and removed myſelf four hundred miles from London into a ſtrange country, and took that wonderful circumbendibus to North Britain uninvited, merely from my own whim and inclination:—but on inquiry was highly pleaſed to find my old friend

Mrs. Bellamy was there, with whom I had not only dined at Mr. Calcraft's, when she lived in Parliament-street, but had been on an intimacy for years by seeing her constantly as a visitor at Lady Tyrawley's, at Somerset-House, near the Savoy, who regarded Mrs. Bellamy much as a supposed natural daughter of Lord Tyrawley's, though his Lordship had proved a false mate to his wedded lady; who, though a woman of high sense and breeding could not boast of any personal attraction, as she was short-sighted, squinted, and was in her person rather bordering on the extravagance of caricature, but was friendly, generous, sensible, and humane, and ever honoured my father and mother as a constant kind companion and good neighbour. She possessed more of Cibber's Lady Dainty in respect to cats, dogs, and monkeys, than any other that ever came within the scope of my discernment. Indeed her apartments at Somerset-House were truly disagreeable to enter, and when in not without some danger or apprehension at least from the variety of animals, as there were loose monkeys and a file of yelping dogs to pass before one could get to the room and then to a chair; and an affront to any one of those favourites was truly so to her ladyship, and not to be forgiven:—there were never

leſs than three or four monkeys dreſſed in regimentals, or as fine ladies and gentlemen.—But no pen, however able, can poſſibly exaggerate her propenſity to this tribe, as if ſelected againſt a ſecond flood. On Mrs. Bellamy's knowing me ſo long by meetings at Lady Tyrawley's, &c. I was no ſooner announced in Scotland than moſt friendly received, and a general *inſiſted* invitation to make a home of her houſe and Mr. Bellamy's (alias Digges), at Bonnington, during my ſtay in Edinburgh: It is a pleaſant village ſituated little more than a mile from the town, but now I dare ſay nearly connected by the additional ſtreets and buildings. Mr. Digges was certainly the moſt polite gentleman in the world to his ladies, and not chooſing to have Mrs. Digges's name in the bills, (for living together in Scotland conſtitutes a marriage while in that kingdom) he moſt graciouſly exchanged his name of Digges for Bellamy; alſo, let that lady perform whatever character ſhe would, ſhe was always placed at the head of the bill; as for inſtance:——This day Romeo and Juliet: *Juliet, Mrs. Bellamy*; *Romeo, Mr. Bellamy*.——On being introduced into the green room I met with little neat Mrs. Mozeen, my Portſmouth Deſdemona, 1758, who by the name of Edwards had been bred carefully up, and in-

troduced to the London audience by Mrs. Clive, who was ſo partial to her adoption, that ſhe for the firſt time gave up Polly, which ſhe would not do to Mrs. Cibber, and acted Lucy, (which was beyond compare) on producing her own taught Polly: but Mrs. Mozeen's powers were weak, and ſhe fell by taſting the apple like her mother eve, and the chaſte, the comical, the enraged Clive diſcarded her, and reſumed Polly herſelf, and let her pupil down the wind to prey on Fortune.

Mrs. Mozeen, whom I believe I have mentioned as being a favourite actreſs at Portſmouth in 1758, was at Edinburgh 1764, under the wings of a long tall Northumberland manager of Edinburgh, whoſe name was *Dowſon*, cojointly with a Mr. Bates. Edinburgh Dowſon had, like a true *lovyer*, ſacrificed all his buſineſs and good ſituation at Newcaſtle to proſtrate himſelf with offerings of incenſe and gaudy mock trappings of falſe ſilver and gold lace at the feet of his theatrical princeſs, which at laſt ended in his wilful ruin.—This was in the time of the old theatre in Cannongate, long before the preſent new one (or even the New Town) was either built or thought on.——Mrs. Mozeen had a plurality of lovers, and always put me in mind of Shakeſpear's lines:——

Behold yon ſimpering lady, ſhe who ſtarts at
Pleaſure's name, and thinks her ear prophaned with
The leaſt wanton word; wou'd you believe it? &c.

And ſo it was with that lady; for at the leaſt ſudden joke ſhe bluſhed to ſuch a degree as to give the beholder pain for an offence not meant or intended.

A Miſs Wordly alſo was there, whom Mrs. Bellamy has mentioned in her apology as being termed the *Goddeſs of Nonſenſe*, as a compliment to her being remarkably the contrary: But there my friend Bellamy forgot herſelf, as indeed ſhe often tripped with her memory, for Miſs Wordly was called the *Goddeſs of Nonſenſe* by acting that part for my benefit in a farce of Fielding's, entitled, The Pleaſures of the Town, and was ſo chriſtened by Mr. Aickin, who was then in Edinburgh, in high and deſerved eſtimation, and with whom I had the ſatisfaction of *many*, *many* happy days, or rather evenings, (not omitting our Scotch pint of claret, and neither of us averſe to Madeira—to the latter I then and now give the preference,) particularly recollecting one hour's laugh with him on my nearly breaking my neck by a fall into the coal cellar. I could have propheſied he would, from his ſpirited manner then, have been more fortunate, if properly ſupported, on his firſt onſet in London in an animated and lively line; but it

may be better as it is, for he is now playing what he might at this time have had to ſtudy; as years will creep (which neither Aickin nor Wilkinſon can prevent); therefore it makes his preſent time the more eaſy and pleaſant, and "All is well that ends well," is a good motto for us ſtage players.

The third day of my being in Edinburgh I had a card of invitation from Mr. Dowſon and Mr. David Bates, managers, to ſup with them at a tavern: I was entertained very reſpectfully; and in the courſe of caſual converſation Mr. Dowſon (who was the monied manager juſt then) aſked me what terms I required for eight or ten nights? ſaid, they could not afford any thing extravagant, as I had come uninvited (which ſhould never be done) and at the very prime part of the ſeaſon when they wanted not any foreign aid: Beſides, Mr. Dowſon ſaid, (and with truth) Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy were towers of ſtrength. I eaſily ſurmiſed by that converſation they meant to be very courtier-like and civil, but wanted not any engagement that was likely to coſt them any thing. I found I had undertaken an expenſive tedious journey, merely on ſpeculation, and condemned myſelf as having acted wrong in ſo doing, and really thought I might as well have been lucratively paid at that time by Mr. Barry, who had had me at his bedſide requeſting me to ſtay a

month longer in Dublin, even though I had been made to ſpeak Woodward's prologue againſt the grain; for Mr. Barry then wanted every aſſiſtance, he being confined by a rheumatiſm few perſons experienced equally painful as himſelf. The Scotch managers and I parted very civilly, but no hint of terms for an engagement on either ſide:—The day following at dinner with Mr. Digges, or Mr. Bellamy—which ever appellation the reader likes beſt,—I informed him and his lady what had paſſed, and that it had determined me to quit Scotland immediately. Mrs. Bellamy replied, that what the managers had told me was the exact ſtate of facts as they then ſtood: "And," ſaid ſhe, "as Mr. Bellamy and myſelf are concerned in the *profits* in one intereſt; and as we ſettle all the plays, we do not want you Mr. Wilkinſon, as it is evident you have thrown yourſelf into their power if you play at all; and if not, you have no alternative but to depart and make better uſe of your time, as you certainly can; for Bates and Dowſon undoubtedly think as you are on the ſpot you will not neglect any decent engagement. But, my friend Tate," continued ſhe, "you are ſure I wiſh you well from my long knowledge of you; and if you will for once depend on my advice, and ſtay over Saturday or Monday next, a wonderful change may

happen in the movements of the theatrical machine that will aſtoniſh Bates and Dowſon, and you may command your own terms; at preſent they are ſure they can do without you, but Sunday next will cauſe a contrary opinion." I was much ſurpriſed, and begged Mrs. Bellamy to be explicit. "Why," ſaid ſhe, "Tate, I will prove myſelf explicit and honourable to you, as I can rely on your ſecrecy:—There is a law in force in Scotland, that if any perſon whatever is in debt, and known to be quitting the kingdom, they can arreſt, even on a Sunday, on oath being firſt made. Mr. Digges is much involved here, and is ſo unfortunately circumſtanced at this juncture that he cannot poſſibly continue longer, without loſs of liberty.—On Saturday night Mr. Digges will, on ſome pretext, get all the caſh he can from Mr. Still the treaſurer:—Dowſon is not deſtitute of property, and muſt pay the actors:—Mr. Digges will by Sunday night be ſecretly and ſecurely conveyed out of their reach, and ſafe on the other ſide the Tweed, in Old England:—On Monday Bates and Dowſon will be in the utmoſt conſternation, and their only relief will be that of requeſting your aſſiſtance."—The event turned out exactly as Mrs. Bellamy's ſecret advice had painted; and on the prophecied Monday they were obliged to offer me

unaſked, two clear benefits, who a week before would not have given one without the charges being duly paid into their coffers inſtead of my purſe.

The Minor was firſt reſolved on; next the Mayor of Garratt; both were quite new.—Mrs. Cole was rather thought improper, alſo Dr. Squintum, as touching on matters there judged too ſerious:—but I was very faſhionable, and all was right; but Major Sturgeon was the favourite.—I acted in various plays and farces, from Richard, Bayes, &c. to the Lyar; in ſhort I played many good parts, and was received with candour and much approbation. Mrs. Bellamy had two benefits, and both much honoured in the compliments they paid her on thoſe nights.—Her firſt was the Funeral:—I acted Trim; Mrs. Bellamy, Lady Brumpton; Campley, Mr. Aickin.——Her ſecond night was the Orphan of China: Zamti, Mr. Wilkinſon; Etan, Mr. Aickin; Mandane, Mrs. Bellamy: Hamet was to have been acted by Mr. Collins, who has given the public at London, and elſewhere, much entertainment by his Bruſh; he was taken ill, and the part was obliged to be ſubſtituted by Mr. Creſwick's good-naturedly reading that character. The accident not only hurt the play but Mr. Collins, as Mrs. Bellamy, in an acrimonious apology and manner, re-

preſented to the audience that Mr. Collins purpoſely diſtreſſed the repreſentation, and in plain terms told them nought but malevolence and ill-behaviour was the true cauſe of the diſappointment. I have no reaſon to imagine her accuſation was truly or ill-founded, but that was the colour ſhe gave it; and becauſe frequent illneſs, ſudden and laſting, we are all ſubject to.

I was ſoon well acquainted with ſeveral leading gentlemen, particularly with Mr. Nicholſon Swetart, who was then univerſally known, and as well remembered from London to Edinburgh, and at every public place of reſort, as any worthy ſpirited gentleman can be, and in conſequence reſpected in the three kingdoms:—He poſſeſſed liberality and that goodneſs of heart (above all to be recorded) which many may envy, but few, very few, can equal, and felt the dramatic furor in a degree, like Mr. Vapid, not to be ſurpaſſed; which I mention as no diſhonour to himſelf as an admirer of Shakſpeare and Garrick, but to his own fame as a mind full of liberality and underſtanding, and pay only a juſt tribute in ſuch declaration

My days and hours at that period were very happily engaged, and always, when not with company, was certain of an agreeable party with Mrs. Bellamy. My obligations at Edinburgh were extended beyond mediocrity, and in the courſe of

my repeated visits to that city exceed the limits of expressing a proper acknowledgment.

My first benefit there, was on the 14th of March, 1764:—The Way to keep him; Tragedy A-la-Mode; Bucks have at ye All; with Duke and no Duke: Lovemore, Trapolin, &c. by Mr. Wilkinson; Widow Belmour, Mrs. Bellamy.

My second (the last night of the season) I acted King Lear, and had the farce of the Pleasures of the Town, aided by Miss Wordly's Goddess of Nonsense. I was not only satisfied, but even delighted with my expedition to Canny Edinburgh; and indeed, from my frequent visits to that place, has occurred the most enviable and pleasing consequences, which on reflection must ever be delightful to my memory; such as renewing my acquaintance there, which repaid my journies with every agreeable advantage, an increase of friends, a kind reception, great and honourable benefits freely attended to, with many high-bestowed compliments, which has left behind an indelible mark of gratitude on my heart that no filer or artist can ever deface, only the slow and sure hand of Time that moulders even matters of magnitude to ashes and dust.

The Edinburgh season ended: Mrs. Bellamy wished me to proceed on an expedition then forming for a new theatre at Glasgow just finished,

but I at that time was in a bad ſtate of health and therefore declined it; as, added to indiſpoſition, I wiſhed once more to review my London apartments, which I had not had the opportunity of ſeeing from the time of my mother's death, and where all the furniture, clothes, &c. were ſafely and honourably ſecured by the undoubted care and regard of Mrs. Alcock in Little Bedford-ſtreet in the Strand, and of courſe I had ſome matters of buſineſs to ſettle: Indeed I grew worſe and worſe in health, and, on leaving Edinburgh, by ſlow ſtages, like Cardinal Wolſey, (chooſing a great compariſon) expected juſt to reach London and die in earneſt on my late mother's bed.

Mrs. Bellamy and the company had ſet off for the weſt of Scotland, Glaſgow—I ſet off South for my deſtined home, but intended to halt at my good friend's, Mr. Baker of the York theatre.—I was ſo very ill, that five or ſix days were neceſſary, even with difficulty, to accompliſh the journey. When the afflictive *tour* was achieved, I at noon found that good old gentleman buſy with bricks and mortar, and in his high glory, giving directions to workmen who were erecting *part* of a new theatre at York, at a great, and his ſole expence: It was intended to be (as it now actually is) on a much more capacious ſcale than the old one, though nearly on the ſame ſpot, as he was then

finiſhing the tail of the new, while the players were employed in the head of the old. Mr. Baker laughed on ſeeing me, and exulted on valuing himſelf the younger man in point of compariſon, I was ſo emaciated; which, joking a-part, he was ſeriouſly ſorry to behold.

That night was the firſt benefit a Mr. and Mrs. Powell had at York—The Merchant of Venice; in which Mr. Powell acted Gratiano, and Mrs. Powell, Portia.—Mr. Powell was a York man—Mrs. Powell a woman of a good and reſpectable family in Warwickſhire. Mr. Baker requeſted me much to rouſe my ſpirits and play a few nights. As I ever was ready to graſp at a benefit and be touching the caſh, to prevent running out, and did not diſlike the fatigue of playing: I conſented, and on Saturday, April 28, fixed on Othello for my opening character:—It was to have been for the benefit of Mrs. Quin. I was daily abuſed at York for attempting Mr. Frodſham's part of Othello. When the day came, I was after dinner taken ſo dreadfully ill, that I never expected to play more. Mr. Frodſham was not to be found to ſupply my place, and the audience were obliged to be diſmiſſed; and as the world is too fond of any tale that feeds its appetite for ſcandal, however groſs, abſurd, and even impoſſible, ſo in that inſtance did I ſuffer moſt inhumanly by the falſehoods

propagated, reliſhed, and believed, without a trait of truth to lead to the matter. Firſt, it was aſſerted I was afraid to appear, conſcious of my having picked their pockets at York on my Tea benefit the year before; next, that Mr. Baker and I had drank half pints of rum and wine till we were ſo intoxicated, that both were carried to bed ſpeechleſs; nay, the matter was carried ſo far, that I had a letter of condolance from Mr. Foote lamenting and reproaching me for having been drove from the York ſtage for attempting to play when ſo infamouſly drunk that I could neither ſpeak nor ſtand. So theſe different tales of ſcandal were all ſent piping hot north, ſouth, eaſt, and weſt, and the ſimple matter of fact was neither more nor leſs than my being truly and dangerouſly ill So, inſtead of pity, I heard of nothing but reproach, ſpite, unmerited abuſe, and malevolence. But as we who live to pleaſe muſt pleaſe to live—I conſoled myſelf when I heard ſuch rabble-like opinion with the idea of Coriolanus———

> Ye common cry of curs, whoſe breaths I did
> Deſpiſe as reek o' the rotten fens,
> Whoſe loves I priz'd as the dead carcaſe of
> Unburied men, that did corrupt my air.

At preſent I have the honour to know a few ſelect friends, good and capable to ſerve myſelf and family, and to make us happy; and that is a con-

ſolation *every one* cannot boaſt—And every reflective mind ſhould obſerve, that acrimonious and corroſive diſpoſitions are ſuch, that, having in themſelves no ſhare in Nature's bounties, conſequently they feel no pity towards ſuch as have them.

On the Monday at York, 1764, though my illneſs was very little abated, in ſpite of abuſe, and in ſpite of prudence, (having naturally at times a touch of the head-ſtrong) I perſiſted in being announced for Major Sturgeon on the Tueſday, May 1, 1764. Several perſons called at Mr. Baker's deſiring me not to play, for I ſhould certainly be inſulted; urging alſo, that my ſtate of health made it wrong to attempt it: However, on that ſaid appointed Tueſday, I preſented myſelf in Major Sturgeon, when on my entrance the wrongs the audience had ſuſtained (as they termed it) by their patience and forbearance the year before, and ſuch inſolence added to drunkenneſs none but ſuch good tempers would have permitted, therefore an univerſal hiſs, with two or three *un*civil oranges burſt at once on my devoted head. I was ſuperior to making an apology, or offering an explanation, when ſo unjuſtifiably and cruelly treated: So I marched and counter-marched as the Major, though ſcarcely able to bear the weight of my boots, and was hiſſed throughout that act, and

at my exit received every mark of disgrace.—What I got for my labour the next day was, that I need not think of playing Major Sturgeon after Mr. Achurch, as he performed it so much better; and they wondered, as I acted at York again, I did not ask pardon for my insults to that public.

It is no more strange than true, though all this vexed and truly mortified me, yet it roused my spirits in part from that languor my bad state of health had thrown me into, as I really did not expect I should have remained long in this world, but soon shut out day-light.

The Spring Meeting was for the second trial that year, on May the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th—I acted on Saturday the 5th, Bajazet, and the Orators, for Old Tenoe's benefit: Very little approbation, nor many marks of the contrary;—their stony hearts began to relent and soften, and my love of acting, though ill, was very different to my present feelings, for I am now truly grown weary and old with service, though more weary than old and incapable.—I was so weak at that time, that at the end of each play I fainted repeatedly from sickness and lack of strength, yet would not give it up, but kept acting away.

In the May Meeting I performed Oakley, and the Apprentice, which in Dublin had pleased so much; but I was unfortunately at York much

diſapproved—I was ſhocking after Frodſham in Dick.

May 9,—Kitely, and Cadwallader in the Author.—That night I was received into favour:—Several gentlemen deſired I would play the Major once more, and they would ſupport me in it:—I was well received as the Major.

May 10,—The Author was repeated, and I ſeemed reſtored to their grace—If applauſe was to fix opinion on that matter.

My Major Sturgeon gained ſuch ground the ſecond time, May 11, and ſo contrary from my firſt night's impreſſion, that the late Colonel Thornton, then commander of the York militia, beſpoke my play, but particularly deſired the Mayor of Garratt. The Colonel requeſted I would paſs an hour with him on that occaſion over a bottle at Howard's (now Ringroſe's) a few days before my benefit; and the York reader will allow me to be weak in body, as I could not crawl ſo far without a chair, though in the month of May on a fine day, and the diſtance a few yards only.

On Tueſday was my benefit, by deſire of Col. Thornton.—The Funeral, with the Mayor of Garratt, &c.—and I was, contrary to my expectations, favoured with great boxes and a very genteel houſe, though not crammed as the year be-

before: the receipt was 50l. I parted with reſpect, and was on a much better footing with the public on my departure than the year before, when I left York, after a more ſuperabundant benefit. The viciſſitudes of life are ſtrange, and ſometimes misfortunes paſt are ſtories of delight.

While at York I received a letter from Mrs. Bellamy, congratulating me on my good fortune in not going with the company to Glaſgow; for after the firſt night of performance the methodiſts had burſt in and wilfully ſet fire to the theatre, which conflagration had conſumed every part of the ſtage, with all her wardrobe and wearing apparel, except what was on her back; and that the wardrobe of the theatre had ſuſtained the ſame fate. I was ſo far conſoled by the accident, finding myſelf two hundred and forty miles nearer London than I ſhould have been at Glaſgow, as to return thanks for my lucky eſcape; and rejoiced to find, though I was at York and had got into the frying-pan, I had jumped away from the fire.——Theſe are Mrs. Bellamy's words:——

"The next day at noon we ſaw the delightful "city to which we were going at a little di- "ſtance before us. The magnificence of the "buildings, and the beauty of the river, which "the fineneſs of the day cauſed to appear, if poſ-

"ſible, to greater advantage, elated my heart; and "I anticipated the pleaſure I ſhould have in being "received by friends, who were not only moſt cor- "dial in their repeated invitations, but whoſe opu- "lence furniſhed them with power to fulfil their "warm promiſes of ſupport.

"When we arrived at Glaſgow, one of the "performers exclaimed, "Madam, you are ruin- "ed, for you have nothing left but what you "have with you in the chaiſes." I am at loſs, "even now, to account for the compoſure with "which I heard this alarming ſalutation. I was "informed that the ſtage of the new theatre had "been ſet on fire the night before, and that all "my paraphernalia and wardrobe, which lay there "unpacked, had been conſumed by the flames.

"The conflagration, I found, was occaſioned "by the following circumſtance: A methodiſt "teacher, who held forth in that city, told his "auditors, that he dreamed the preceding night "of being in the infernal regions at a grand en- "tertainment, where all the devils in hell were "preſent; when Lucifer, their chief, gave for a "toaſt, "The health of Mr. ———, who had "ſold his ground to build him a houſe upon, "(meaning the theatre) and which was to be "opened the next day for them all to reign in."—

"The poor, ignorant, enthuſiaſtic hearers of this "*godly* preacher found their enmity againſt Satan "and his ſubjects inſtantly inflamed by this har- "rangue, and in order to prevent ſo alarming an "extention of his infernal majeſty's empire, they "haſtened away in a body to the new-built play- "houſe, and ſet the ſtage on fire. Luckily the "flames were extinguiſhed before any other part of "the theatre was conſumed, but the whole of my "theatrical wardrobe, which lay in the packages "upon it, were deſtroyed. It appeared that this "religious mob had been joined by others, who "wiſhed to take advantage of the conflagration: "as a great deal of the falſe trumpery upon the "regalia of the mock kings and queens had been "taken away, and being found of no great value, "lay ſcattered about the fields. As the theatre "was a mile from the city, and the flames did "not burſt out ſo as to become viſible, the in- "cendiaries completed their deſign, and ſilently "retired. No alarm was therefore given, nor "our loſs known till the next morning."

I left York, but inſtead of attending to my health, and proceeding, as I ought to have done, to London, I took as good a round-about way to the ſouth as poſſible, by croſſing to the weſt: I by ſlow ſtages ſet off for Mancheſter, where the fatigue of two days and a half in getting thither

had overpowered me ſo much, that inſtead of ſleep I paſſed the night in agonies. I, however, crawled into the coach that went to Warrington in the morning, and from thence took poſt-chaiſe to Frodſham, a village in Cheſhire (where Frodſham the York actor was born), and from thence got once more to Dan Smith's at Cheſter:—Whitley's company was there, and that manager invited me to play four nights, and to give me the fifth: I could not reſiſt the temptation, and began with no leſs a difficult character than Richard the Third; the very rehearſal of which occaſioned my repeatedly fainting: However, I armed myſelf with no leſs than a bottle of Madeira, and went through beyond expectation at night. I acted Shylock, &c. but never got to bed after playing without one or more fainting fits. Mr. Wilbraham intreated I would deſiſt, but I urged as I had gone through ſo much gratis, I would finiſh at all hazards, though I knew my life was at ſtake.—Mr. Didier a comedian (now fixed at Bath) was then at Cheſter—a friendly agreeable gentleman.

On Friday the 22d of June, 1764, I finiſhed with my benefit, and acted Othello, and Cadwallader in the Author; and after all the wilful dangerous labour I underwent, the receipt of the houſe was only 14l.—All my acquaintance ſaid I was rightly ſerved, being in a ſtate ſo very unfit

for ſuch an undertaking. I there received a letter from Mr. Foote, who was aſtoniſhed I neglected the Haymarket, and the ſeaſon ſo far advanced, not informing him my reaſons for not being in London at the expected ſeaſon; and more ſurpriſed to hear, by accident, that I was well he ſuppoſed, as the Cheſter paper had given him a clue to find where I was. I then informed him I would in a few days be with him, but feared I could neither aſſiſt him nor myſelf by appearing on the ſtage, I was ſo very incapable from ſevere ſickneſs. In two or three days following I took a place at Cheſter in a coach that at that time went through Birmingham—I bid adieu to Mr. Smith and Mr. Wilberham, neither of whom I ever expected to ſee again; inſtead of that they are gone long ſince to reſt, and I am ſtill in this world living to relate their deaths.—But to keep up one's ſpirits and hope for the beſt, is not a bad preſcription in ſickneſs or in health; and it is to my aſtoniſhment, with grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God for his bleſſings, that here I am in tolerable health, not yet having ſwallowed the allotment of duſt, to which I am to return.

In the coach were ſeated Madame Capdeville, (a principal dancer) with her mother: the daughter had been for years a firſt dancer at Covent Garden theatre, but then returning from Ireland:

I was very much indiſpoſed and diſcompoſed with the journey, but both my fellow travellers were very kind and attentive to me. At broad noon-day the ladies deſired the coachman to ſtop, and having the door opened out they went in full diſplay, and with the moſt perfect compoſure performed a deed without a name in the middle of the road; but as it was ſummer, and duſty, the roads wanted watering: The John Bull of a coachman bluſhed and hung down his head; and ill as I was I could not refrain from the oddity of the whole groupe, being conſidered as viewing and not viewing the whimſical tranſaction—I need not add thoſe females were French, not Engliſh ladies. When the coach towards evening ſtopped at Caſtle Bromage, I thought, while the ladies were drinking tea, I would attempt to walk a mile and let the coach overtake me; and in caſe of being enfeebled, as the evening was ſerene, could ſtop at ſome ſtile or door till I could be relieved by the attending vehicle. I dragged myſelf on for near a mile, or perhaps more, when I halted, expecting ſuccour from the arrival of the carriage every minute, then endeavoured ſlowly to proceed for fear of growing chilly; then I waited, then I walked, and that diſagreeable predicament I ſuſtained till all my patience was turned to the contrary extreme; and, tottering like

Jane Shore in the laſt act, was reduced to real pain and uneaſineſs. It was ſome time before on the road I could meet a friendly cottage to give me information or a comfortable reſting-place; for, by the quick approach of night, my anxiety greatly increaſed: the firſt hut I ſaw I implored a hearing, and related my diſmal ſtory of waiting for the coach, &c. and on reciting my ditty, and explaining my diſtreſſed ſituation, the good old woman of the cottage exclaimed—"O! good Sir, you are ſadly beſide your own ſen, for you are now on London coach road; coach is right weel at Brumugum ere this; ſo you mun croſs country like; you look perilous bad Ife ſure, and God ſend you well at Brumugum." I then inquired, with aching heart, how far Birmingham was from thence? She ſaid, "Why a mun not mair than three or four miles *like*, only croſs country *like*." Now three or four computed miles by ſuch gueſſers generally turns out double the ground they mention, and to the ſtranger is treble:—— He is perplexed at every turning, by not knowing whether he is right or wrong, and that was my ſituation, beſides my ſufferings from pain when I attempted to undertake to walk and explore my way to Birmingham:—and this ſituation, ſo horrid, was all occaſioned by my having committed a blunder a child would have been

whipped for, the want of common obſervation at the diviſion of the road, and the remedy very eaſy; for with patience and money in my purſe the firſt countryman for a ſhilling or ſo would have gone to the Welch Harp at Caſtle Bromage and ordered a poſt-chaiſe; and beſides my illneſs, all my luggage was in the coach, with caſh, clothes, &c. which, without reſting a night, proceeded directly for London.—However, in ſpite of prudence or ability, I determined on this walk to Birmingham with all my imperfections on my head. While the night was making quick approach to darkneſs, off I ſet and croſſed from place to place, ſometimes with intelligence, then not any to be had: I had boots on, and when I had conquered three or four miles, to add ſtill to my misfortune and miſery, my knee-buckle got looſe, dropped down my boot, and imperceptibly worked itſelf to the bottom, and at laſt got under the ſole of my foot, which occaſioned not only uneaſineſs, but very excruciating pain, to a degree not to be endured, and no poſſibility of relieving my anguiſh; and it frequently ſhifted in the walking, which cauſed increaſing and variety of torments: I actually ſhould have abandoned myſelf to deſpair, and to the firſt dry ditch for my night's lodging (which then muſt have finiſhed me); but fortunately caſting up my eyes through the

gloomy dusk, I with a most pleasing sensation beheld the steeple of the new church at Birmingham, which I recollected with rapture; it gave a faint gleam of hope, and like a drowning man and the straw, so did I in idea feed my hopes with the luxury of a feather-bed and a negus by twelve o'clock:—I was, however, as may naturally be supposed, much farther off my station than I imagined;—but while there is life there are hopes. I could never have accomplished that event had not the perspiration I underwent been so undescribably violent, that I dared not stop a moment to suffer the winds of heaven to visit my face too roughly; and at the same time, though overpowered with weakness, I felt myself breathe easier and the fever and hectic heat not so strong as it usually hung upon me. By twelve o'clock, thank God, I accomplished my surprising undertaking, which had given me more pain, anxiety, trouble, and danger, than ever the famous Powell encountered on his walks from London to York and back again. I soon after my arrival at Mr. Barber's, the Swan, got a strong Madeira negus, and on inquiring was much pleased, and obliged to Madame Capdeville, who had kindly taken care to have all my luggage left safely under the protection of Mr. Barber; for her head, aided by the observation of the coachman, had suggested

how my unfortunate blunder had happened, which prevented my having much trouble and inquiries: What had helped the matter was my having been a conſtant friend to Mr. Barber, the ſeaſon I have before-mentioned, being at Birmingham under the command of my friend Mr. Hull in 1762.

I was weak the next day and could not get out of bed, but no fever, and the perſpiration ſtill continued immoderately. After three or four days I found myſelf recovering, and wiſhing to be in London, whether to live or die, I ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and in two days and a half got there, without being too much hurried, and received benefit by making the ſtages eaſy and ſuitable as I found my ſpirits. I went to my own apartments, and there got under good direction, and for once in my life kept regular hours, uſed moderate exerciſe, and in a ſhort time was ſo ſurpriſingly improved in health as to wiſh being again on the boards, and produced my ſkeleton figure to Mr. Foote: he was aſtoniſhed, and expreſſed himſelf much hurt at ſeeing me ſo ill, but ſeemed impatient for me to begin at his theatre.—Settling terms took but little time:—he was not mean, but acted generouſly: I was not unreaſonable, for what I aſked he immediately granted:—Indeed my terms might be better, as I pleaded apparent ill health, and *not* wiſhing to play.

The old diſh of the Minor was in July appointed for my firſt onſet, which Mr. Foote had not acted, but had deferred, (in the interim wondering at my delay):—and the Minor not having been acted at either theatre from September 1763 till that time, gave it a degree of novelty. I was received that year as an old eſtabliſhed favourite of the town. The Haymarket ſtage was as eaſy as the York ſtage was when I had the uſe of my legs, and where I might be ſaid of late years to have been truly at home.

Tragedy A-la-Mode was revived for Mr. Foote and myſelf to appear in: Mr. Project, Mr. Foote; the tragedy part all by me, and was often repeated with equal and uncommon applauſe. I increaſed highly in public favour, not only from the indulgent partiality of the audience, which in general accompanies ſuch performers as they honour with their good and golden opinion, but I was then particularly induſtrious, and acting was my only reſource for pleaſure:—My ſevere illneſs had alarmed me ſo much, that I lived ſtrictly regular. I was more collected, a material article for young or old actors to obſerve and follow; for though a man be uſed to wine and good dinners, and be perfectly clear and ſober in his room, yet the leaſt flurry or miſtake on the ſtage ſets that dinner and wine into a fume, and makes the brain feel de-

ranged and confuſed; and no actor can be a good timeiſt on the ſtage unleſs he keeps himſelf cool and collected, and in good ſpirits of the pureſt kind, not beholden to the aſſiſtance of the grape: "O thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee *Devil*.—To be now a ſenſible man, and by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt —Every inordinate cup is unbleſſed, and the ingredient is a devil."——The true refreſhment of the performer ſhould be from the fanning gales excited from the pleaſure of the audience, while the actor in return feels his heart glowing with rapture and gratitude.

My health improved daily, and by acting with Mr. Foote I had ſeldom more ſtage exerciſe than what was of ſervice to me. The Apprentice was alſo revived, which I acted very often to a crowded theatre.——It was commanded by the Duke of York as a firſt piece, which occaſioned the only little diſpute that in the Haymarket theatre ever occurred between Mr. Foote and myſelf. His Royal Highneſs commanded it as a firſt piece, as he urged ſome very particular engagement.—Mr. Foote appointed the Minor as the after piece, and I remonſtrated and indeed refuſed playing Shift, enforcing that as all my imitations were ſo diſperſed in the Apprentice I could not leave out in the character of Shift what I had

accuſtomed the audience to ſee; and if I did perform the ſame, the repetition of ſuch mimicry, inſtead of being pleaſing, would be offenſive. Mr. Foote ſeemed much diſpleaſed, and even diſguſted, but yielded to my argument, and on that occaſion played Shift himſelf; there was no more diſpute about it, or was it ever mentioned again.

We had one little ſparring-bout in the ſpring of 1771, which Mr. Woodward ſoon reconciled. I had acted (by having ſecretly obtained a purloined copy) his farce of the Devil upon Two Sticks; and after having committed the fault, and well knowing he would quickly hear of my offence, I, by way of preventing his anger, informed him of my invaſion on his property, thinking he would conſtrue it as a very good joke; but on the contrary he was really much irritated, and by return of poſt favoured me with the few following whimſical lines.

MY DEAR SIR,

"YOUR favour brought me the firſt account "of the Devil upon Two Sticks having been "played upon your ſtage.—Your letter has de-"livered me from every difficulty, and will pro-"cure me the pleaſure of ſoon ſeeing you in town, "as I ſhall moſt certainly move the Court of

"King's Bench againſt you the firſt day of next
"term. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,
"your moſt obliged and
"faithful humble ſervant,
May 17, 1771. "SAM. FOOTE."

Mr. Foote's ſly indignation, inſinuated in the above, obliged me to have recourſe to my friend Woodward's interference, which in a little time after procured me the following, with the olive-branch from the Devil upon Two Sticks; and as they are both originals imagine they will be deemed worth peruſal.

DEAR SIR,

"METHINKS I hear you ſay to Mrs. Wilkinſon—"Do not you think Mr. Woodward, con-
"ſidering all our civility, is a little negligent in
"his return?"—What ſignified writing till I had
"materials to write upon?—I waited for an op-
"portunity to ſee and converſe with Foote in a
"proper moment—have eat with him, *drank* with
"him, took him in a *convivial cue*, and after all
"can aſſure you there is nothing will happen from
"that quarter unleſs freſh crimes are committed.
"I ſaw Macklin the other night, who tells me he
"has travelled lately to Leiceſter, and intends
"writing to you, I ſuppoſe upon the ſubject that

" induced him to travel.—I ſhall ſend the non-
" ſenſe I promiſed you the very firſt opportunity.
" —I expected Mr. Taſker to dine with me at
" my little manſion out of town, but I have ſeen
" him but once, and that accidentally in the ſtreet,
" ſince we parted at Stilton.—The weather has
" been much againſt us at the Haymarket, and
" we have done nothing yet to ſwagger about.—
" When I have been alone in the fields, near my
" dwelling-place, I have ſometimes thought of you
" and your theatre.—I have conceived, and per-
" haps may bring forth an *Harlequin at York*
" *races*: if I am delivered of a well featured kin-
" chin, I will pin it up in a baſket and drop it at
" your door—without any offence to Mrs. Wil-
" kinſon—to whom, pray, give my moſt grateful
" compliments, and accept the ſame yourſelf from
" him who really is

" your ſincere friend
" and humble ſervant,

June 6, 1771. " H. WOODWARD."

Mr. Foote and I, after that time, were on the moſt perfect terms of intimacy, as the following will evidence amongſt a number I have now by me from that gentleman and man of true wit, humour, and genius.

DEAR SIR,

"I AM much obliged to you for the offer of "your assistance in the town of Newcastle, but "the newspapers have laid out a plan for me that "never occurred to myself.

"Your old friend D——e has not only lost his "situation with me and Colman, but is on the "brink of losing his nose; so that his head and "his tail have brought him into a pretty con-"dition.

"I hope the northern crown sits lightly on "your brow, and that your immediate subjects "are not only dutiful and observant, but that "your whole wide-extended empire pay their "taxes largely and cheerfully. I have this sum-"mer entertained the veteran Sheridan, who is "dwindled to a mere cork and bottle Chelsea "pensioner:—He has enlisted some new recruits, "unfit for service, and such as might be expected "to issue from his discipline.

"I should be glad to chop upon you in my way "to Edinburgh, for which place I shall set out "about the middle of October.

"Ross is with me, ill and indolent; but how-"ever, thanks to my own industry, the campaign "has been happy enough.

"Believe me most sincerely yours,

North-End, Aug. 16. "SAM. FOOTE."

In 1764, to my part of the Apprentice in London, when acted as the after-piece, I was ever honoured with the continuance of the audience on account of the four laſt lines, to which I never had leſs than four plaudits; for my imitations were not only good, but well planned for effect—and much depends on that: One ſpeech in a parody of different writing, would ſuit for the mimicry of one particular perſon, which, to imitate another, would ſeem all diſcordant, and out of time and place.—The laſt lines to the Apprentice were as follows, to which are affixed the names for thoſe who knew the actors of thoſe days, to judge how far they were applicable, or the contrary.

Sparks. Some act the upper, ſome the under parts,
Sheridan. And moſt aſſume what's foreign to their hearts.
Moſſop. Thus life is but a tra--gic, co--mic *jeſt*,
Woodward. And all is farce and mummery at beſt.

The regular marking each actor's features and manners in thoſe lines gave great effect, and obtained much approbation.

Mr. Weſton was of great aſſiſtance in that farce by his inimitable acting of Simon.

I requeſted Mrs. Rich, on my benefit, to honour me once more with letting me ride her hobby-horſes, and give them a ſummer's airing, as they had not been rubbed down for a twelve-

month, which she kindly granted me, and I acted Bayes by universal desire, and to a house much more crowded than the year before.—That truly excellent actor, Mr. Parsons, was then at Mr. Foote's theatre, and I think will remember my assertion to be, not a chimera of the brain, but a fact.

From a love of cash I performed five Saturdays for the sixth to be clear, at the old theatre on Richmond Hill: Mr. Foote lent me his dresses, and my benefit was on Saturday, August 20, 1764, and was honoured with the sanction of the Duke of York. Lady Petersham and a large party were there, and I was favoured with a brilliant a pearance: Most of the little pit was laid into the boxes. The farce of the Citizen I had as a play, and I acted Young Philpot; Old Philpot, Mr. Weston; with Tragedy A-la-Mode.

Mr. Foote's season ended the middle of September.—I sold all my furniture, china, &c. which was very good, though not of the newest fashion, being that of my honoured father's and mother's, originally at the old Savoy residence; but as I had lost my revered good parent, I had not any occasion for constant apartments being kept in London at Mr. Alcock's, who is a most worthy man, and enjoying ease and affluence from the sweet gathered fruits of industry. That business

of ſale being concluded I ſet off for Liverpool, where I was an entire ſtranger, but had heard money, not graſs, grew in the ſtreets: There I offered my Tea to ſale, but they were better judges of traffic than to purchaſe from one they thought no better of than a hawker or a pedler; and I no more than a deſtitute pedler at that time, who had a licence to diſtribute my wares, the inhabitants of Liverpool proved to me cautious and wary: I hired what was called the Bucks-Room, and there I expected a numerous attendance from curioſity; but truth compels me to relate 14l. was the firſt night's receipt, October the 5th, and the other on October the 8th, 16l.; and they were attended ſo ill, that my own caſh, not that of the Liverpool bank, ſecured me a carriage to Birmingham, where I cannot boaſt of ſuperior attraction, the beſt receipt being only 13l. From thence I returned from the ſouthward to old Weſt Cheſter, and at that ancient city had an elegant and crowded appearance.—Very ſtrange, that when I relied on myſelf alone I was well attended by my Cheſter friends, as before obſerved. From that place I went to Briſtol, where I had a brilliant room; there I received a letter of invitation, forwarded to me from Mr. Jefferſon.

On November 28, 1764, I performed for my friend Mr. Fleming's benefit at Bath, who had

the week preceding favoured me with his assistance on my night at the Bristol assembly-rooms.

Early in December, 1764, I set off for Exeter, where Mr. Jefferson, my old friend and acquaintance in Dublin and London, was then become the manager, and every thing promised most flatteringly that he would soon make a fortune: But the substance is often changed for a shadow, nor are managers' gains so easily amassed as the public can gather it for them. His invitation had double allurement—first, *novelty*, which was ever prevalent; and next, to see so pleasant and friendly a man as he had ever proved to me.—I joined him and his new troop—Mr. Jefferson was at that time endeavouring (not without encouragement) to bring that theatre into a regular and established reputation—He had engaged Mr. Reddish, and many other good performers: Mrs. Jefferson, his first wife, was then living; she had one of the best dispositions that ever harboured in a human breast; and, more extraordinary, joined to that meekness, she was one of the most elegant women ever beheld. The city of Exeter had till that time, for some years, been under the management (in theatrical matters) of the old Portsmouth and Plymouth company of comedians, of whom I have made so much mention from the year

1758—but all that ſet, by the practice of *morning* drams from alehouſe to alehouſe, beſides every hour being employed in large libations with their friends, as they termed them, had, as by univerſal agreement, one would ſuppoſe, almoſt all of them made their final exit to another world,

> Unanointed, unaneal'd; no reck'ning made,
> But ſent to their account,
> With all their imperfections on their heads:

Which ſhould be here marked to the general claſs of actors, as a light-houſe to mariners in bad weather, to all morning ſtage-*drinking* town or country performers as a ſlow but ſure poiſon, a dangerous cuſtom eaſily attained, but once admitted as a habit, very, very difficult to quit, and the concluſion certain ruin.

> With ſenſe and reaſon holds ſuperior ſtrife,
> And conquers honour, nature, fame, and life.

It will be here ſcornfully, and perhaps too juſtly remarked, by unforgiving zealots, what ſtrange diſſipated creatures low players are! but let them recollect that every profeſſion has its degrees and ſingularities; and I think it as ſtrange a trait when I obſerve a proud prieſt (beyond a Wolſey) burſting with Moſſopian pride, and will certainly ſmile when informed he has been holding forth on meekneſs

of ſpirit and charity to all men.——Nor ſhould a preacher's changing his opinion, after having been a conſtant attendant at the theatre and a profeſſed admirer of the drama, warp my judgment, becauſe he, from *lucrative views*, has altered his way of thinking, as we all do at different periods, according to our ſtate of health, our humour, or our time of life. When I picture pretenders meeting under the cloak of outſide purity, I marvel (*like Lady Brumpton*) how one can accoſt the other with a grave face: Methinks they ſhould laugh out like two fortune-tellers, or two oppoſent lawyers that know each other for cheats. The great and good in all ages have been protectors of the Muſes, and they will out-balance any characters that can be ſet in oppoſition: And I muſt beg permiſſion to advance, that no diverſion ever was deviſed which is ſo truly calculated to inſtruct while it entertains; and it is no argument againſt the ſtage to affirm, that the morals of ſome of its profeſſors have been tainted by it; for the evil and perverſe inclination will extract malignity from a Howard, a Hanway, or a Maſon. Let us aſk the moſt rigid:—Did never the man of intrigue firſt become acquainted at *church* with her whoſe unſuſpecting innocence he has ſacrificed to his paſſions?—Bid me not drink becauſe Alexander was *poiſoned*, nor ſuffer any fire in my

houſe becauſe London was *burned*; the reaſons in defence of theſe remonſtrances would be of the ſame force againſt the theatre.——"O but," ſays one of the ſanctified, "a young lady dropped down dead ſome years ago in the Hull theatre.—Poor thing! the Devil found her on his own ground."——And pray, Mr. Good Man *Pure*, name any place where Mr. Death ever did or does pay any ceremony?

The dreadful earthquake at Liſbon, which happened at the time of high maſs, was on a Sunday noon—one half of the lives loſt on that occaſion were at their duty, though taken unprepared to that undiſcovered country that puzzles our will.

Beſides, the whole body of actors ſhould not be condemned becauſe a few are unconvertible; ſince, by the ſame rule, we may freely abuſe the ſtate, the clergy, the army, and every ſet of people, until one offers itſelf to our view which has never been diſgraced by a member.—This I believe is not in being.

To have filled the theatre (had it been poſſible) with profeſſed methodiſts (*the drama's declared enemies*) they would have involuntarily wept at Mr. Garrick's Lear, and have laughed inceſſantly at his Abel Drugger. The ſtrict ſects, who are

bleſſed with ſuperiority of virtue, ſhould make allowances, from their own ſuperfluity of goodneſs, for the thoughtleſs ſallies of men of genius and quick paſſions, who are too liable to fall into miſtakes; many inconſiderate minds have been too eaſily led into error, and have thereby forfeited their country, friends, and liberty, and by the neceſſary laws have been ſubject to the moſt ignominious as well as heart-felt ſufferings; yet after reflection, aided by judgment and ſelf-correction, and full conviction of their folly, have providentially been bleſſed with affluence and proſperity.—So the poor player, who ſtruts his life upon the ſtage, is too often drove thereto from acts of indiſcretion, and ſeeks refuge in the theatre as his *dernier* reſort.—If unſucceſsful he turns again abandoned, and from intoxication becomes indifferent as to what he does, either in regard to his life, his death, or his reputation:—but if bleſſed with genius, and the ſeeds of induſtry and attention, and alſo happily foſtered and nouriſhed by the good and affluent, his mind expands, and the child of folly on the ſtage becomes in reality *new born*, proves a ſhining ornament to the theatre, and an example worthy of imitation to his newly-adopted profeſſion, conſequently a praiſe-worthy character, and a credit to univerſal ſociety.—*An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.*

At the time of my expedition to Exeter there exiſted at that place a moſt eccentric genius and very particular character, Mr. Andrew Brice, a printer.—He was to a degree remarkable in manner, figure, and a thouſand peculiarities that cannot be deſcribed, but had accumulated by art, genius, and lucky circumſtances, an independent fortune:—George Faulkener, of Dublin, was by no means ſuch an extraordinary being; beſides, Mr. Faulkener, as a man of benevolent and good qualities, muſt ever be revered; but in the compariſon of goodneſs the rueful Andrew Brice ſhould not be mentioned.——Alluding to Andrew Brice gives me authority, from Mr. King himſelf, to inſert the following.

When Mr. Garrick wrote the character of Lord Ogleby, it was before he went to Italy; but on his return, and once more engaging with the fatigues of his theatre, he relinquiſhed all thoughts of acting that part, telling Mr. King, for his reaſons, that he found his ſtate of health not equal to ſuſtain the run of a new play; and that if he himſelf ſhould play Lord Ogleby, it would lead into applications from authors to requeſt his performing in their pieces; to prevent which, he had come to a determination not to ſtudy any new character whatever, and deſired Mr. King would do the part—Mr. King begged to decline—Mr.

Garrick read it to that gentleman—The part he ſtill refuſed even to the fourth time, and deſired the part of Bruſh inſtead of Lord Ogleby.—Mr. Garrick ſtill continued preſſing, and Mr. King, fearing Mr. Garrick ſhould think him more obſtinate than right, took the part to conſider of it, and by paying cloſe attention when locked up in his ſtudy, he accidentally repeated a few paſſages in a tremulous voice, which recurred to his ear as ſomething ſimilar to the ſound of old Andrew Brice's of Exeter:—He tried again and again, and found he had hit upon the very man as a natural and true picture to repreſent Lord Ogleby. Mr. King went to Mr. Garrick and privately rehearſed a ſcene—Garrick was all aſtoniſhed, and thundered out, "By G—d, King, if you can but ſuſtain that fictitious manner and voice throughout, it will be one of the greateſt performances that ever adorned a Britiſh theatre." Mr. Garrick's prophecy was verified, as Mr. King's manner of producing that character before the public was then, and is to this day, one of the moſt capital and highly-finiſhed pieces of acting with which any audience ever was treated, and will never be forgotten while a trait of Mr. King can be remembered. But, alas! the actor's fame, however great, cannot be recollected many years be-

yond the time he lived: for, ah me! as Garrick obſerved———

> The painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the eye;
> While England lives his fame can never die.
> But he *who ſtruts* his hour upon the ſtage
> Can ſcarce extend his fame for half an age:
> Nor pen nor pencil can the actor ſave;
> The art and artiſt ſhare one common grave.

Andrew Brice, in figure and tremulous manner, was exactly what Mr. King appears to be in Lord Ogleby; and I could have forgiven Brice had he painted like his Lordſhip: for he had ſo much of the lily in his complexion, that he looked (tho' one of the neateſt) the moſt corpſe-like Mandarine figure I ever beheld in the various productions of Human Nature.

When I acted Bayes at Exeter, and ſpoke a ſpeech or two in his manner, it ſtruck the whole audience like electricity.—Mr. Jefferſon, who performed Johnſon, was ſo taken by the ſurpriſe, that he could not proceed for laughter. He is now at Exeter, and will, I am certain, recollect and corroborate that circumſtance. My benefit, even at this diſtant time, demands my acknowledgement, it was ſo numerouſly attended. I ever think of Exeter with pleaſure; the country that ſurrounds that city is beautiful, and the air eſteemed more

ſerene and ſalubrious than almoſt any other part of the kingdom.—As a proof it is judged ſo, I have known families, who have been in bad health, ordered by Yorkſhire phyſicians to winter the ſevere months at Exeter, as the *Montpelier* of Great Britain:—Good eating abounds there, and the market produces an uncommon variety of articles, all in the higheſt perfection:—I was there in the winter, and in January the face of the country looked well, and produced a verdure not uſual at that inclement ſeaſon in other parts of England. I went from thence for two days with Mr. Jefferſon to Plymouth; at the dock I met my old acquaintance Captain Scot of Cheſter—the ſituation ſeemed ſtriking, but I had not leiſure, nor was it a time of the year to judge of the proſpect of Mount Edgcumbe, &c. to any fair advantage:—I took a peep at the theatre, though on a Sunday; it appeared very decent: Good theatres were not *then* ſo plenty in any county as at preſent; the flat ſcenes I remember moved on a principle I never ſaw either before or ſince; they puſhed up and down a groove in one ſtraight frame like a window-ſaſh, which muſt be a good plan, as they, ſo worked, muſt be always ſteady, and the canvas not wrinkled as when on rollers:—One inconvenience muſt attend it—a great height in the building is required; and another, they muſt always

gather dust and dirt, which will consequently deface the painting.—One good effect however occurs, no idler, performer, or other, could move the scene and produce the head of peeping Tom while an act was conducting of the utmost consequence. A trifling accident of that kind *once* disconcerted me much—the audience hissed the person so peeping, which disgrace I took to myself, but had it soon pleasingly explained.——That fault should be more avoided by the performers than it is.

Before I finished at Exeter I had the most pressing invitations repeatedly from Messr. Dowson and Bates at Edinburgh, intimating they could not go on without my immediate assistance—A pretty little trip the end of January from Exeter to Edinburgh! —However preliminaries were soon settled, and Mr. Jefferson had behaved friendly, generously, politely, and attentively. I left him with my best wishes and proceeded to London, where I rested only two or three days, and then posted down for the north, stopped one day with Mr. Baker at York, saw the new theatre—broke down near Durham—the chaise was so shattered with the crush I was obliged to wait on the road till another could be procured; I myself was asleep and not hurt, though I confess a little alarmed. Mr. Dowson was purposely come to Newcastle to treat me from thence post to Edinburgh; we only continued one

day. We got safe to the capital of Scotland.—The first night on the road thither we lay at Old Camus, which house I believe is now erased—from what cause I know not—it was said to be haunted; and though I am not superstitious as to such idle dreams and fictions of the brain, yet I must declare such a noise I never heard in my life as during the night at that place. We reached Edinburgh the first week in February 1765; The theatre had sustained the loss of Mr. Digges and Mrs. Bellamy; the only true support was Mr. Aickin: There was, it is true, a Mr. Stamper, who had been a great favourite, but he was grown quite inebriated, and that from *morning* drinking: The company was much the same, except Mr. Stamper, Mr. Creswick, a Mr. Parker and Mrs. Pye from Ireland; also Mr. and Mrs. M'George. We went on tolerably till Richard the Third was acted: a character at Edinburgh I was always particularly well received in, and with more than common applause; but during the summer sessions in 1764 Mr. Sheridan had engaged for a certain number of nights, and on one of those nights had acted Richard, at which time the want of a young gentleman or lady to supply the part of Prince Edward, rendered it impracticable to have the play acted, unless Mrs. Mozeen, whose figure was neat and youthful, though bordering at that time on

the vale of years, would quit petticoat hopes, in Lady Anne, of royal coronation, and assume the young monarch in expectation of the same honours. But in the winter Mrs. Wheeler's daughters, who promised remarkably well on the stage, supplied the childrens' parts very ably Mrs. Mozeen expected her Lady Anne as her stock part, and no supposition could be well-grounded for Mrs. M'George's taking offence at it; for though she had played Lady Anne with Mr. Sheridan in the summer season, she must have known it was necessity and good-nature in Mrs. Mozeen to have resigned Lady Anne for Prince Edward on a matter of emergency: which obstacle being removed, and the children provided for the royal stock, she had double claim to former rights. But on the night Richard was acted, in the scene where Mrs. Mozeen in Lady Anne made her appearance, a general uproar ensued, aye even to the pelting of the lady; the collegians, one and all, having formed a severe party at the malevolent misrepresentations instigated by Mr. and Mrs. M'George, whose wrongs were related with double force to the town, as being cruelly deprived of Lady Anne, a character in which she had been received with so much praise-worthy applause.—— Mrs. M'George intended to have produced another Lady Anne to the wondering audience to la-

ment a husband, but Manager Dowson having been alarmed by authenticated intelligence that mischief was brewing, barricaded the entrances, and kept them double guarded by door-keepers, to prevent Roxana with her dagger from gaining admittance behind the scenes, and thereby wounding the bosom of his beloved Statira. It was an hour before the uproar ceased; but Mrs. Mozeen evinced, if she had a little body she had a great soul.

The audience were very attentive, and honoured me much that evening in every scene, except where Lady Anne made her appearance, and then marks of rage, indignation, and contempt ensued.—The riot did not subside with that night, but lasted above a fortnight, and was carried to such extremes, that not any ladies visited the theatre from apprehension of disturbances and outrage. Manager Dowson, who paid adoration to his beloved Statira, even equal to the poet's fancy, levelled all his fury on her desperate foe, Mrs. M'George, by an immediate dismission, which stroke of sudden impolicy at that juncture only served to enrage the more. Dowson, still faithful to his faithless mistress, rather than Mrs. M'George's party should have reigned triumphant, I verily believe would have taken a torch at noon and set our famed Persepolis on fire; but the Fates did what the manager could not, for though the collegians gave

ammunition and all manual assistance in Mrs. M'George's defence, yet they did not (or could not) afford to offer their purses; therefore, as provisions grew scanty, that tragic queen thought it more prudent and better generalship to retreat than be starved by attacking a fortress she found determined on obstinate defence, and which perseverance stood very little chance of subduing; nor would she trust to the chance of war, which seemed to threaten instant famine; and though she had proved her ability to raise discord, she plainly found she could not in her distressed state raise the necessary supplies: for if Dowson could not pay his regiment with notes from the bank of Air, he could find remaining resources, and draw from Newcastle; but the M'George's forces, tho' few, from desertions, had, to their surprise, only the bank of *air* to rely on, so off she and her spouse went; and soon after her departure, the cause of dispute being removed, Time's lenient hand spread over mutual faults, our theatrical wounds were healed, and peace and harmony once more restored us to our pristine health and vigour.—This is no more, in the relation of our stage battle at Edinburgh, than a strict matter of fact, and can be attested by a gentleman of well-known worth and veracity, Mr. Garenciers, now of York, who was at that time a student at Edinburgh college.

Treating on the ſubject of riots occaſions my proceeding with a few anecdotes.

I remember in the winter of 1751 that *that* was the ſeaſon Mrs. Cibber was firſt attacked with her ſtomach complaint, and Barry, the divine Barry! either had, or pretended he had, frequent ſore throats and hoarſeneſſes: The comedies in which Mrs. Woffington was principal, were generally brought forward on theſe ſickneſſes of the tragedians; and at the bottom of the bill, in which ſhe alone ſtood capital, were generally announced the united names of Quin, Barry, and Cibber; of this ſhe conſtantly complained, and at laſt declared that the next time it happened ſhe would not play.—Shortly after Jane Shore was announced, Mrs. Cibber was ill, and the play changed late in the day, but I cannot ſay to what.—The next day the Conſtant Couple was put up: Sir Harry Wildair, Mrs. Woffington; with the great names at the bottom of the bill—Woffington kept her word; ſent a meſſage at five o'clock ſhe was ill, and poſitively refuſed to play—they were obliged to ſubſtitute the Miſer; Lovegold, Mr. Macklin. By this time the public began to murmur at their frequent diſappointments, and took it into their heads that Mr. Rich, the manager, was very ill uſed by his company, and determined on the next *indiſpoſition* they would interfere and reſent for

him. Preciſely at this time Woffington made her refuſal, and on her next appearance in Lady Jane Grey the whole weight of their reſentment fell on her—whoever is living and ſaw her that night will own they never beheld any figure half ſo beautiful ſince—her anger gave a glow to her complexion, and even added luſtre to her charming eyes; they treated her very rudely, bade her aſk pardon, and threw orange peels: She behaved with great reſolution, and treated their rudeneſs with glorious contempt; ſhe left the ſtage, was called for, and with infinite perſuaſion was prevailed on to return. However, ſhe did, walked forward, and told them ſhe was there ready and willing to perform her character if they choſe to permit her; that the deciſion was *theirs*, *on* or *off*, juſt as they pleaſed, a matter of indifference to her.—The *ons* had it, and all went ſmoothly afterwards, though ſhe always perſiſted in believing that the party was originally formed by Mr. Rich's family and particular friends, ſome of whom ſhe did not ſcruple to name, though I believe ſhe always acquitted him of any knowledge of it.

It is often mentioned in the country that a manager ſhould prevent every riot—that a manager ſhould be ready to anſwer on any frivolous occaſion—were that to be really ſubmitted to, how could Mr. Garrick dared to have had a palace at

Hampton Court for his chief reſidence, or Mr. Harris live at Knightſbridge conſtantly, or be part of the ſeaſon at Bath, entruſting the care of the theatre and anſwers to the public in caſe of unforeſeen particular diſturbances to Mr. Kemble, Mr. Lewis, or the principal actor then on the ſpot, if danger or misfortune threatened?—Theſe ſuppoſitions in the country leads to incendiary epiſtles. But how can ſuch dæmons, pretended friends, or ſecret enemies, be anſwered either as to their ill-will or affected good wiſhes, equally immaterial and not availing? as, be the contents right or wrong, true or falſe, good or bad, it would be ridiculous and really loſs of time to anſwer what is avowedly fabricated by *nobody*. I had in conſequence thereof formed a reſolution in future never to read any one of the kind, and had in fact carried the reſolve into practice; but accident only broke the determination, for one morning laſt York races, on opening a letter and not perceiving any name, I threw it on the table, which Mrs. W. peruſed, and haſtily declared I had an eſtate left me. I inſtantly took up Mr. Anonymous, and read the following lines:

SIR, *Petworth, in Suſſex.*

"BY the death of a Mr. Whicker you are ſup-
"poſed to have right to conſiderable property,

"and desired to send your mother's maiden name "respectively to the executors—Mr. Ireland here, "and Mr. Wait of Byworth, near Petworth."

Aug. 21, 1789.

I on inquiry was soon informed by a most respectable family in Essex, that the executors had been from such letters greatly plagued and tormented by different applications, and that one person had actually travelled some hundred miles, with great fatigue, trouble, perplexity, and expence, to attain the Sussex estate, but was soon after his arrival convinced it was all a bubble.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME

v3
RS
927.924
W65